★ Sept. 24, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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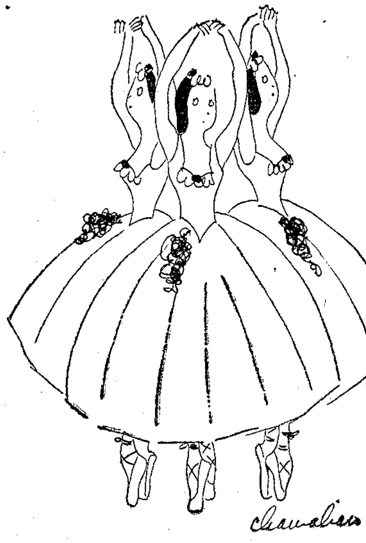
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days—Rex Harrison, as Henry VIII, and Joyce Redman, as Anne Boleyn, make Maxwell Anderson's play seem considerably more exciting and poetic than it actually is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—In this solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope, Arthur Miller more than fulfills the promise he showed in "All My Sons." Lee J. Cobb heads the superior cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's message concerning totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this roughhouse in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—After twenty-one years, this combination of elemental humor and primitive melodrama is still irresistible. Mae West, the author, is, of course, the star, and her acting is at least as arresting as the script. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Giraudoux's play dealing with a demented old lady who kills off a bunch of rich and wicked people, excellently performed by Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **goodbye, my fancy:** A beautiful congresswoman entangled with a college president and a *Life* photographer. The cast includes Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark as the husband of our first woman President. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are also in the cast. The music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Kiss Me, Kate—Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in an exemplary fusion of William Shakespeare and Cole Porter. They are given some very lively aid by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who wrote the parts of the book that Shakespeare didn't. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Liberty—A big, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is largely the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Long Runs—**lend an ear:** Charles Gaynor's practically one-man revue, for which he did the sketches, music, and lyrics. With Dorothy Babbs, Carol Channing, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Thursday evening, Sept. 22: "Giselle," "Madroños," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 23: "Ballet Imperial," "Pas de Deux," "Paquita," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 24: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Quatre," "Igrouchki," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 24: "Coppélia," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 25: "Cirque de Deux," "Coppélia," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 25: "Giselle," "The Mute Wife," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 27: "Les Sylphides," "Birthday" (première), "Pas de Quatre," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 28: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 29: "Ballet Imperial," "Pas de Deux," "Birthday," and "Madroños." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 30: "Les Sylphides," "Igrouchki," "Paquita," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 1: "Quelques Fleurs," "The Nutcracker," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 1: "Pas de Quatre," "Birthday," "The Mute Wife," and "Raymonda." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

MISCELLANY

Ken Murray's Blackouts—A large, various, but not especially gifted assortment of human actors appears in support of some very appealing lovebirds in this vaudeville show, which ran for seven years in California. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—Bulldogging and bronco-riding on a lone prairie only a step from a subway station. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, starting Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 28, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden was really designed to grow stalactites, but it's pleasant and good-looking just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra for dancing, except on Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice and Jack Prince's big, rumpus-room one. Johnny Bothwell's band for dancing. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Much ado about practically everything, from violin music to ballet to parlor magic. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Life in the stately homes of England was never more baronial than the activities here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Not all the old, familiar faces are on view in the new Larue, but it's still recognizable. The bands of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Larry Siry and Bernie Dolen make the usual sweet music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Eddie Garr makes funny noises and faces; Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band. Square dancing at suppertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will reopen Thursday, Sept. 22. Victor Borge and piano will be the main event, and Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras will dish out dance music. Opening night will be a benefit for the Travelers' Aid Society. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the flowing dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. It closes Saturday, Sept. 24, to have its face lifted, and will reopen Thursday, Sept. 29, with a benefit for Bellevue Hospital and with the same chipper music. Closed Mondays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Kitty Kallen sings at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Little children in their twenties, and big ones in their fifties, at play. An orchestra and a rumba band carry on continuously.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700)—It's not the Maine coast or Bretton Woods, but the outdoor terrace will do nicely on an Indian-summer evening. Dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, an emotional experience in any language, including (as of this fall) the American. Emil Petti's orchestra, some French musicians, and an invisible choir help out nobly, but the show is still Piaf. Panchito's rumba band is also on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Wedgwood Room will reopen Thursday, Sept. 29. The show will include Janet Blair, and the music will be provided by Eddie Duchin's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band. Opening night will be a benefit for the New York Association for the Blind. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band will play until ten o'clock.... ¶ The Starlight Roof offers, through Thursday, Sept. 29, Jack Fina's orchestra, which plays straight through dinner and is spelled thereafter by Mischa Borr's band. On Sunday, the Borr band goes it alone, and the room closes at ten. ... ¶ Michael Zarin's band for dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room. Dr. Sydney Ross produces a few touches of sleight of hand. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's light-fingered pianoforte intricacies at cocktails and dinner, followed by Cy Walter's bright piano work at supper. Closed Sundays.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a timeless ornament of Park Avenue after dark, playing for dancing from eight-thirty on and imparting a new verve to this landmark. Helen Edwards, a big blond Alabama Junior Leaguer, sings a lot better than most débutantes. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor (after nine-thirty), providing piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Marshall Grant's trio after ten, except Sunday, and Rudy Barron's violin music after dinner, every evening except Monday.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): French *schmalz* by Simone Dolphen, American ditto by Wilton Clary. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey operate double pianos. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hoops or marbles.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): This hanging garden looks quite handsome in its fall décor (Gigi Durston), and sounds good, too, when William Tabbert and Miss D. sing at suppertime. Kurt Maier at the piano. No entertainment Sundays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modernist design, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano, except Tuesdays and Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): The café bar, every night but Sunday, offers Cy Coleman's experiments in pianoforte diatonics.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra at the cocktail hour Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, reigning supreme in his underground kingdom. Kay Starr sings and those Copa dolls prance, and there is dance music for spectator athletes.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Ritz Brothers, in their normal frenzied state of mind, and Joan Merrill, accompanied by Hal Kanner, in a very lyric state of mind. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, the seductive piano duets of Eadie and Rack. In the back room, every night, robust foolishness by Phil Gordon and the new team of Eddie and Tony, and the beguiling songs of Irene Williams and Mme. Claude Alphand. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Rare good humor, done sly-puss style by Paula Drake and Rover Boys style by Bibi Osterwald, plus Michael Brown's ballads from the subconscious, the King Odom Quartet's commendable part singing, and the Norman Paris Trio's music of tomorrow. Julius Monk is the proud parent of this assemblage. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): An odd but agreeable treetop, wherein Mmes. Mercer (Mabel) and Spivy (Spivy) sing their familiar but absorbing ditties. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams' arresting abstract piano, sometimes solo and sometimes in counterpoint with J. C. Heard's Trio, which also plays for dancing. Marian Bruce contributes some big, sad torch songs. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Alarums and excursions by Wild Bill Davison, aided and abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and other cacophonists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, ringing these aged rafters. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Hot Lips Page and a few pals keep this old hangout as warm as ever. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): Willie the Lion Smith, making real lively boys-in-the-back-room music after ten every night but Monday. Chippie Hill sings now and then, and, Mondays through Fridays, Art Hodes is here, too. Herb Ward, Tony Parenti, and Frank Orchard help out. Guest night is Thursday. ... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Duke Ellington's dark, sombre, and completely non-bebop music; further embellishments by Red Norvo's men. Closed Mondays.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, who has been away a long time, evoking satisfying sounds from a very tired piano.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave. (AL 4-9800): This hotbed of jazz resumes its Friday-night sessions on Sept. 30. The starting backfield includes Bobby Hackett, James P. Johnson, Joe Marsala, Benny Morton, George Wettling, and Leadbelly.

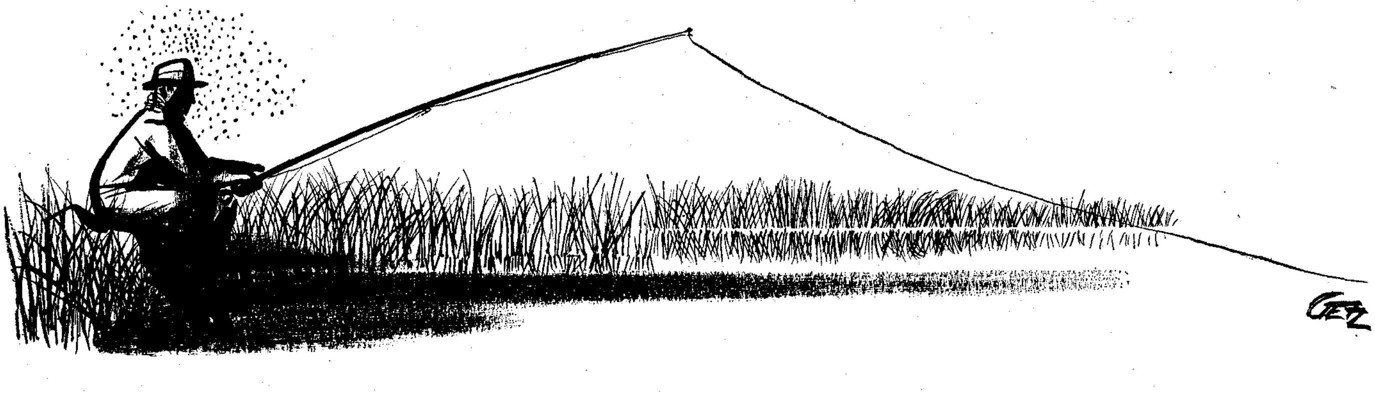
MOSTLY FOR DANCING

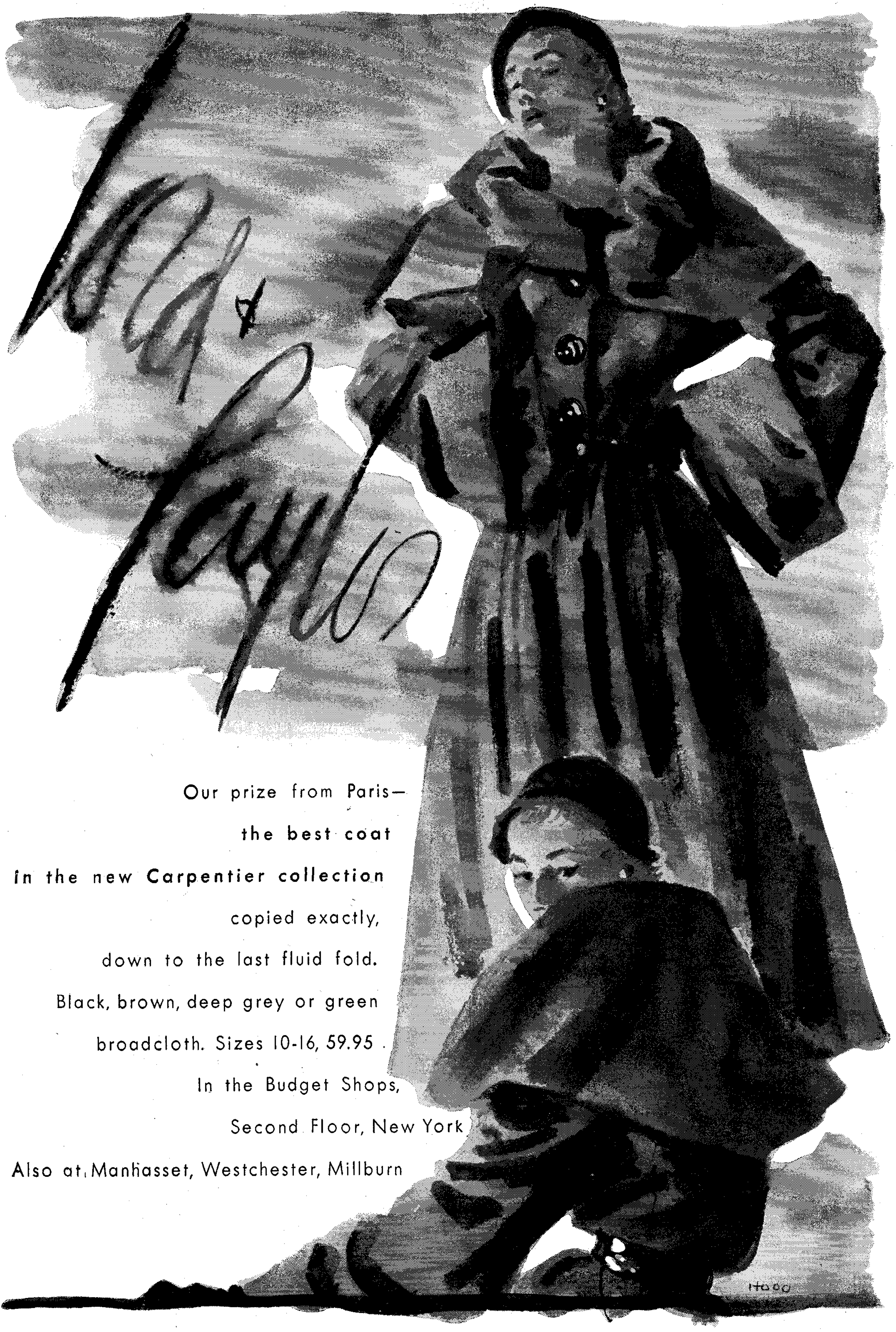
STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): The Grill will reopen Tuesday, Sept. 27, with (as anyone could guess) Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Don McGrane's orchestra and a floor show in the Terrace Room. Closed Sunday, Sept. 25.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra, except Mondays.... **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio, every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091);





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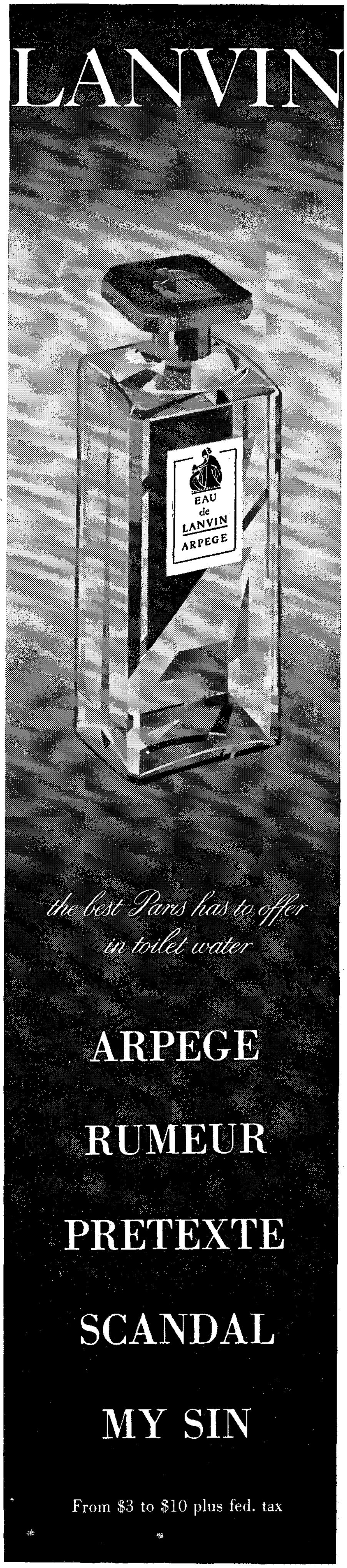

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closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. ... **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); closed Mondays. ... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays.... **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266). ... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). ... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. ... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342).... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... **MAMARONECK, N.Y.:** Le Postillon (Mamaroneck 9-5048); closed Mondays.... **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays.... **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246).... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). ... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... ***SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:*** *Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays....* **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... ¶ Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839).... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). ... **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Exhibition of American folk art; through Sept. 24.... **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: A group of contemporary paintings by American Indians, sponsored by the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs. A benefit for the American Red Cross; through Sept. 28.... **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by the gallery's artists. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 24.

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square can be seen daily from noon until dark, starting Friday, Sept. 23.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Pietro Lazzari; through Oct. 8.... **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Boris Vansier; through Oct. 1.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8th St.: Juliana Force and American art. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 30.... ¶ Group shows at the **SIDNEY JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 8. **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 4.... ¶ A collection of prints, many of them in color, by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard; through Sept. 25.... ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30: "Ariadne auf Naxos."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Tales of Hoffmann." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

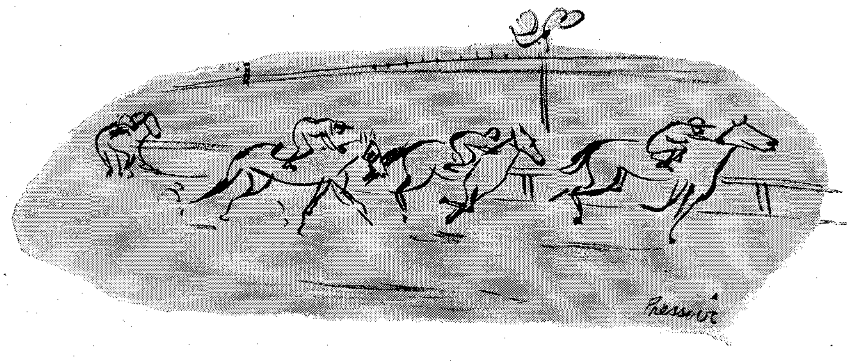
LEMONADE OPERA—Thursday evening, Sept. 22: Mendelssohn's "The Stranger," along with Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," both in English.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 28-29, and Saturday afternoon and evening, Oct. 1: "Hansel and Gretel" and "Down in the Valley," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 2:40.)

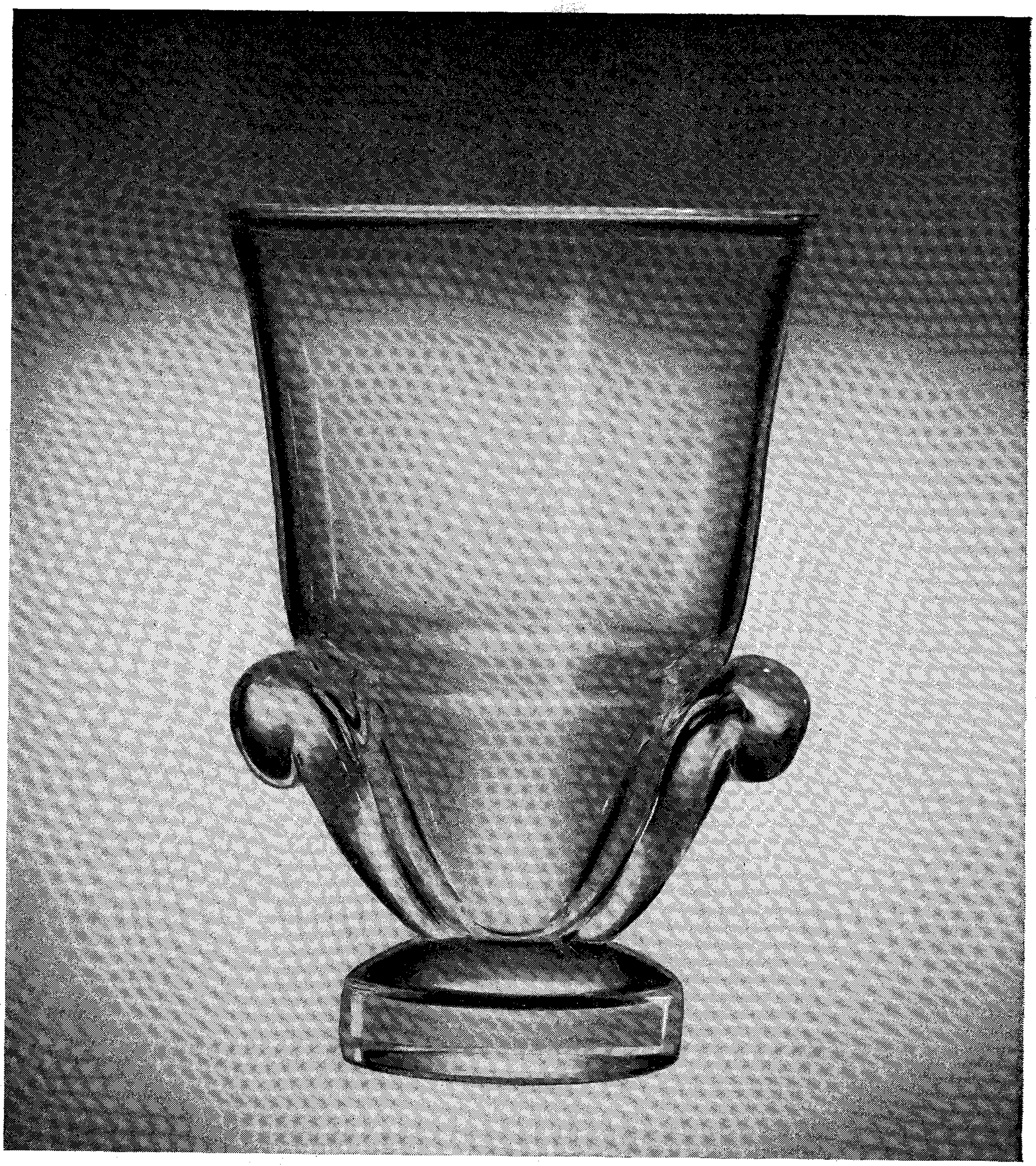
SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Monday, Sept. 26, at 2:30, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 27-29, at 2:30.... **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:05 (doubleheader).... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:05.

BOXING—Enrique Bolanos vs. Terry Young, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) ... ¶ Jake LaMotta vs. Marcel Cerdan, of France, 15 rounds for the World's Middleweight Championship. (Polo Grounds. Wednesday, Sept. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 24:** Army vs. Davidson, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Amherst, at Baker Field, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton, at 2:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 1:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 2. ... ¶ C.C.N.Y. vs. Colby College, at Lewisohn Stadium, at 2:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 2.... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2.... ¶ Navy vs. Princeton, at Baltimore, at 2:30.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 2. ... ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at





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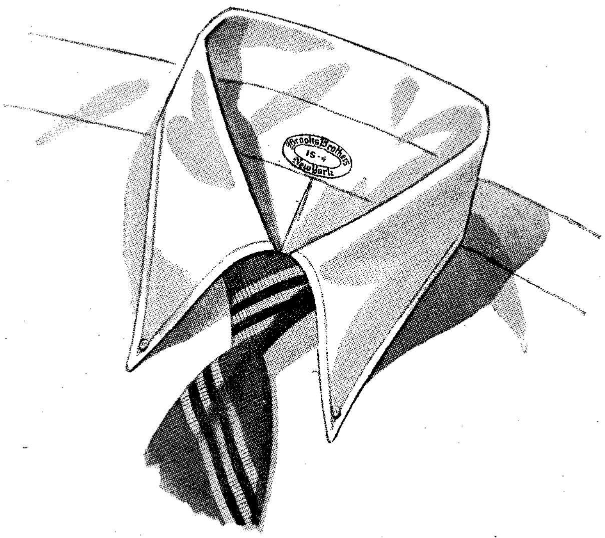

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Fordham, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Los Angeles Dons, Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Bulldogs vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:45. . . . ¶ Bulldogs vs. Giants, Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:45.

Dog Show—Westbury Kennel Association Show. (Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 25.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Thursday, Sept. 22.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Sunningdale Country Club, Scarsdale. Wednesday, Sept. 28.)

Horse Show—Bryn Mawr and Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 22-24.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Saturday, Oct. 1.)

Polo—Final of the Monty Waterbury Cup Handicap Tournament. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3:30.)

Racing—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:15. The Manhattan Handicap and the Matron Stakes, Sept. 24; the Lawrence Realization, Sept. 26; the Vosburgh Handicap, Sept. 28; the Futurity and the New York Handicap, Oct. 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

Roller Derby—Playoff, if that's the right word for what goes on here, Thursday, Sept. 22. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Skating starts at 8:30.)

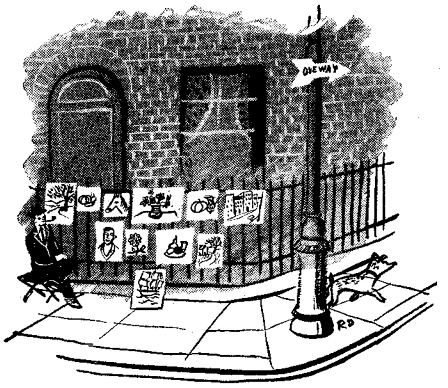
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 8:15.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly is holding plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow. About nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. At Lake Success, committees of the General Assembly will confer weekdays in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about five hundred visitors will continue to be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets to either place, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

Auction—Eighteenth-century English and American furniture and objects of art, from the collections of the late Mrs. Percival J. McIntosh, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 110 E. 58th St. Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 26-28, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called



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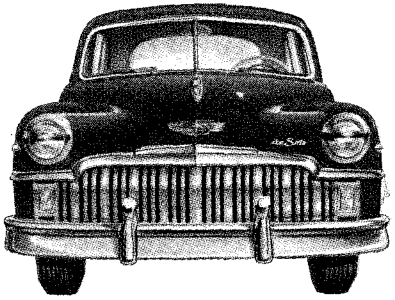

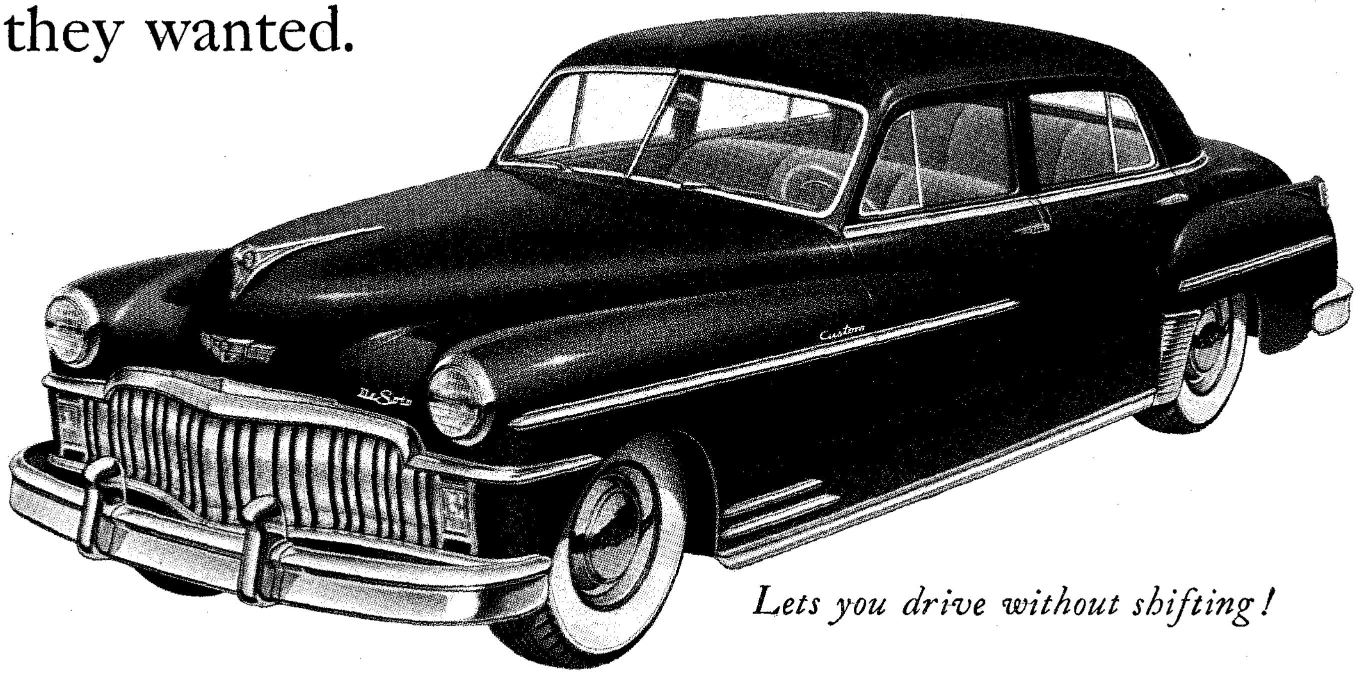

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Time by the Stars." Starting on Saturday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "Antarctic Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Ile de France: Arrives Thursday, Sept. 22; sails Saturday, Sept. 24, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Friday, Sept. 23; sails Monday, Sept. 26, at 4:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Friday, Sept. 23; sails Wednesday, Sept. 28, at noon. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 24; sails Friday, Sept. 30, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Tuesday, Sept. 27; sails Friday, Sept. 30, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Tuesday, Sept. 27; sails Thursday, Sept. 29, at 10:30 A.M. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, Oct. 1.

Note—Daylight Saving Time will come to an end on Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Walter Ducloux conducting, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Anthony Collins conducting, Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Helen Traubel, soprano, Monday, Sept. 26, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Monday, Sept. 26, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Leonard Warren, baritone, and Patrice Munsel, soprano, Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

Drama—Dan Duryea and Sam Levene in "The Gentle People," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Sept. 25, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Bing Crosby in "The Emperor Waltz," Monday, Sept. 26, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

Sports—**boxing:** Enrique Bolanos vs. Terry Young, Friday, Sept. 23, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Jake LaMotta vs. Marcel Cerdan, Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . **college football, saturday, sept. 24:** Notre Dame vs. Indiana, at 2:45 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Northwestern vs. Purdue, at 3 P.M., WJZ.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION

Music—Helen Traubel, soprano, Monday, Sept. 26, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT.

Drama—Kim Hunter and William Prince in "The Lonely," Sunday, Sept. 25, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Ethel Griffies in "Her Majesty the King," Monday, Sept. 26, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Tom Ewell in "The Contest," Monday, Sept. 26, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Ruth Ford and Bramwell Fletcher in "The Outward Room," Monday, Sept. 26, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV.

Sports—**baseball:** All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, and of the Dodgers on WCBS-TV. (Dodgers' night games are also shown on WOR-TV.) . . . **boxing:** Enrique Bolanos vs. Terry Young, Friday, Sept. 23, at 10 P.M., WNBT. . . . **college football, saturday, sept. 24:** Army vs. Davidson, at 1:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Amherst, at 2 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Notre Dame vs. Indiana, at 3:50 P.M., WABD. . . . **professional football.** Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Sunday, Sept. 25, at 1:55 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . **roller derby:** At Madison Square Garden; Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10 P.M., WJZ-TV.

Miscellany—The twenty-first installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Sept. 22, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Devil in the Flesh—Adolescent love described perceptively in a French film, adroitly directed by Claude Autant-Lara, that features Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dolwyn—Dame Edith Evans contributes a memorable performance as the heroine of a doomed Welsh village. Emlyn Williams not only wrote and directed the thing but is on hand with a stunning piece of acting. An English picture. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Germany Year Zero—Roberto Rossellini in a not too successful effort to duplicate, with a cast made up of German amateurs, the sort of thing he did so well in "Open City" and "Paisan." In German. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in fruitful collaboration. A British film. Winner of the 1949 Oscar Award. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Home of the Brave—A forthright picture about race prejudice, this time involving a Negro G.I. in the South Pacific. Frequently exciting, but somewhat weakened by a saccharine conclusion. James Edwards is convincing as the colored soldier. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Sept. 25-28.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; starting Sept. 26.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 28.)

A Letter to Three Wives—A funny one, mostly because of the excellence of Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell as a pair of tough lovebirds, whose mating calls range from a roar to a scream. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 23.)

Quartet—An English film consisting of screen adaptations of four of Somerset Maugham's short stories. A couple of the episodes are quite pleasant, and the cast is first-rate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out British picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Saints and Sinners—The Abbey Theatre Players of Dublin cutting loose in a modern Irish town, with results that are often very comical. An English film, based on a script by Paul Vincent Carroll. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Some of the Best—Forty minutes of excerpts from a lot of famous movies, new and old, ranging from "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mrs. Miniver." The idea is to mark some kind of anniversary. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Sept. 23. ... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 24.)

REVIVALS

A Bell for Adano (1945)—John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix in the screen version of John Hersey's novel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 27-28.)

The Big Clock (1948)—Ray Milland as the editor of a detective magazine and Charles Laughton as a homicidal publisher. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 25.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through Sept. 27.)

David Harum (1934)—Will Rogers playing a horse-trading old banker with a heart of gold. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in occupied Berlin. Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, and John Lund. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 26-28.)

Hitting a New High (1937)—Lily Pons singing in a jungle, with antics by Jack Oakie, Eric Blore, and Edward Everett Horton. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 25-26.)

Louisiana Story (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic chronicle of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Sept. 24.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 27, tentative.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 28.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; Sept. 25-27.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through Sept. 27.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 22.)

Steamboat 'Round the Bend (1935)—Old Mississippi days in a picture Will Rogers finished just before his death. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 26, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 24-27.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets, in Technicolor. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Sept. 26.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 24-26.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 22.)

The Young Mr. Pitt (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. A British film, with Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Sept. 28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 25: "The True Glory" (1945), a documentary of the Second World War.... ¶ Starting Sept. 26: Six documentary films on art. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 23: "Abbott and Costello Meet the Killer, Boris Karloff."
From Sept. 24: "Once More, My Darling," Robert Montgomery, Ann Blyth.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Under Capricorn," Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 28: "Johnny Stool Pigeon," Howard Duff.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Sept. 27: "Top o' the Morning," Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald.
From Sept. 28: "My Friend Irma," Marie Wilson, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Sept. 28: "Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 22: "I Was a Male War Bride," Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan.
From Sept. 23: "Thieves' Highway," Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"White Heat," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
GERMANY YEAR ZERO.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
DAVID HARUM, revival; and **STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND**, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Sept. 24: **LOUISIANA STORY**, revival.
Sept. 25-27: "A Double Life," revival, Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso.
From Sept. 28: **THE YOUNG MR. PITT**, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Sept. 27: **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**, revival; and **THE SCOUNDREL**, revival.
From Sept. 28: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin; and "Monte Carlo," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Sept. 27: **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**, revival; and **THE SCOUNDREL**, revival.
From Sept. 28: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin; and "Monte Carlo," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Sept. 28: "This Wine of Love" (in Italian), revival; and "Come Back to Sorrento" (in Italian), revival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Spring in Park Lane," Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
DOLWYN.

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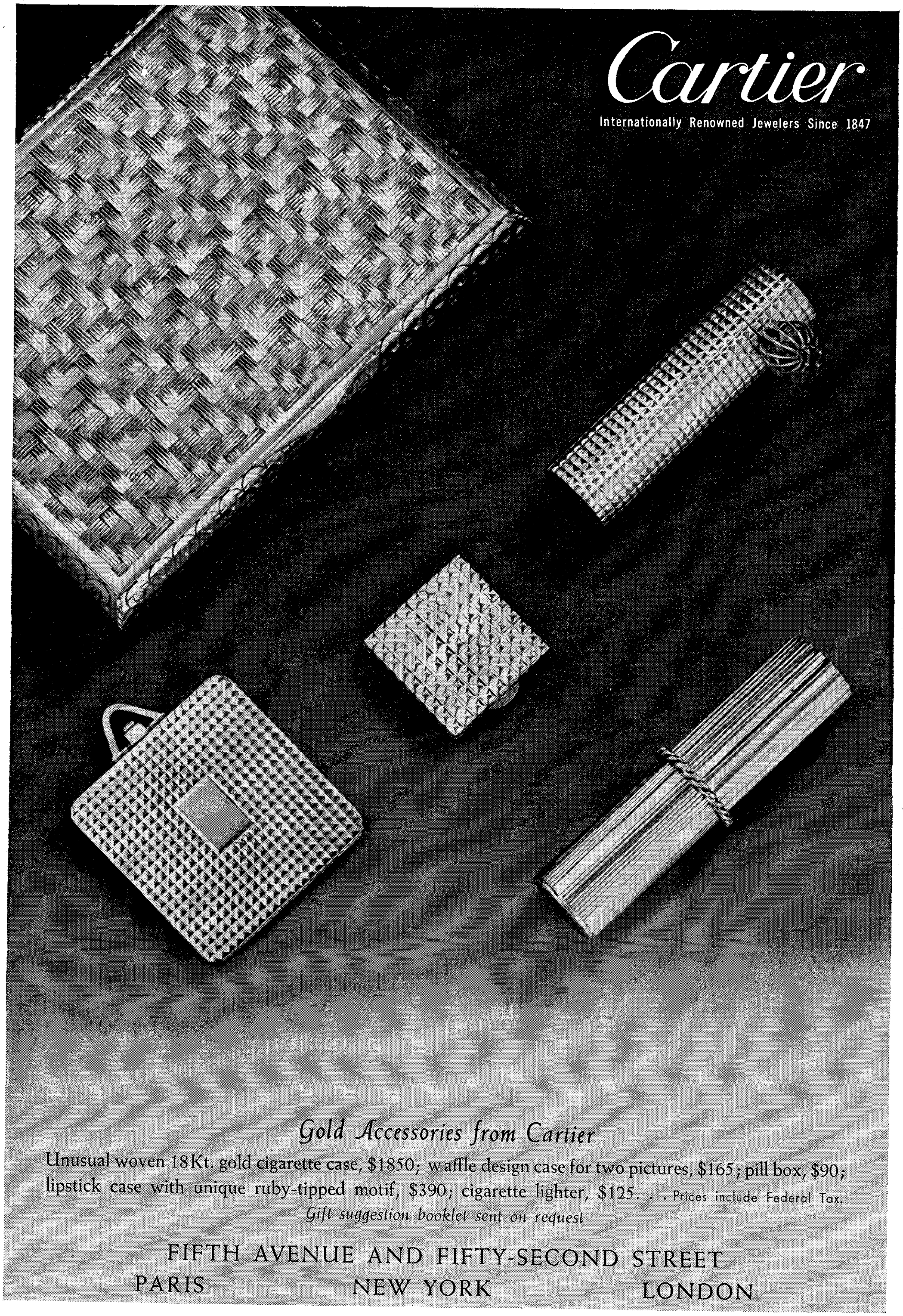

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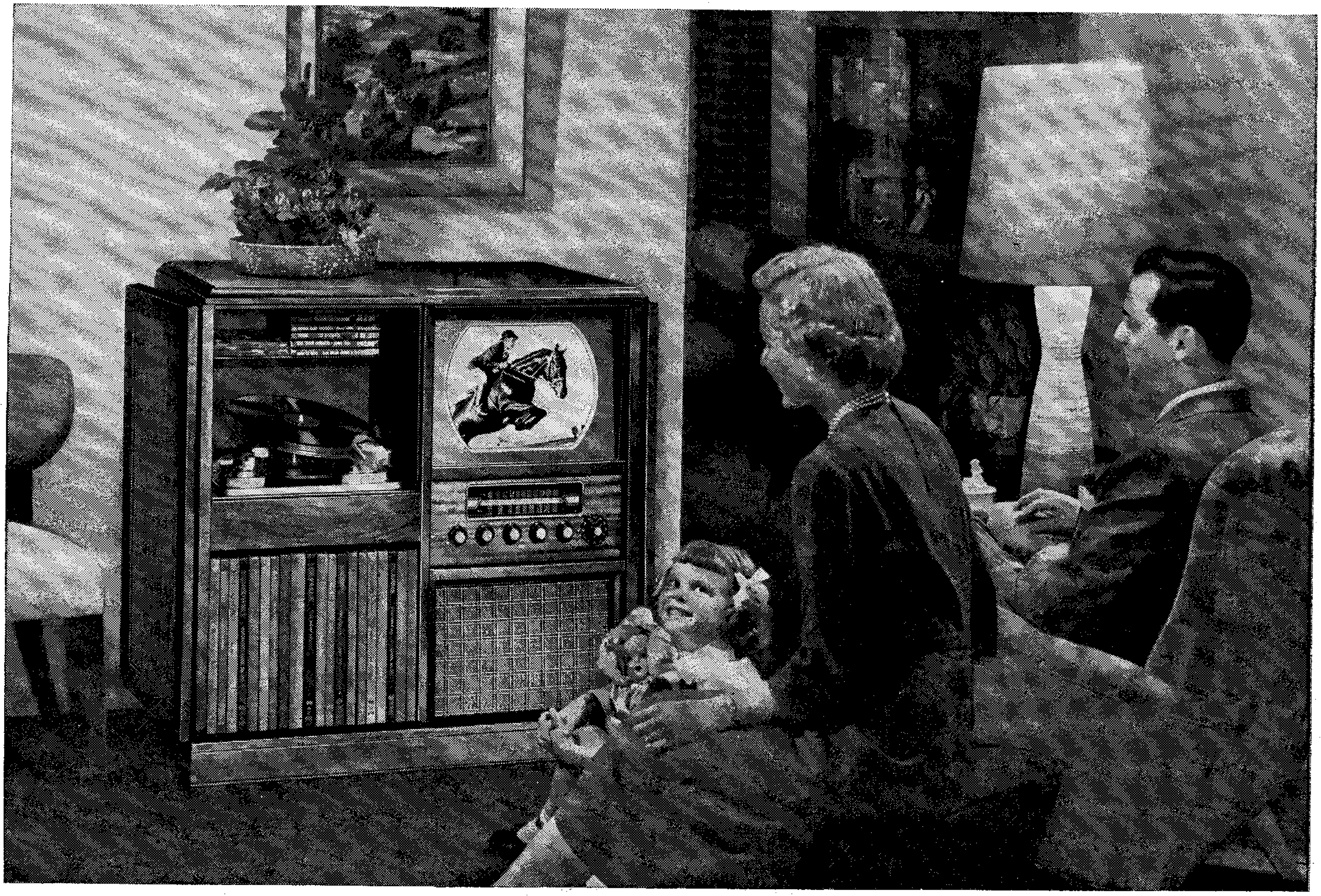
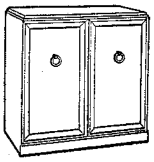




NEEDS NO AERIAL—brings in beautifully clear sharp picture in all normal locations without an aerial of any kind, on a huge 97 square inch screen. Has the exclusive Philco luxury feature—the No-Glare Optical System that eliminates glare, makes television, at last, *easy on your eyes!* The new, exclusive Philco 3-speed automatic phonograph plays all kinds of records of all sizes, at all speeds automatically. You get more than 5 hours of continuous music. And the new Philco Super-Tone reproducer exerts just 1/5 ounce needle pressure on your records—gives you the finest tone ever achieved for recorded music. Plus the new Philco Super-powered AM-FM radio. All in a distinguished modern cabinet with full-length doors. Philco model 1479.

Price slightly higher in far West

$499 95

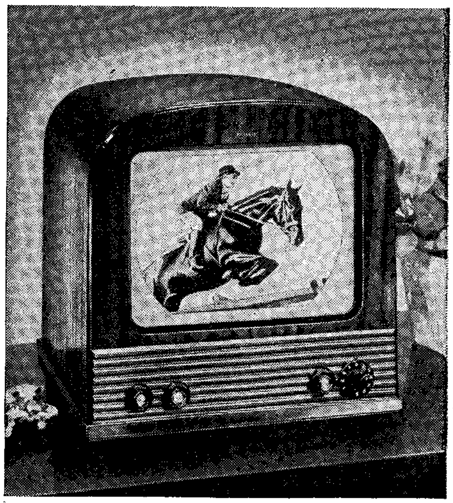
Tax and
Warranty $11.75

NEEDS NO AERIAL. New Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial gives sensational performance in a normal location. 97 square inch picture, 2-way automatic phonograph for Long Playing and regular records, and new Philco super-powered AM-FM radio. Almost $300.00 less than last year. Model 1477.

$399 95

Tax and
Warranty $9.75

THE GREAT NEW
1950 PHILCOS
cost as much as
$200 00 LESS
than last year..
and now
the advertised price
is the final price...
nothing else to buy



NEEDS NO AERIAL in any normal location. New Philco super-sensitive television circuit and High Gain Tuner give you a clearer and sharper picture than ever on a huge 97 sq. in. screen. No high cost installation, and the price is nearly $200.00 less than last year's 90 sq. in. picture. Philco model 1400.

$259 95

Tax and
Warranty $3.80

TELEVISION INVENTIONS

The PHILCO Electronic Built-in Aerial System For Television

U. S. PATENT PENDING

A totally new concept of antenna design, this latest scientific achievement of Philco Laboratories eliminates the need for an aerial of any kind in up to 8 out of 10 locations

Never before has there been anything like this in television. Never before has it been possible in all normal locations to enjoy television without highly expensive outdoor aerials or unsightly, unsatisfactory indoor aerials.

Today the Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial System is here—the result of a long program of original research in Philco Laboratories.

Far more than an aerial alone, it is a combination of highly technical developments each necessary to the other and all working together as a system.

Completely New Aerial Design

The old theories of television antenna design had to be abandoned. For a television aerial must have sufficient surface to pick up signals—yet to be built into your set it has to be compact.

And so Philco scientists developed an entirely new type of aerial made of pure aluminum sheet. It is scientifically calculated and shaped to make it responsive to *all* wave lengths.

Peak Reception from Every Station

Unlike any other aerial, outdoor or indoor, your Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial may be tuned with a simple knob to bring in each individual channel at peak efficiency. This was made possible only by the development of a new electronic circuit coupled right to the aerial. Yet the aerial and the tuning circuit are completely contained and concealed within the set itself.

Vastly Increased Sensitivity

As part of this system, Philco engineers have designed new television circuits with vastly increased sensitivity, extremely efficient rejection of noise and cross channel interference. In so-called "fringe areas" and weak signal locations, where an outdoor aerial is needed, these highly sensitive 1950 Philco receivers deliver the finest overall performance in television history.

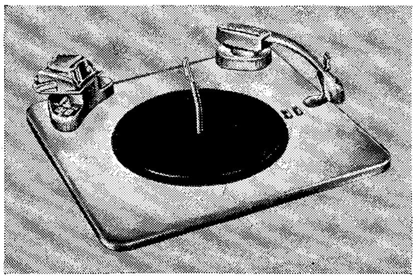
Look at Philco First

Here, indeed, is one of the major landmarks in television history—one of the great contributions to your enjoyment.

Every new Philco receiver for 1950—and *only Philco*—comes to you complete with this sensational Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial.

We sincerely believe that you owe it to yourself to look at these great new 1950 Philcos *first.* Only then can you decide to your own best advantage which television receiver you want in *your* home—for only after seeing Philco will you have seen *all* that television has to bring you for 1950.

Another triumph of Philco research!



The Philco 3-Speed Automatic Record Changer

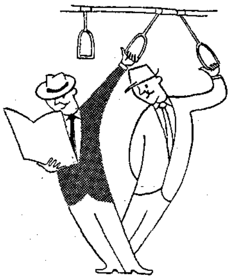
Plays all records, all sizes, all 3 speeds AUTOMATICALLY . . . BETTER than ever before

To meet the newest developments in the record industry, Philco announces another triumphant research achievement . . . *without question, the finest record changer ever produced!* It plays *automatically* the new long playing and fine groove records as well as the old conventional records with *only 1/5 ounce pressure* from a single tone arm. You enjoy more than 5 hours of continuous music with the greatest tone fidelity ever achieved in record reproduction.

PHILCO TELEVISION *for* 1950

"The set with the Built-in Antenna"

Mass . . .



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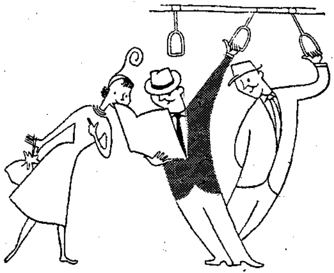

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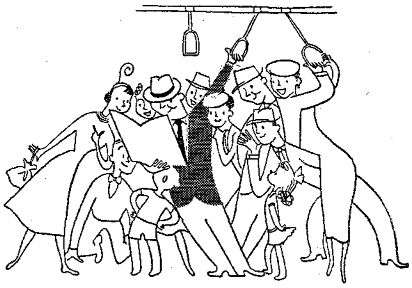

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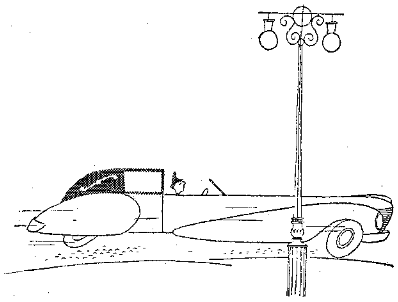

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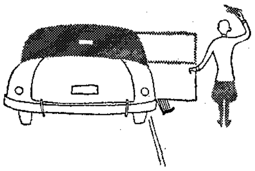

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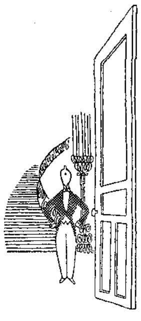

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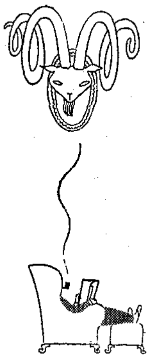

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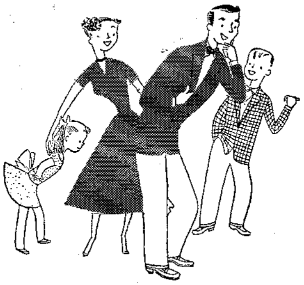
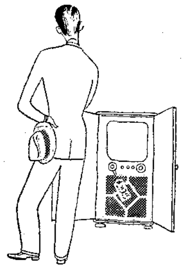


but combine Mass and Class . . .*

in one magazine . . .



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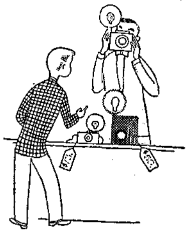

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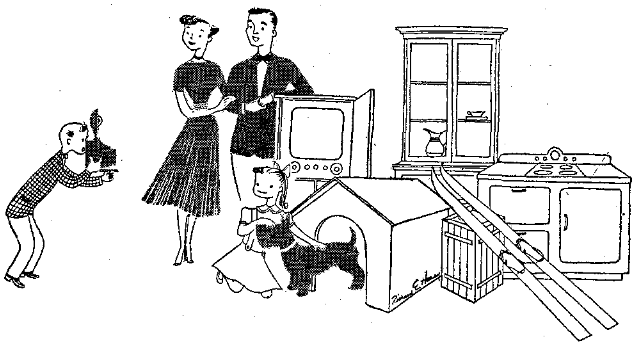

fabulous!

* Holiday circulation is over 820,000 . . . that's Mass! Holiday families have more $10,000-and-over incomes than any class magazine . . . that's Class!

HOLIDAY . . . *the most MASSive CLASS market in the world!*

(*Advertisement*)

For Today's Dining...

Fusing the classic simplicity of the Empire Period with the geometrical plainness of American Contemporary, Governor Clinton pattern offers a high-style accent for today's dining room. Created for the modern vogue of mixing period with modern, it blends with the Empire feeling that underlies 18th Century furniture, and is perfectly at home in Contemporary surroundings.

From the
CREATIVE DESIGN STUDIOS
of Syracuse China

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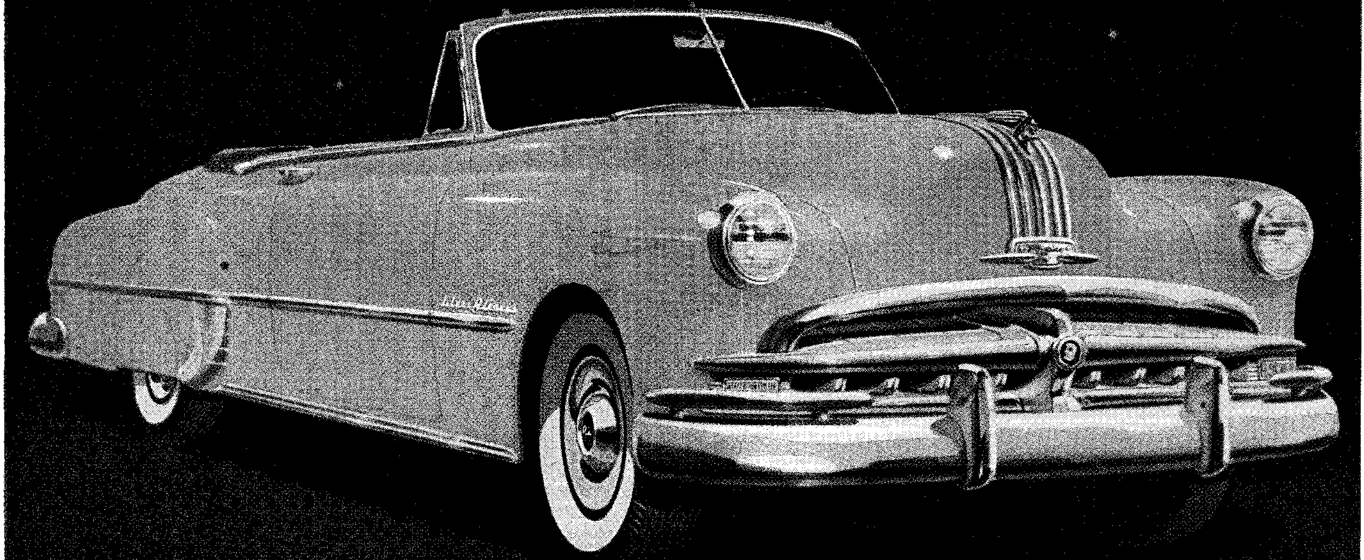
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING
ON WHEELS

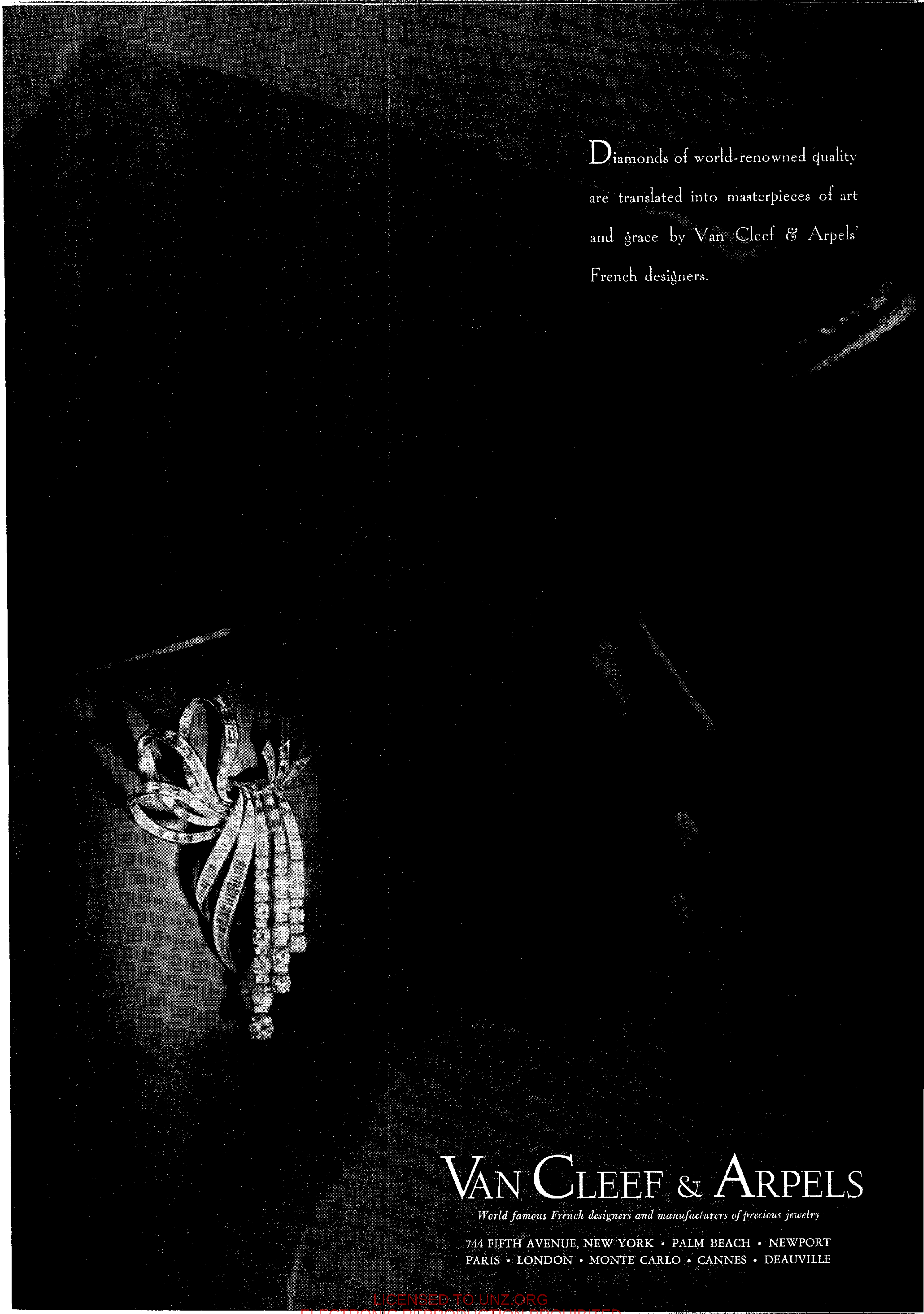


You ought to be driving a

PONTIAC

America's Lowest Priced Straight Eight

THE LUXURY, PERFORMANCE AND PRESTIGE OF A STRAIGHT EIGHT
AT LESS THAN THE COST OF MANY SIXES



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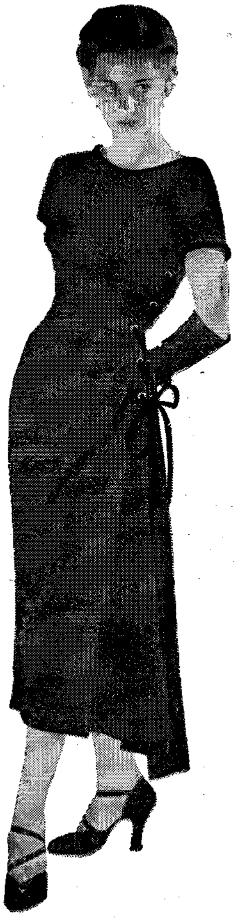


LACED WITH VELVET . . .

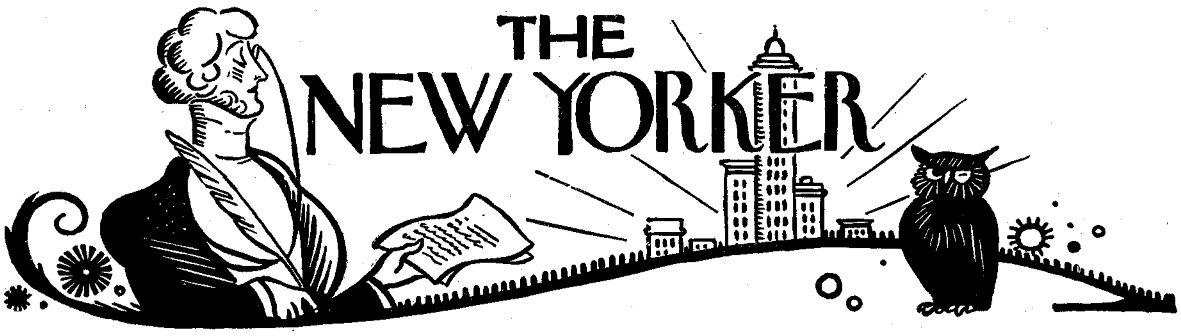
this Varden Petite design for romantic moments. Its slim princess line captures completely the spirit of '49, with the asymmetric drape and the velvet touch. Black rayon tissue faille with rayon velvet, so perfectly proportioned for the petite figure, in sizes 8 to 18 . . . at 49.95

Altman misses' dresses, third floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains, Manhasset

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE *MU. 9-7000*



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

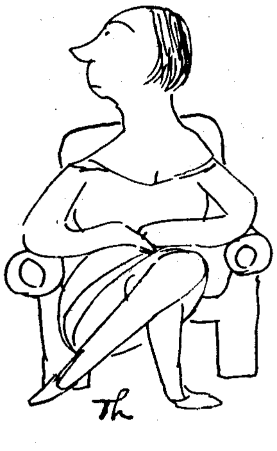
WE had a multigraphed, mechanically signed letter from Paul Robeson the other morning beginning, "Dear Friend, I'm going to sing wherever the people want me to sing." The rest of the letter was a plea for help in safeguarding civil rights. It ended with a request for money.

"I'm going to sing wherever the people want me to sing" would be a fine, ringing sentence were it not for its implication that Robeson is essentially a singer (which he no longer is) and for its implication that "the people" are clamoring to hear his voice (which they no longer are). Mr. Robeson strayed from the field of song a few years ago and wandered into politics. The people who now go to hear him sing are, to a considerable degree, those who merely wish to be in the same hall with somebody they agree with, and the self-appointed "patriots" who attend the concert to throw rocks. The sound he makes is neither pure song nor pure argument but a subtle blend of the two, and when he mixes Ol' Man River with Ol' Man Marx he is being unfair to the Mississippi and is playing fast and loose with the Negro race, for whom he purports to speak. Robeson lost "the people" as an audience when he began to make pronouncements that were largely unpopular. We certainly defend his right to make these pronouncements, but if he thinks he can keep art and politics conveniently separate, he's living in dream. We don't think he's living in dream. His letter, mechanical in sound as well as in appearance, was neither from a man in dream nor from a songbird. Furthermore, it assumed that we believe (which we do not) that civil rights are best safeguarded by being put to the greatest possible strain.

APROPOS of our recent remarks on Buick's new front-end design (grille brought forward of the bumper), we have just been glancing through the galley proofs of the 1974 edition of *Eaton's Car Book*, generally regarded as the standard volume on American motorcar design. The author, Tollbridge Eaton, has granted us permission to quote a few paragraphs from his chapter on "The Bumper in Mid-passage." We are extremely grateful for this opportunity.

"Prior to World War II," writes Eaton, "the bumper had been almost entirely utilitarian, consisting of a flat or round bar designed to protect the front and rear ends of the car from damage by collision. With the resumption of peacetime production, designers began to glimpse the unexploited possibilities of the bumper. Parking lights, license-plate holders, and other incidental equipment soon appeared recessed in bumpers. It was a time of recession anyway, and the partial concealment of light. Almost imperceptibly the bumper lost its function as a protective device and became itself a thing to be protected.

"The first cautious step in this direction was taken by Buick in the summer of 1949, a summer memorable for its extreme heat. Buick, with suitable fanfare, brought the grille forward of the front bumper. The public grasped its revolutionary significance and went for it. Buick enjoyed a quick advantage. It did not last long. Ford and Chrysler, as well as the independents and the other subsidiaries of General Motors, soon fell in line, and by 1951 most cars had the bumper behind the grille, where it was safe from normal impact. Studebaker (that same year) went further and offered a Loewy-designed grille to protect the *rear* bumper. By 1952, grilles to protect both front and rear bumpers were common."



(Eaton here discusses the decline of the luggage compartment, a section we shall omit for lack of space. He then returns to the bumper.)

"Having protected the bumper by a grille, the next step obviously was to provide protection for the grille. This was first seen in the flashy 1952 Hudson, heralded by an advertising campaign using the catchy slogan 'A bumper to protect the grille to protect the bumper.' The phrase was on everyone's tongue. Parking and taillights, license-plate holder, bumper guards, and other accessories formerly located on the inner bumper were, naturally, shifted forward to the outer bumper. Double bumpers with grilles between swept the industry. Then, for a year or two, nothing much happened to design, although a lot of things happened to motorists.

"Came 1957, distinctly a Pontiac year. Pontiac, sensing stagnation, brought out a car with a second grille to protect the outer bumper, and to give a smart, well-groomed appearance. The floodgates were opened. During the ensuing decade, the development of successive protection for each new bumper and grille was swift and unbroken. Bumper sprouted from grille, grille sprouted from bumper. Cadillac brought out its sensational Lucky Seven—a hardtop convertible having seven grilles and seven bumpers in front, seven grilles and seven bumpers in back. It was a dream of a car and virtually impossible to park, so people fitted it with beds and a dinette and a radar screen, and kept it going."

We'd like to quote more, but our time is up. Eaton ends his chapter with a brilliant tribute to Ford, who broke the trend, abandoned the grille, and produced a car reminiscent of the beautiful 1930 Lincoln tourer. It had one strong, solidly mounted bumper front and rear. The clean, functional appearance of the 1971 Ford, together with its new low price and high body, captured the market and Ford was once more in a commanding position in America, comparable to that of the days of the Model T—the car that introduced so many millions of wistful and adventurous persons to the beauty inherent in simplicity.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Radio Station WBRW, of Welch, West Virginia, calls itself the Voice of the Nation's Coal Bin.

Happy Marriage magazine has folded.

Controlled

WE'VE been up to the Bronx Zoo to look in on four gentlemen who have been working on animal-behavior projects there since the middle of June, on behalf of the New York Zoological Society, and who are about to wind up their studies. We met all of them in the Elephant House, by appointment: Dr. Llewellyn T. Evans, who is a research associate of the Museum of Natural History, and three doctoral candidates—Dieter Burckhardt, a blond young man with a crew haircut, graduate student of zoology, at the University of Basel, Switzerland; John V. Quaranta, round-faced, dark-haired graduate student of experimental psychology at Fordham; and Joseph Murnin, tan, sombre graduate student of psychology at Penn State. After the introductions, Dr. Evans, who acts as liaison man between his group and the Zoological Society, told us that Murnin was about to carry on with a certain experiment to shed light on the visual acuity of the elephant. Murnin set a wooden horse in front of the stall of a twenty-four-year-old African elephant named Sudana. To the top of this were hinged two panels, one with a square painted on it, the other with a rectangle. Burckhardt stood by with a basket of potatoes. "People always used to claim that African elephants were dumb," said Murnin, swinging the panels into a vertical position, "but Sudana has developed a positive cathexis for white over black, and for gray over black down to one-and-a-half candle power of reflectance." Sudana, we were told, had first been confronted by a black panel and a white panel to test her visual sensitivity. She was given a potato when she blew down the white one and didn't get a potato when she blew down the black one. She got so she would blow over the white panel every time. Then, tested with progressively darkening gray panels in place of the white one, she blew them over until they got too close to black for her.

Sudana lumbered up to the bars of her stall, protruded her trunk, flicked it meditatively, and blew over one of the panels. "The reward panel—the rectangle," said Murnin. He took out a notebook, made an entry in it, and set the panel upright again. Sudana withdrew her trunk, sidestepped across her stall, and waved her trunk expectantly at Burckhardt, who gravely gave her a potato. We learned to our disappointment, however, that Sudana has been flunking her square-vs.-rectangle test. Her score is about fifty-fifty. Both the square and the rectangle are white, and that has apparently thrown her off. "A proactive inhibition," said Murnin.

Quaranta excused himself at this point, saying that he had to get over to the Reptile House to continue with a tortoise project he has under way.

"As far as elephants' eyesight is concerned," Murnin said, "one naturalist says one thing and one another. I'm running a controlled experiment on it. Forty-eight trials a day. I find that after forty-eight trials Sudana gets bored with the whole thing and—" He checked himself and concluded, "I guess I'm being anthropomorphic."

Dr. Evans remarked that he'd found the same sort of mental fatigue to be characteristic of tortoises. "After about a hundred trials, they blow sky-high," he said.

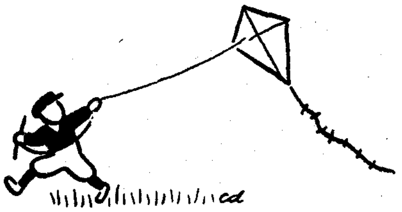
Sudana stuck her trunk out of her stall again and blew down the wrong panel.

"A television man was in here a while ago," Murnin told us, "and he noticed we have the letter 'A' on the back of one panel and the letter 'B' on the back of the other. Nothing would do but we were teaching Sudana the alphabet."

"Murnin is having a difficult time with a marmoset monkey," said Dr. Evans.

"One of the low primates," Murnin said abstractedly, replacing the fallen panel.

Dr. Evans told us that Burckhardt has been studying the behavior of nyalas—a kind of African antelope—and the courtship behavior of the satin bowerbird of Australia. "We all take a hand whenever it's needed, though," he added, and asked us, "Like to see the tortoises?" We said we would indeed and, wishing Murnin luck, followed Dr. Evans out of the building. On the way to the tortoises, he told us that one of the projects of the group was to determine whether or not playing notes in the second octave below middle C on a French horn will cause alligators to roar. Dr. Frank Beach, of Yale, had, it seems, brought this subject up in a paper printed in 1944. "We were fortunate enough to get hold of Tullio Tutrinoli, who has played the instrument for the Boston Opera Company," Dr. Evans said. "He had all of them roaring at once one morning—thirteen alligators and one crocodile." We found Quaranta, notebook and pencil in hand, intently watching two tortoises engaged in an altercation. They were sluggishly snapping at each other—or *toward* each other—over the motionless back of a third tortoise, their eyes blinking, their necks stretched to the utmost, but their heads still a foot apart. Finally, one backed down under the distant threat of the other and withdrew entirely into his shell. Or maybe he just got sleepy. "That's what we call the aggressive technique," Quaranta told us, looking up from his notebook. "It's one of the fourteen techniques of dominance we've categorized. We learned that a couple of other techniques of dominance among tortoises are the overclimbing and the bulldozer, and that, in general, the most dominant tortoises are the most sociable."

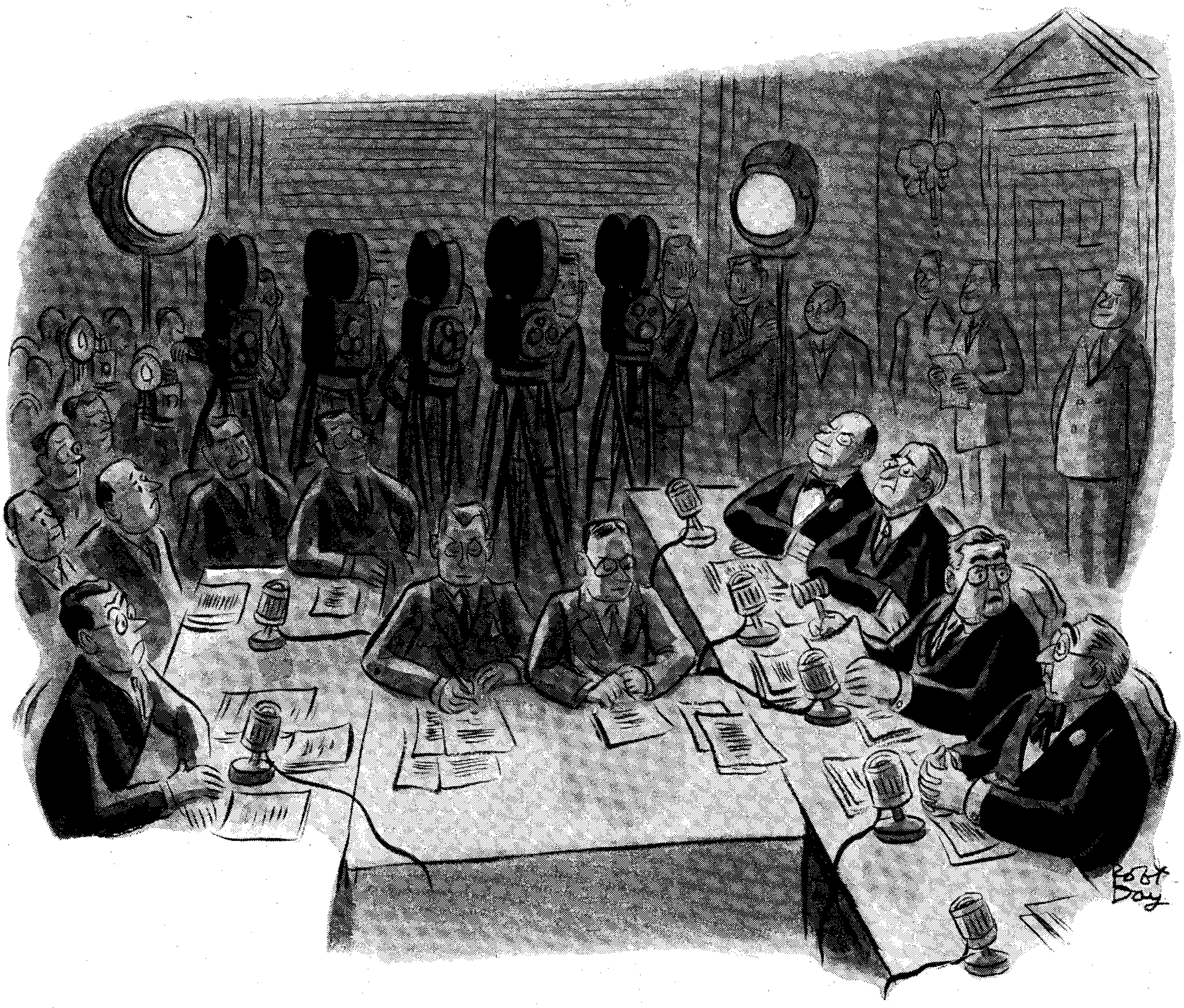


Windfall

THE guests at a recent de-luxe wedding were provided with cartons of wild rice, which retails at $1.70 a pound. One lady in attendance was observed slipping her ration into her handbag.

Outsized

JAMES EARLE FRASER, the sculptor, has just completed plaster versions of what he thinks will be the two largest cast-bronze statues in the country. One is entitled "Harvest and Music," the other "Aspiration and Literature," and together they are to be known as "The Peaceful Arts." They will stand behind the Lincoln Memorial, in Washington, in the Lincoln Memorial Circle.



"The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy had nine cameras."

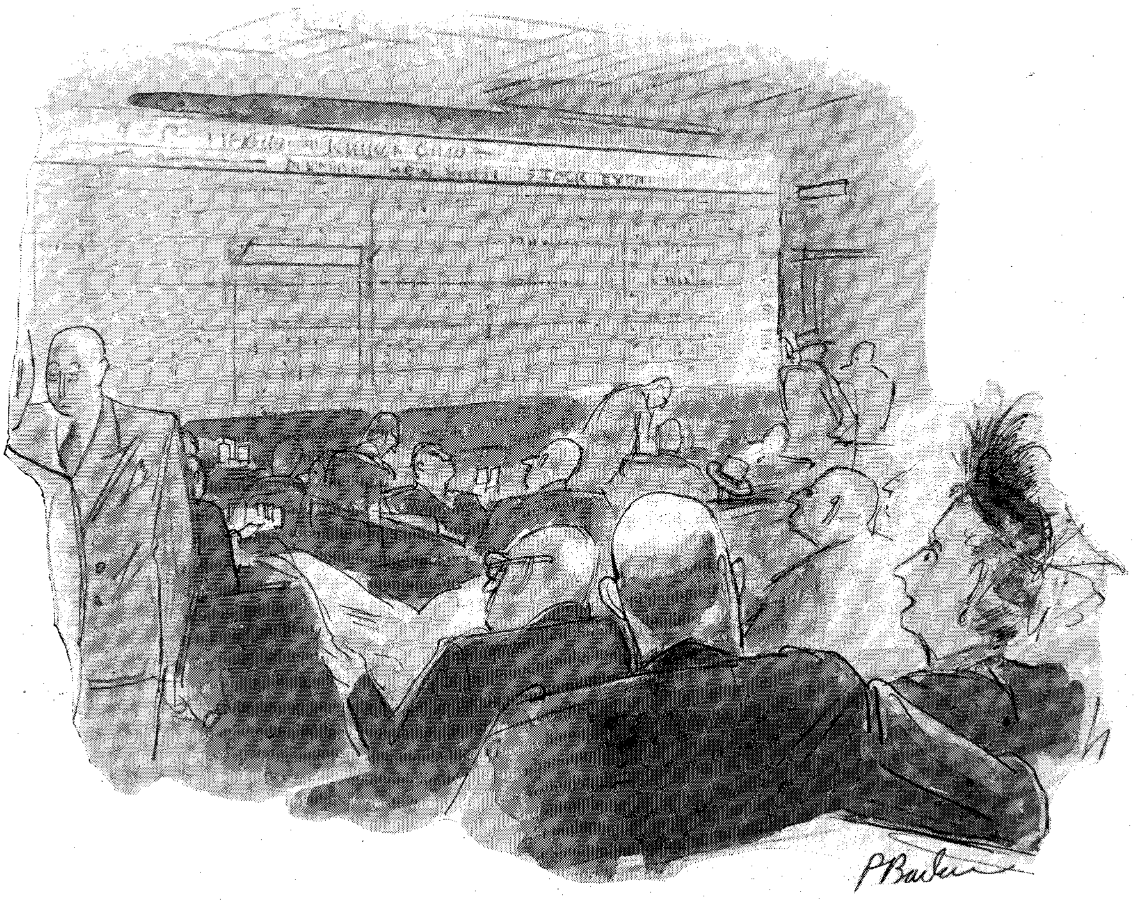
• •

The plaster version of "Harvest and Music" is now stored in a warehouse here, waiting to be cast. "Aspiration and Literature" is still in Fraser's studio, in Westport, Connecticut, and we went up there the other day to have a look at it and to talk with its creator, who is a spry, youthful seventy-two. He assured us that he's an old hand at outsized statues. When he was seventeen, he made the model for the famous bronze "The End of the Trail," which shows an Indian on horseback, slumped in exhaustion; it's eighteen feet high and stands at Visalia, California. Fraser also did the equestrian statue of Theodore Roosevelt outside the Museum of Natural History here—seventeen feet high. "Aspiration and Literature" is nineteen and a half feet high, without pedestal, and ten feet across, weighs six tons in plaster and will weigh about fourteen tons in bronze, and takes up practically the whole of Fraser's studio.

The Statue of Liberty is, of course, considerably bigger than anything that Fraser has ever tackled, but it's not cast bronze, having been hammered out in molds, then assembled. (That huge cast-bronze statue of a Czech knight, designed by Albin Polášek as a memorial to Thomas Masaryk, which bumped against a girder while being trucked across the Queensboro Bridge last week, is eighteen feet high, or eighteen inches under Fraser's top, and it's nowhere near as wide.) Fraser told us, rather sadly, that he has no special fondness for size. "They always seem to pick on me to do big ones, just because I've done big ones," he said. "I'm glad to say I did the buffalo nickel, too. I got a lot of satisfaction out of that."

At Fraser's invitation, we circled "Aspiration and Literature," noting that the central figure is a winged horse, with open mouth and flaring nostrils—our old pal Pegasus. By his right flank stands Literature, in the form of a man holding a book in one hand, the other hand clenched at his throat. At his left flank is Aspiration, with one hand similarly clenched, the other holding a bow. "I wanted to get away from warlike subjects," Fraser said. "The Potomac is peaceful, the Lincoln Memorial Circle is peaceful. Aspiration's bow has no military significance. It stands for shooting at the mark. Literature has a composed expression, Aspiration an expression of struggle. The group is classic in character, in keeping with the Lincoln Memorial, and with Lincoln himself, for that matter. Lincoln's exterior may not have been exactly classical, but his interior certainly was."

The government commission for the groups was awarded to Fraser back in 1930. Along with two groups by Leo



"I don't see why they can't. They're supporting the price of everything else."

• •

Friedlander, they will complete the master plan for statuary in the Lincoln Memorial Circle. Fraser's work on the statues was interrupted by a shortage of materials during the war. Now that the models are finished, he plans to sail for Italy in a month or so to arrange for their casting. Some time ago, the Italian government asked that it be allowed to do the casting, and supply the bronze for the job, as a Statue-of-Liberty-like gift to this country. The offer has been accepted. Fraser will have to help decide whether the statues will be shipped here whole or in parts. The risk of shipping them whole is that they might end up in parts. In any event, the present plan is for the groups to be put in place in Washington next year, in time for the celebration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the city. "It'll be a relief to get this studio cleared out," Fraser said.

Careful

HERE'S another overheard remark, this one uttered by a young lady between pulls on the straws of a chocolate malted down in the Irving Place neighborhood: "This man I wrote to in Alabama—I didn't want to *return* his dollar to him. I just wanted him to know what his dollar was going to be used for—that it was against *all* wars, and not just against some particular war he happened to have in mind."

Human Interest

WITH the frustrated Shirley May France back in this country, we've had a talk with Ted Worner, a voluble press agent and sometime promoter, who engineered her through what the London *Daily Express* called "the noisiest attempt on the Channel," and we herewith record what he told us, for whom it may concern:

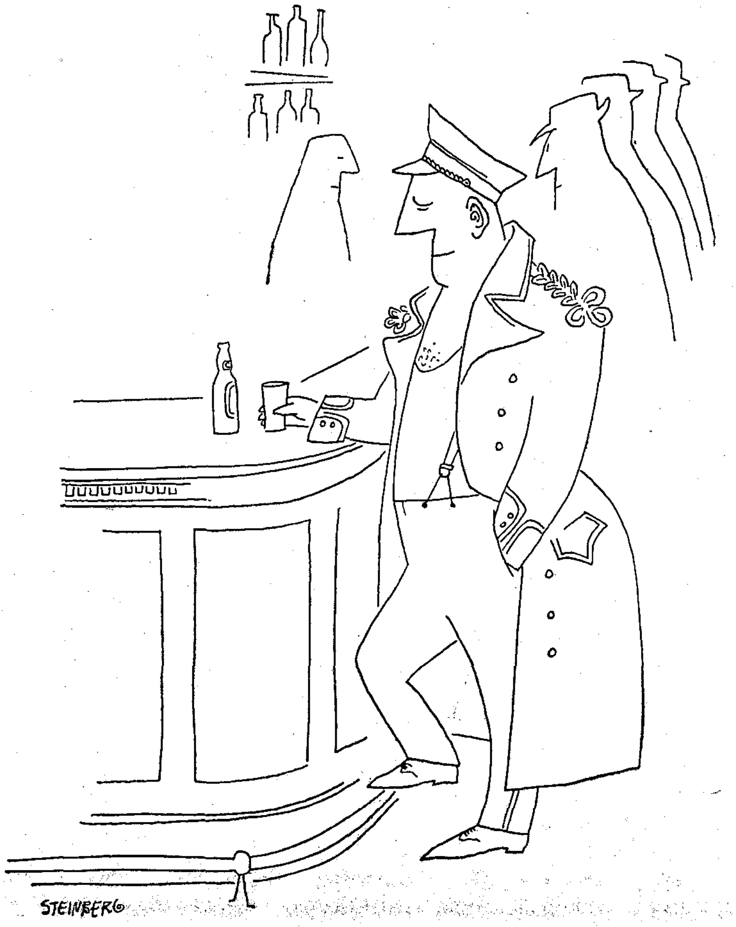
"I produce and direct Jackie Robinson's radio show, you see, and early this summer I saw we were going to need backing for a post-season barnstorming tour. The owner of a swimming pool at Coney Island came through, and I made a mental note to do something for him. A week later, I saw in the *Mirror* that some kid in Somerset, Massachusetts, near Fall River, had announced she would like to swim the Channel, so I called her up and offered her three hundred dollars to make a swim from the Battery to Coney Island and to come out of the water, accidental-like, on the beach next to my backer's pool. She said I'd have to ask her father, who fixes oil-burners. I did, and he said 'Sure' and invited me to promote his daughter. I never had any specific deal, but I stood to be cut in on anything the kid earned if she made the Channel. He sent me a photograph of her with a caption saying she weighed a hundred and seventy-seven pounds, and I was discouraged. But I'd been thinking. I know Gertrude Ederle very well, and I had a hunch the public might be ready for another one of those things. So I started to peddle the kid's story. At first, nobody would touch it, practically, but I got a break on the Coney Island thing because it was a rainy Sunday and the papers needed something to run. And when Shirley turned up that day, I found she weighed only a hundred and fifty and some pounds and had a pretty face, blue eyes, blond hair, nice teeth, and dimples. So I was encouraged, and went to the Newspaper Enterprise Association syndicate to get backing for a Channel swim. Well, it happens that N.E.A. spent nearly fifty thousand dollars in 1926, Ederle's year, on another dame who was supposed to swim the Channel, but she crossed it by riding in the boat that accompanied Trudy, and the syndicate had been hoping for a successful Channel swimmer all these years, so it bought the kid's exclusive story for a thousand dollars, with another fifteen hundred to come if she made it. The syndicate manager gave us six dozen hard-boiled eggs he'd boiled himself, and said he'd send some steaks over for the kid. The eggs spoiled, but the steaks tasted fine. I had to keep my strength up, too.

"Well, before we left, I went to see my old Army sergeant, who works for United Artists, and they were about to distribute a picture called 'Black Magic,' whose producer had decided to spend three hundred thousand dollars promoting it. He made a deal to let me have a thousand pounds of frozen English money, which he couldn't use otherwise anyway, if I'd plug the picture whenever I could. Then I promoted Shirley a wardrobe from Henry Rosenfeld, the big dress manufacturer, and I went to a friend of mine at the Kingston Watch Company—a very nice watch—and he gave us five hundred dollars and promised five hundred more if the kid made it and if she wore a Kingston waterproof during her swim. When we got set to go, I somehow found myself with a party of six—Shirley, her father, her swimming coach, her high-school French teacher, a friend of her father's who was supposed to be a money man, and a reporter for the Fall River *Herald News*. We sailed on the Nieuw Amsterdam, on July 22nd. The ship had a swimming pool, but I was the only one that went in.

"In mid-ocean, I suddenly remembered we didn't have any accommodations in England, so I radioed the London office of United Artists, and when we landed I discovered they had us staying at the Grosvenor House, at eighteen pounds a night. That must have given the press the idea that we had some real money; the *Daily Mail* described the kid's father as a Texas oil burner. I held an emergency meeting of my party that first night, and the next day we got the hell out of the Grosvenor House and went to the East Cliff Hotel at Dover—a reasonable place, where all the Channel swimmers hang out. We had fifty pounds of grease with us, by the way—lanolin—and it was more than Shirley needed, so we gave some to the European swimmers who were there. We're typical Americans—you know what I mean. About this time, the press moved in on us. For the whole six weeks we were in Europe, it was interviews, pictures, interviews, pictures. They even printed a photograph of *me* in the water. Shirley herself was completely indifferent to it all—she just wanted to swim the Channel—and the press was on me, and every so often I'd have to do something to give the story a shot in the arm. I asked the U.S. Navy for a destroyer escort, for instance, which, of course, I didn't get, and I asked Princess Margaret and Ambassador Douglas's daughter Sharman to send Shirley messages. They didn't, but the Ambassador did. And then somehow the story broke that Shirley was going to swim nude. I deny having started this, of course, but I had mentioned such a possibility casually, and when a stink was raised about it, we came out fine by issuing a very indignant and righteous statement. As a matter of fact, Shirley couldn't have swum nude, because our contract with United Artists specified that she had to wear a bathing suit with 'Black Magic' on it. I'd been brooding over what other gimmicks I could use to tie in with the picture, and one day, as I was walking along the beach near Dover, I came across an old black schooner called the Nellie Bywater. Immediately, I conceived the idea of changing its name to Black Magic and using it as a press boat during the swim. It was a slow boat, but at least it was black. The captain wanted a hundred and fifty pounds for the deal, and, what with me having to pay for everybody but the Fall River reporter, I didn't have anywhere near enough cash, but I raised the dough by telling the correspondents who were going to accompany the kid across the Channel that they could ride on the boat for fifteen pounds apiece and that I would provide food, deck chairs, and gin-rummy facilities. I also pointed out to the photographers that the kid always comes up on her left side for air and that I was arranging it so that she would come up facing the Black Magic.

"Well, after checking the weather with the Air Ministry, I picked Labor Day for the swim, but then conditions changed and I had to postpone it a day. It was a terrible mess. N.E.A. alone had fifteen men at Dover, and there were so few accommodations there that the A. P. had to sleep with the U. P. Shirley was at Wissant, France, by then, waiting to start when I gave her the signal from Dover, and late Labor Day afternoon I called a press conference and announced that she'd take off early the next morning. Then I tried to call Shirley and tell *her*. I was informed that the telephone operator at Wissant always goes home at six o'clock. Well, here the whole world knows that the kid is going to start at dawn except the kid herself. I get frantic. I contact the chief Continental operator, or somebody, and scream 'international crisis' and throw Ambassador Douglas's name around, and after a while they somehow get word to the police at Wissant to get word to Shirley.

"I got the press boat over to the French coast, and we started back across with Shirley. Well, we finally had to pull her out, and that was that. You know, it's an amazing thing. Here was one of the greatest human-interest stories of the year—of the decade, maybe—and I didn't make a cent out of it."



Drastic

A LOCAL mother has cured her twelve-year-old son of the habit of wearing his shirttail outside his pants, which distressed her. She has sewn bands of lace around the bottom of all his shirts.

A HUMAN CONDITION

HAVING done the errand at the post office, which he had timed with beautiful precision that he imagined would completely hoodwink those left at home, Mr. Arnold crossed Market Square just as the doors of the Spreadeagle Inn were opened.

This morning, he was in lamentable condition. He felt he would never get through the day without aid. Never, never, never. Deep inside him was a curious, dead sensation, of which he was very frightened. It lay in the pit of his stomach, like some coiled serpent fast asleep, and he was fearful that at any moment the thing would waken and writhe up in unholy, destructive fury. And that ultimately he would be destroyed—not his critics, today collected in dark possession of his home.

He sailed into the pub, with his ample, slightly rolling strut, a man of substance, handsomely ripe of body and face, his spick-and-span attire as conservative as a psalm of godliness; no one could say Mr. Arnold neglected his person. Of the town's few pubs, the Spreadeagle was his favorite haunt. It was cozily shut in on itself and dark with shadows; it had low, black-beamed ceilings, copper gleams, honest smells, and morose windows hostile to light. In the hall, a torpid spaniel bitch looked at him with the heavily drooping eyes of a passée actress; she knew Mr. Arnold, and there was no necessity for even a languid wag of her tail. Always the first customer, he stepped into the bar parlor with his usual opening-time briskness. But Mrs. Walton, polishing glasses behind the bar, looked at him with a start. "Well!" she seemed about to exclaim, but only pursed her lips.

"A whiskey," he said. "A double."

"A double?" Something was concealed in her tone.

"Yes, for God's sake!" The false briskness was suddenly deflated. "And pour another for me while you're about it."

"*No*, Mr. Arnold," she said flatly. "No. Not *two* double. It isn't right." She bridled. "Not today. Good heavens! Don't forget you've got to be there sober at two o'clock. *No*, Mr. Arnold."

"Hell!" he muttered. He looked over his shoulder with child-blue eyes round in fear. "Where's Alec?" A man would understand, must surely understand what this day really meant. Women were incalculable in the domain of the affections, could run so drastically from the extremes of loving solicitude to the bleakest savagery. "Where's Alec?"

"Gone to London for the day," his wife said. "Gone to buy me a budgerigar."

"Gone to London," he mumbled, preoccupied.

"They can chirp ever so sweet," she said tightly. "And intelligent—my goodness! My sister had one that would hop on the table when she was making cake and stone the raisins for her."

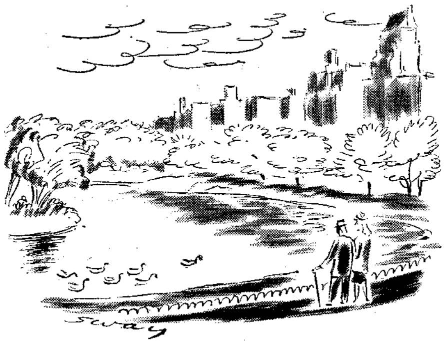
"What?" He started from his glassy preoccupation.

"The budgerigar she had. With its beak. Intelligent, my stars! I've known many a human being," she added forbiddingly, "that could do with their brains and feelings."

Both the Malt Shovel and the Bleeding Horse, which were on Mr. Arnold's way home, were only beerhouses. No license for spirits. But there was plenty of time. He would climb Cuckoo Ridge, up to the Self-Defense. Its landlord, whose wife had been in an asylum for years, would understand. There was the Gold Unicorn, too, nearer, but repellent with its horrible modern cocktail bar, its café look, and its dirty waiters.

Mrs. Walton, solicited with flattery and whining, allowed him a single whiskey more. She asked him what would be said in the town if she allowed him to have all he wanted on that morning, of all mornings. He left the house with dignity, part of him preoccupied with feeling offended but the greater part obeying a huge, desolate urge to complete the scarcely begun journey into that powerful state where he would feel secure, a captain of his fate, if a melancholy one. He had never been able to take to drinking at home. Besides, Susan had never encouraged it. Never a bottle of whiskey in the house.

IN the shopping street, those people who knew Mr. Arnold—and they were many, for by now he was a local celebrity—looked at him with their summer-day cheerfulness wiped momentarily from their faces. But he encouraged no one to pass a few words with him; time must not be wasted. He took a side turning and began to climb among loaded apple and pear trees spread over garden walls. The whole fragrantly warm little town was fat with sunlight, fruit, and flowers. Mr. Arnold began to pant and lean on his expensive Malacca stick.



Above, on the emerald-bright slopes, with their small, well-groomed fields, cows stood like shiny china ornaments. The short local train from London puffed a plume of snowy cotton wool. It was a toy countryside, and Mr. Arnold felt obliged to admire its prettiness. It had been Susan's idea to live here, on his retirement from his highly successful career in the City lanes near Tower Bridge, where scores of important men had known him. He liked to feel that London was still near; he liked to see, on Sundays and Bank Holidays, clumps of pallid Cockney youths and girls in cycling knickers, dotting those slopes like mushrooms. The high air, clear as mineral water, was supposed to be good for one. Susan said it eased her chest, and she had become a leading voice in the Women's Institute. Ah, Susan, Susan! Her husband panted in sore distress, climbing.

On Cuckoo Ridge, the landlord of the Self-Defense greeted him, after a slight pause, courteously. But Mr. Arnold saw at once that he was in the know. Rapidly he asked for a double. The landlord, a stout, placid man in braces, looked at him. Perhaps he saw a man in agony of spirit; he served the drink. Mr. Arnold thought he felt deep sympathy flowing from this man, whose own wife had been shut away from him for several years already. He asked for another double.

The landlord mournfully shook his head. "Best not, Mr. Arnold."

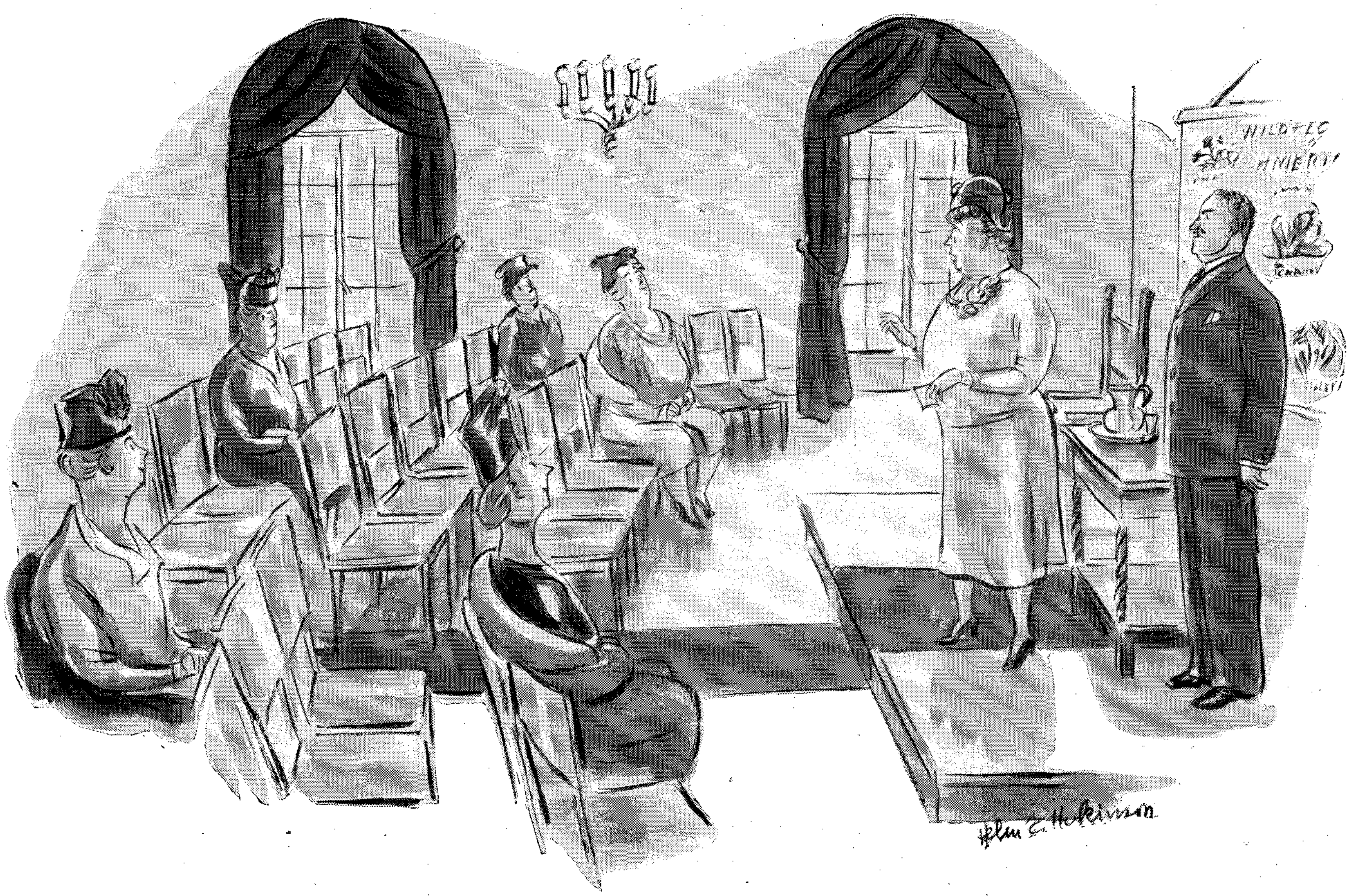
"One more," panted Mr. Arnold. "Only one. I've got a day in front of me." In the pit of his stomach was a stirring of fear, as if the sleeping coil shuddered. "Never be able to face it," he whimpered.

The landlord shook his head in slow, heavy decision. "There's the circumstances to consider," he said.

Mr. Arnold attempted a hollow truculence. "My money's as good as anyone's."

"Now, sir," said the landlord distantly, "best be on your way." And, solemnly, "You've got a job to do, Mr. Arnold."

Mr. Arnold walked out with de-



"I've just been explaining to Mr. Wright about the Pratt-Waterford wedding this afternoon at the Episcopal church."

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liberate steadiness. A clock had struck twelve-thirty. It would have to be the Gold Unicorn, and time was pressing now. Actually, he had already taken his usual morning allowance, but today . . . today . . . He descended the ridge with a careful step, crossed the water-cress beds into the London road, and looked sourly at the gimcrack modern façade of the Gold Unicorn, a rebuilt house done up for motoring whipper-snappers and their silly, grinning dolls. He went in like an aggressive magistrate with power to deprive the place of its license, but he cast himself into a bony scarlet-and-nickel chair with a groan, wiping his brow. A white presence slid up to his chair.

"Double whiskey," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Arnold," said the waiter.

He cocked up his eye sharply. Known here, too! In a blurred way, the grave young face looking down at him was familiar. Ha, it was Henry, who used to come with his father to do the garden! Quickly Mr. Arnold assumed the censorious glare of a boss of substance. "And mind it's genuine Scotch, Henry," he said. He did not like the boy's solicitous look as he withdrew to the blond cinema star serving behind the jazzy, zigzagged corner counter. He took out his big presentation gold watch and looked at it importantly. Was there a pausing at the bar, a whispering? Surely he, who had been a guest at Lord Mayors' banquets in the Mansion House, was not going to be dictated to in a shoddy hole like this? Henry brought the double. "Get me another, my boy," Mr. Arnold said.

Henry hesitated but withdrew; came back. "Sir," he said awkwardly. "Sir, there's no more, except this single. Our supplies haven't arrived. They'll be here by tonight."

Was everybody his enemy this day? Was there a plot against him? After that long walk, to be allowed only this! Mr. Arnold pushed back his chair, made an effort to collect his forces for dire protest. But, somehow—was it because of guilt or the heat?—they would not assemble. He could only gaze fixedly at Henry, in silent reproach, anger, and, finally, entreaty.

"Very sorry, sir," mumbled Henry from far away. "Can I call up the garage for a taxi, sir?"

"A taxi? Certainly not." Mr. Arnold swallowed the single, tipped lavishly, rose like an offended emperor, sat down, and rose again, thunderous yet dignified.

"Your stick, Mr. Arnold." Henry handed it to him.

He needed it now. Outside, his eyes could focus on neither the shifting ground nor the burning, pansy-colored sky. The soft, amateur hills ran into each other, like blobs of water colors imperfectly handled. But he would walk, he would walk. Anything rather than be in the house before it was quite essential to be there. Not with *them* there! The Town Hall clock, its notes gentle, without chiding, struck the quarter after one. Yet those chimes were like knells bringing grief. Grief, grief. A sensation of burning grief, physical and staggering, pierced him. He sat, gasping, on the low roadside wall. The day was no longer brilliant, crackling with sun. The desolation of what awaited his presence swept down on him in gusts of black depression. God above, he could never face it! Not without— Suddenly he rose from the wall, with remarkable celerity.

Fool, fool! Why had he forgotten the Adam and Eve? He walked rapidly, a man refreshed, stick striking the road almost evenly. Outside the Adam and Eve, a sixteenth-century house sagging in a silent, medieval alley darkly hidden in the town, he paused to arrange himself into the aspect of a man with a grip on himself, and he rolled into the pub with a lordly assurance.

The poky, cool bar parlor was deserted, except for a cat enormously asleep on the counter. Mr. Arnold called, "Hey! Customer here!" He banged the counter with his stick. No one appeared. Not a sound shifted into the stagnant air. He gave the cat a sharp dig with his stick; it did not stir or open an eye. He shouted, thumped the counter. A dead petal of plaster fell from the ceiling. But no one came. The silence closed, impervious, over his shouts of anguish. No one passed in the shadowed alley outside. His stick rang frenziedly on the counter. He had the feeling he was in a dream in which a ghostly, senseless frustration dogged his every move. The cat slept. The hands of a dusty old clock remained neatly and forever together at twelve o'clock. The bottles on the shelves looked as if they were never opened. He jabbed at the cat again; it did not move out of its primeval sleep.

Mr. Arnold whimpered. He lurched over to the door in the crooked, bellied-out wall and lifted the old-fashioned latch. But the door wouldn't open. Had it been locked behind him? Was he being imprisoned? "Who's there?" he screamed, banging his stick furiously against the rickety panel. The after-silence did not budge. He tore madly at the latch. Suddenly the door flew open; it had jammed in the ancient frame. Raging, Mr. Arnold stamped down the passage, threw back another door.

A dazzle of pink interior light struck into his eyes. He stepped into a hot living room, with a huge window and an open door, leading into a garden blazing with snapdragons, roses, and hollyhocks. A blue-gowned woman, immensely fat, was pegging out washing over the gush of flowers. Mr. Arnold all but sobbed with relief. "Customer!" he yelled.

"Be there in a minute," she called affably. "It's a beautiful drying day."

"Got a train to catch," he bellowed. "I want a double Scotch."

"All right, all right." Smooth and brown-faced as an egg, and with a dewlap of Turkish chins, she indolently left her basket, saying, "No need to be crotchety. Where there's one train, there's another. They've got the extra summer service now to London. I'm going up myself, on Thursday. My daughter's going to be examined. Why, it's Mr. Arnold!" She paused, in pastoral caution. "Are they taking her by train, then? I didn't know." As if this settled her doubt, she hurried into the bar.

SCHOOL
SCHOOL STREET SLOW

Mr. Arnold said nothing. He drank the double in two gulps and asked for another, saying quickly, "Then I've got to hurry." The woman talked of her daughter, with soft, unstressed tact. He paused uncertainly after the second double.

"No, Mr. Arnold," she suddenly decided for him, "I can't give you any more."

"Mrs. Busby," he said grandly, grasping his stick as for a march, "I know when to stop."

"Gents always do." She nodded approval. "God bless you."

NOW Mr. Arnold felt translated into the desired sphere, where he could survey his kingdom without lamentations. Power radiated in him. As in the old days of his office fame, he could have settled a ledger page of complicated figures in a twinkling. And that menacing dead weight in the pit of his stomach had vanished. He felt himself walking erect and proud through the luncheon-quiet town. He required no one's compassion. This heady brilliance lasted him all the way home. And he would not be late; a fixed stare at his watch testified to that. He congratulated himself on the efficient way he handled his time. *They* would not be able to rebuke him for being late, on this day of all days.

Yet sight of his well-kept villa, at the edge of the town, struck a note in his soul like a buried knell. The garden, green-lawned and arched with trellises of roses, was trim beyond reproach. The packet he spent on it every year! And the house was as cleanly white as a wedding cake. But quite suddenly he felt that its walls and contents, its deeds and insurance policies, no longer interested or concerned him. At the gate, he paused in panic. Was this the first faint rising of the horror which he thought had been obliterated from his being? But almost at once this fear became blurred. His stick decisively tapping the crazy paving, he rolled up under the arches of roses with an air of having unfortunate business to transact.

The white porch door was wide open. He entered bustlingly. Out of the drawing room came Miriam, his elder sister-in-law—the woman in charge now, and his enemy. She looked at him and shrank. "We waited lunch as long as we could," she said in her hard, gritty way. Her husband hovered behind her, thick horn glasses observant. "I wanted George to come and look for you," she said hopelessly.

"Food!" Mr. Arnold said in high rebuke. "You didn't expect me to eat lunch *today!*"

They all advanced out of the drawing room into the hall, looking at him sidewise: Ellen, the younger sister-in-law, and her husband, the dentist's assistant; their grown-up daughter; and Miriam's adolescent son. Alert but careful, visitors and yet, that day, not visitors, they were all dressed up and important, as if they were going to be photographed. Mr. Arnold stretched his hat toward a peg on the stand but miscalculated its position. "Cursed thing," he remarked solemnly to the fallen hat. He sat down heavily in the hard oak hall chair and wiped his brow. "In good time," he observed. "Five minutes yet . . . What—what you all standing there for?" He jerked up his head despotically. He saw tears streaming down Ellen's face before she turned and, hurrying into the drawing room, moaned, "I shall be ashamed to go. He's ruined the day. Something must be done. Henry . . ." She motioned to her husband. But Miriam, stark and glaring, stood like judgment.

"They're coming," called her son, who had gone to the open door and was keeping a watch on the lane.

"Two o'clock!" said Mr. Arnold in a solemn but strangely forlorn voice.

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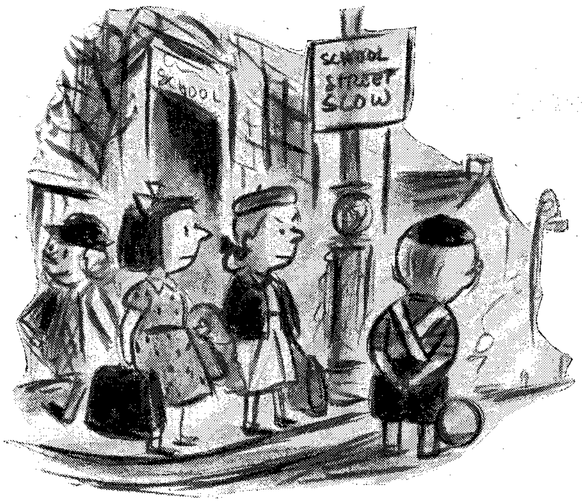

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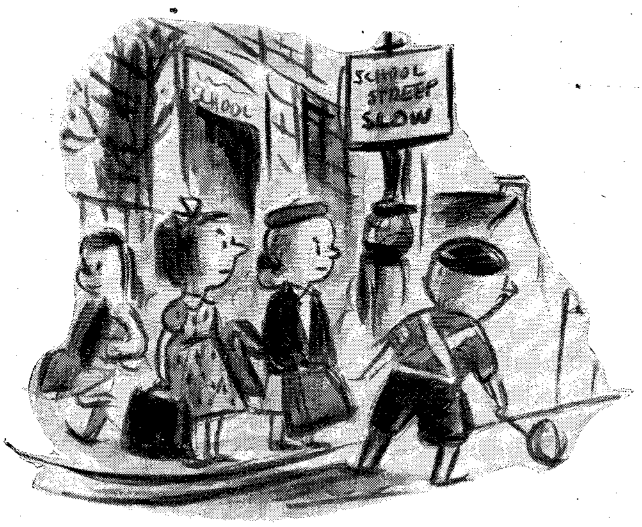

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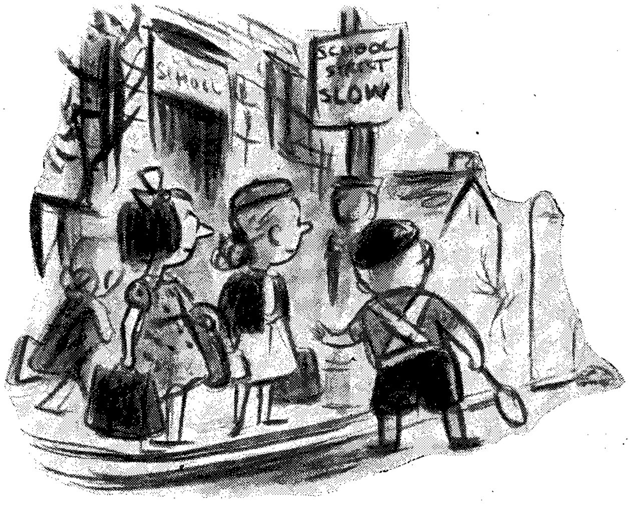

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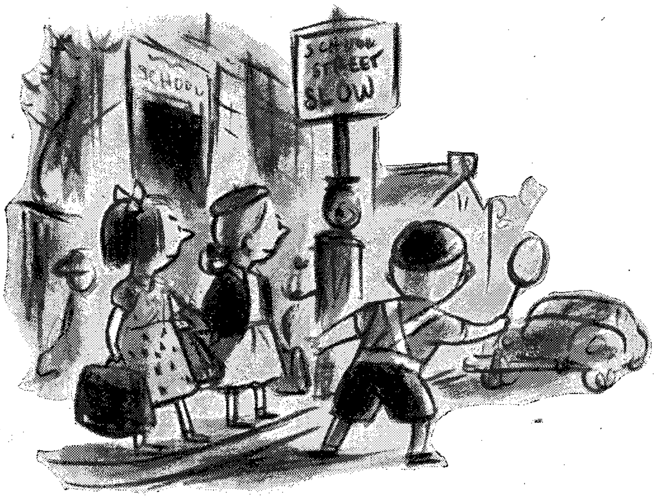

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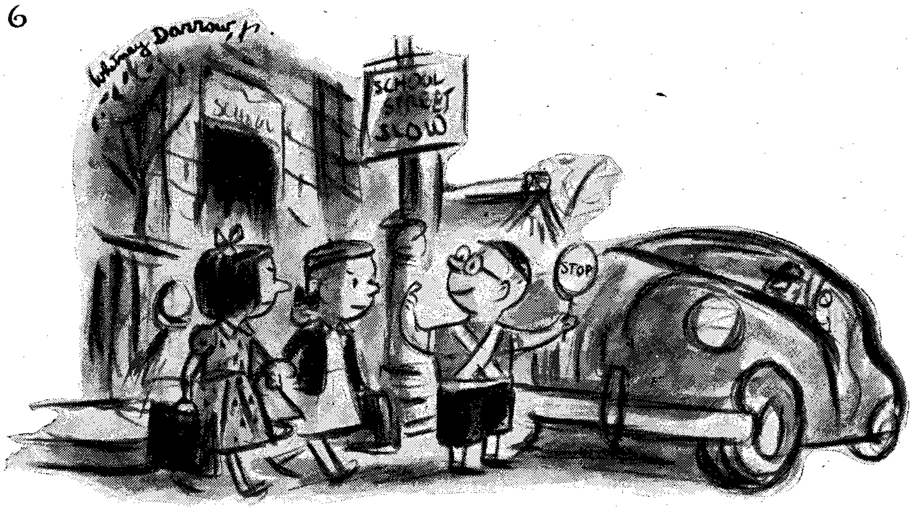


"Two o'clock!" Still collapsed in the chair, he groaned; his glassy eyes rolled, then stonily looked forth, like tortoise eyes.

Henry and Ellen came back and whispered to Miriam's husband; they advanced briskly to Mr. Arnold. "Look, old boy," George said, attempting male understanding, "we think you'd better not go with us. We'll see to everything. Take it easy and have a rest." Enticingly, he laid his hand under one of Mr. Arnold's arms while Henry gripped the other arm. "They're here. Come upstairs," he coaxed. The two sisters watched, in pale, angry withdrawal.

Mr. Arnold, shaking away the possessive hands, rose from the chair tremendously. "What?" he panted. "Better not go?" Masterfully he drew himself up. "Me? *Me*?"

"*You are drunk*," pronounced Miriam in icy rage. "You are blind drunk. It's shameful." Ellen wilted, with a bitter sob, against the wall.

Mr. Arnold's eyes bulged. Their devilish shine enveloped Miriam with a terrible contempt, restrained for many years. "This," said Mr. Arnold, "*this* is no time for insults. The pack of you can clear out now if you like. *I will go alone*," he added defiantly.

"Now, look here—" George began, conciliatory but aghast.

At that moment, four men loomed in the open doorway—four tall men, sleek and black-garbed, leanly efficient of aspect. With everyone in the hall black-clothed too, the fair summer day seemed turned to shadow. The drawing-room clock struck two dainty "ping"s. At the sound, the four men entered, admirably prompt. There was something purifying in their sinewy impersonality. "Upstairs," Mr. Arnold, steady as a stout column, said to them. "In the back room." The black quartet filed up the staircase. Out of the kitchen came Mrs. Wills, her apron removed, and stood apart, with her cook's kind fist under an eye.

"Have you decided to risk it?" Henry muttered to the women while Mr. Arnold reached down, with glacial but careful dignity, for his black hat. There was whispering, a furtive watching of him.

Down the staircase came the four men, with the coffin tilted on their shoulders. The seven mourners stood back. Mr. Arnold's face was stonily set again. He followed the quartet out with a stern and stiff gait. George and Henry, watchful, went close behind him; after them, in ceremonious orderliness, the others. But the two sisters, under their fashionably crisp black hats, bought especially for the occasion, crept forward with heads bowed very low, asking pardon of the world for this disgrace.

Mr. Arnold negotiated half the length of the crazy paving with masterful ease. Then he began to sway. A hand grasped the trellis of an arch, and a shower of pink and white petals fell on his head and shoulders. The two men took his elbows, and now he submitted to their aid. Ellen sobbed anew, and Miriam moaned, "We can only hope people will think it's grief." Then she whispered frantically, "Brush those petals off him, George. He looks as if he's getting married!"

THE hearse contained its burden; the three limousines behind were elegant. "Four wreaths," said the supported Mr. Arnold, hanging his head out like a bull.

While the impersonal mutes went back to the house, the other mourners disposed themselves in the cars. Though the two sisters had planned to occupy the first car with Mr. Arnold, their husbands went in with him instead. "Take it easy, old boy," said George, overfriendly now. Mr. Arnold was well off and a triumphant example of industrious rectitude in the City.

"Eh? . . . Eh?" said Mr. Arnold vacantly, and, sunk between the two men into luxurious cushions, straightway went into a doze. The car began its two-mile journey with a silent, cozy glide.

"We mustn't let him go right off," Henry said. "Hey, Mr. Arnold! Hey!"

Mr. Arnold opened his eyes ferociously. "The best wife a man ever had," he groaned. . . . "Susan, Susan!" he called wildly. The driver turned his head for a moment. "Ha, shameful, am I? . . . That woman hasn't got the intelligence of a—of a—budgerigar! And no more Christian feeling than a trout. Who'd have thought she and Susan were sisters!" He gave a malevolent grunt. "And that other one. What's her name—Ellen, always grizzling and telling Susan she was hard up and her husband kept her short. Pah! A depressing lot," summed up Mr. Arnold, staring rigidly into space. Then, again, he called, in loud anguish, "Susan, Susan! What will I do now?"

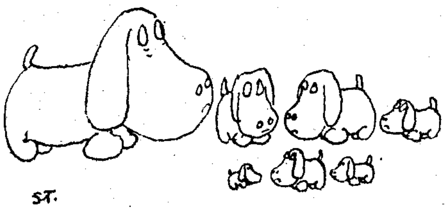
Beads of perspiration stood on Henry's forehead. But George remained cool. Despite the abuse of his wife, he even sounded affectionate. "Never mind, old chap," he comforted the bereaved, "it'll be over soon. But keep awake. Don't let down the whole family."

"What family?" asked Mr. Arnold. "Got none." And, slunk down and torpid, he seemed a secret being, gathered eternally into loneliness. The two other men glanced at each other. "Susan," whispered Mr. Arnold, chin on chest. "Susan. God above!" he wailed again. "What will I do now?" They were going through the shopping street; people stopped to look, with arrested eyes. "The only one of the bunch to keep her sweetness," muttered Mr. Arnold. "Coming here in their showy hats!" He chuckled. "But they'll never make a man feel proud, like Susan did. That time I took her to the Mansion House banquet . . ." Wild grief engulfed him anew. "Susan, Susan!" he called. "What'll I do now?"

"Here, pull yourself together," Henry protested, sharp at last, and perhaps feeling Mr. Arnold had gone far enough in insults. "We're coming to the cemetery."

Mr. Arnold heaved into physical alertness for the ordeal. In a minute or two, the car slid to a delicate standstill. Inside the cemetery gates was a group of half a dozen women, representatives of the Institute, for which Susan had organized many an event. Out of the lodge came the surpliced rector, prayer book in hand. Henry got out first and, red-faced, offered a hand to Mr. Arnold, who ignored it and alighted without mishap. But for an awful moment the widower's legs seemed boneless. Then he drew himself up nobly, stood rocklike in ruminative power while the coffin was drawn out of the hearse and borne ahead.

The two sisters stood in helplessness,



SONG OF CELEBRATION

(For the Annual Termination of Daylight Saving)

Arrives the month that's meant for mine.
  Arrives my heart's entreaty.
This season is my Valentine,
  September is my sweetie.
Now worth the candle seems the game,
  The battle worth the warring,
Since what I lost when April came
  Next week they'll be restoring—
That hour the gov.
Deprived me of,
  This Sunday they're restoring.

Delightful blessing, golden boon!
  How like a gift from Heaven
To wake upon a Sabbath noon
  And find it's still eleven;
To shut the eye a second more,
  Then greet the day and thrive in it
That names its hours twenty-four
  But serves us twenty-five in it;

To slow the clock's exacting chime
  Without a sense of onus,
As if myself had wrung from Time
  This uncontested bonus—
Dine late, go late on Sunday call,
  Drink coffee late (and stronger),
And put off bed and Nembutal
  Full sixty minutes longer!

Let him who dotes on daffodil
  With admiration drunken
Lament the laboring months until
  His sleep once more is shrunken.
I praise the time when few birds sing
  And leaf's a crimson warning,
For what they filched from me last spring
  Returns on Sunday morning.
Come fires and frost!
One hour I lost
  Returns on Sunday morning.

—Phyllis McGinley

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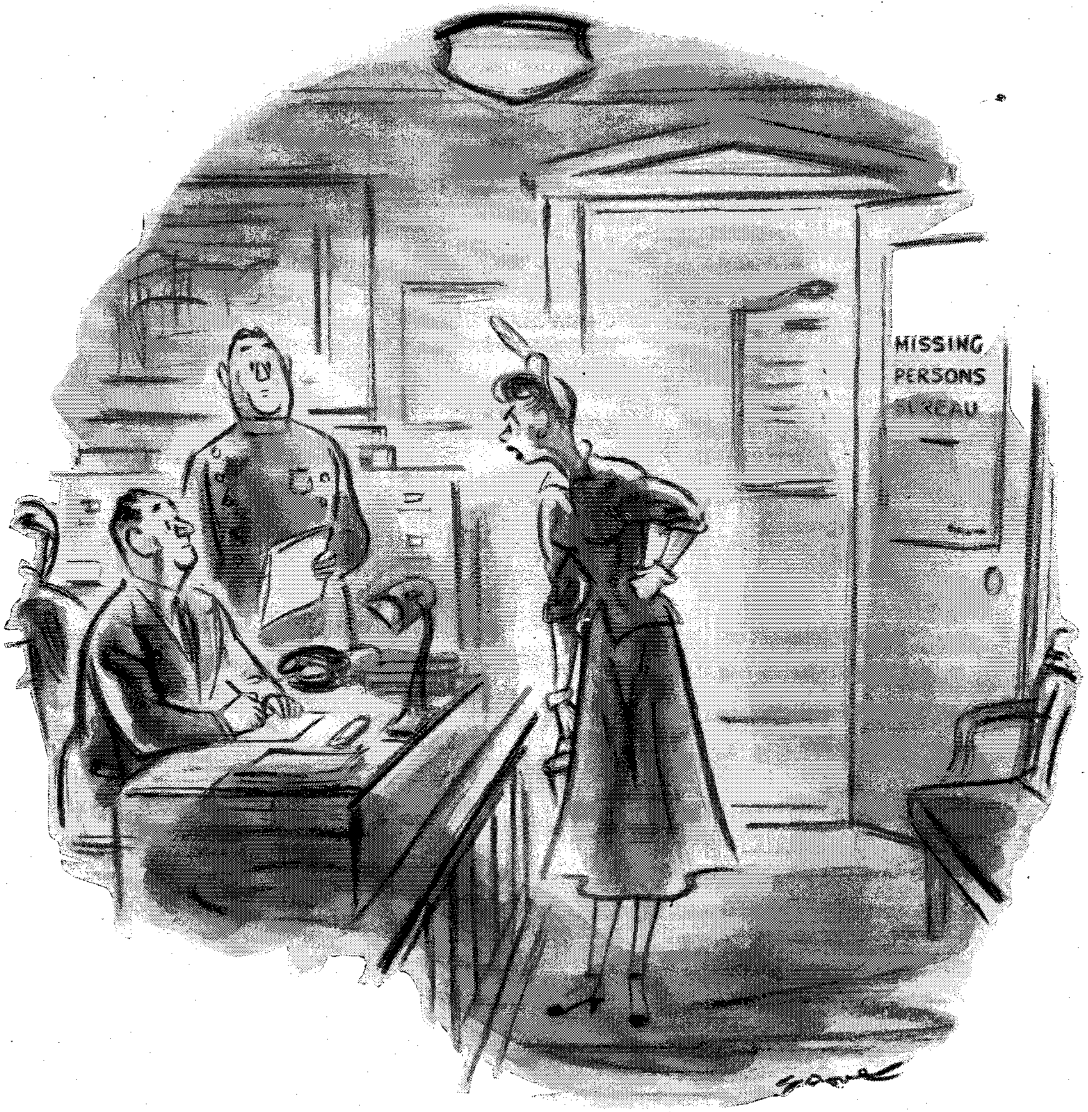

"Well, he's five feet three, weighs about a hundred and ten, hair very thin, has watery eyes, a squint, and a kind of scraggly mustache, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and—uh—oh, the hell with it. Never mind."

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hiding their faces but peering like rabbits. The procession began to form. The rector turned the pages of his book in mild abstraction. George and Henry sidled up beside Mr. Arnold. "I'll walk alone," said Mr. Arnold, and he reminded them fiercely that Miriam and Ellen were entitled to follow immediately behind him. He insisted on that being arranged. The Institute women, who seemed unaware of anything unusual, took their places in the rear. The cortege moved.

The cemetery was cut out of a steepish slope, and the newly acquired section was at the top. It was quite a climb for elderly mourners; a discussion had been waged in the local paper about the lack of foresight in not making a road through the place. Mr. Arnold, close behind the coffin and without his accustomed stick, negotiated the climb with an occasional lapsing of his knees, a straightening of his back, or a rigid turning and jerking of his head, like a man doing physical exercises. But he achieved it victoriously. Behind him, Ellen wept and Miriam stared in blank fear.

It was not until all were assembled at the graveside and the service had begun that Mr. Arnold began to display signs of collapse. He vaguely swayed; his head lolled. George and Henry took a step nearer him. The abstract rector droned unseeing; the Institute women remained, tactful, behind the chief mourners. The attendants took up the roped coffin. It disappeared. A handful of earth was thrown in after it. Presently, the rector's voice stopped. George and Henry took Mr. Arnold's elbows to assist him for the last look.

"Leave me alone," Mr. Arnold muttered, drawing his elbows angrily away. What had these to do with him? He advanced with renewed dignity to the brink of the grave; looked in, as if into an abyss of black, tremendous loneliness; stood there staring down in concentrated intentness, prolonged, fascinated. The rector waited in faint surprise at the mourner's lengthy scrutiny.

George and Henry darted forward. Too late. While a single hysterical woman's cry shot up, Mr. Arnold shot down, falling clumsily, arms flapping out, his disappearing face looking briefly astonished, the mouth wide open and showing all his artificial teeth. There was a moment's hesitation of unbelieving dismay. Then the bustling began. Mr. Arnold lay down there, on his stomach, on top of the coffin. An upper denture gleamed out in the clay beside him.

"I KNEW it," said Miriam, later. "I felt it in my bones when you two allowed him to walk alone to the graveside. Thank heaven *we* don't live here." They were in the villa in conference. Mr. Arnold had been taken to the county hospital with a fractured leg.

He stayed there two months. The first patient to be received out of a grave, he was the talk and pet of the hospital. As the night sister remarked, "He must have been a devoted husband, to throw himself into his wife's grave like that! I've never known a man grieve so much. Oh, how he calls out in the night for his Susan!"

Cantankerous at first, Mr. Arnold became astonishingly meek. The doctor allowed him a certain amount of whiskey. The night sister, perhaps because she was shortly due for retirement, secretly allowed him a little more. She took quite a fancy to him, and some months later, thinking he had detected in her a flavor of Susan's character, Mr. Arnold married her.

—RHYS DAVIES

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Please let me have your instructions for belly breathing. I do about three dozen somersaults every day. But I can't do them backwards. Can you?—*Los Angeles Times.*

Certainly. Get out of the way.

THE COMPARABLE MAX: A QUANDARY

WE are a nation of critics, and when the New York *Times* Book Review asked me, early last month, to write about "Chips Off the Old Benchley" (Harper; Sept. 21st), I put aside my novel, my play, and my sonnet sequence and set to work. I began reading, rereading, remembering, dictating letters, and telephoning people.

I made several false and florid starts, crumpling paper, skipping luncheon, snarling at people, sharpening pencils, sleeping fitfully, waking early. In the course of my third draft, I made a reference to a dim and probably meaningless resemblance between Benchley and the late Max Adeler (1841-1915). Max Adeler brought up, by easy association, the name of Max Beerbohm, called the Incomparable Max, and it was but a step from there to think of Adeler as the Comparable Max. The gag was a setup, practically a trap. I was instinctively wary of it, but I decided it might serve to lighten a long paragraph. Furthermore, it suggested a facile familiarity with the names, dates, and quality of American humorists as far back as Seth Greenlow (1720-74), a man I invented to give range to my perspective.

The following morning I woke up with a start at ten minutes of five. The wrens on the porch were up, but nobody else was stirring. The Comparable Max. The thing had routed me from dream. Somebody else, I figured, must have said it first, tossed it off in a tavern years and years ago, and later stuck it in his memoirs, where I had read it and forgotten it. I determined to strike the Comparable Max out of my review. After all, it wasn't much. I tried to get back to sleep. No, I wouldn't strike it out. It was a little jewel of criticism in two words, that's what it was. I began to wonder how many people I had told about it. Maybe somebody had already sent it to Leonard Lyons, of the *Post Home News*, or to Irving Hoffman, of the *Hollywood Reporter*, and one of them had printed it. Nah. Those fellows had never heard of Max Adeler. They were only eleven years old when he died, or twelve. Still, they might hang it on another Max—Max Eastman, or Max Shulman, or Max Wylie, or Max Bodenheim, or Max Factor. "The other twilight at '21,' George Kaufman (or the other twilight at Chasen's, Nunnally Johnson) cracked that Eastman, the critic, is the Comparable Max." I finally dropped off to nightmare.

Later that morning I cut the phrase out of my copy, and in the afternoon I put it back, adding a few ambiguous words indicating owlishly that I was aware of the original source of the remark about Adeler and was just borrowing it for the occasion. That night I took out what I had put in and left the thing the way I had had it in the first place. Meanwhile the rest of the piece was suffering, but not as much as I was.

THE fifth morning it was only four-thirty when I woke up with another start. The wrens were still asleep. It had come to me in a dream that I had once exchanged notes with Christopher Morley about Adeler. It must have been Morley, then, who had called him the Comparable Max. I creaked out of bed and reached for my slippers.

"Where do you think you are going at this godless hour?" asked my wife, waking up.

"To the filing cabinet," I said simply. "I have to look up something in a Morley letter."

"Get back in bed," she commanded. "It's only four o'clock. You'll wake the wrens."

I sighed and crawled back.

"Are you still worrying about the Max thing?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

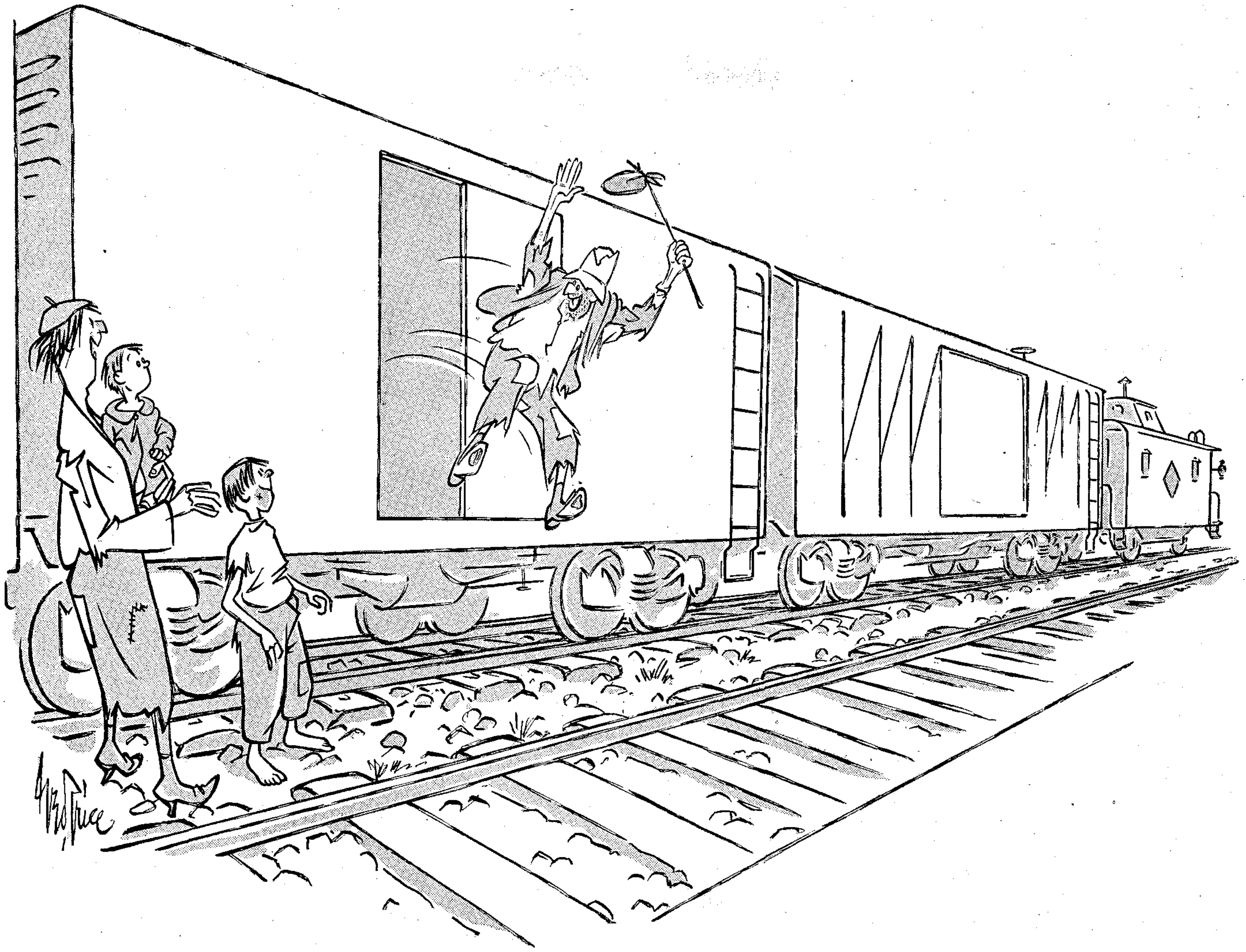
She sighed. "Well, worry about something else." She turned over and went back to sleep.

The male wren began to sing, "Morley, Morley, Morley. Cheat, cheat, cheat." When I got up, I searched through the Morley notes, but I couldn't find the Comparable Max.

That night I went to a party attended also by Carl and Mark Van Doren. This was my chance to trace the Comparable Max. If one of the Van Doren brothers hadn't said it, they would know who had. They told me with assurance that they had never heard it, and, with what might have been a touch of asperity, that they hadn't said it. "It's yours," Mark told me, with a kind of and-welcome-to-it note in his voice, I thought. He figured I was slipping; that was it. They both figured I was slipping. I left them and went out onto the moonlit porch. There was a young woman sitting there alone, looking both intellectual and pretty—a difficult thing to achieve even in moonlight. "I never heard it, Mister," she said in a moonless voice, "and I haven't got the slightest idea who said it." I found my hat and went home.

The next morning I didn't wake up until eight-thirty. This meant that I had subconsciously decided the Comparable Max belonged to me. I ate a hearty breakfast and even whistled a few bars of a song. By this time, of course, I couldn't tell whether the Comparable Max was any good or not. I was too close to it. I was practically inside it, but at least it was mine, what was left of it. I had given it a pretty severe beating. This thought suddenly stirred a terrible memory in the back of my mind. Anyone who has worked on a newspaper or magazine is familiar with what one newspaper used to call "ghosts." These are created when a linotyper makes a mistake in a phrase or sentence and then taps it out again, and sometimes again and again, trying to get it right. Sometimes when a corrected proof fails to catch up with these slugs in time, their mindless chatter gets into print. I prefigured what the *Times* Book Review might do to the Comparable Max. It would come out something like this: "never mention the Comparable Max never mentioned the Max the Comparable Max never mentioned the comparable Max the Comparable Max never mentioned the Comparable Mix never mentioned the Comparable Max." That would do it; that would fix me. There would be loud laughter in Heaven and in Gath.

I pulled myself away from the troublesome paragraph and went on to a new one. After a few sentences I stopped short. It must have been Benchley himself, I abruptly thought, who had called some Max or other the Comparable Max. Benchley said everything, and, in our turn, the rest of us merely rephrased it. But there is no way to rephrase the Comparable Max. I went back to that tortured section and changed my hellish phrase to read "the Comparable Max, as Benchley once called him." I sat staring at it for twenty minutes. If Bench-



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ley hadn't said it, the family might get mad. I cut out "as Benchley once called him" and was back where I had been on August 2, 1949—could it still be 1949?

IT was three dawns later that I woke up with a brand-new start. I had had a frightful dream, and its details were sharp in my memory. An assistant editor of the *Times* Book Review had brought my copy of the piece on Benchley to his superior. "I just caught this in time, Chief," he said. "Thurber has made a careless mistake. He refers to Max as 'the Comparable Max.' " "What should it be?" asked the chief. The young editor gave his superior a superior smile. "It should be 'the Incomparable Max,' " he cried gleefully. "Everybody knows that." "Certainly," said the chief. "I just wasn't thinking. Change it." The assistant seized an enormous blue pencil and I woke up with the brand-new start. My unconscious mind had given me a fresh worry. The learned John McNulty has pointed out that you can't get certain words into newspapers; they always change "pother" to "bother," "bathos" to "pathos," and "flair" to "flare." They would add an "in" to "comparable" the moment they saw it. I lay there in bed and remembered what the *Times* Book Review had done to George Bernard Shaw in an article of his it printed four years ago. I got up, tiptoed past my wife's bed, and, two hours later, found the Shaw essay in the *Times* Book Review for November 18, 1945. The editors of the review had made him say this: "I was confirmed in my peculiar doctrine that a point will be reached in human mental development when the pleasure taken in brain work by St. Thomas Aquinas and the Webbs (and by saints and philosophers generally) will intensify to a chronic ecstasy surpassing that now induced momentarily by the sexual organism . . ." Here, in a deft and desperate assault on meaning, the *Times* had taken the "in" it was going to add to my "comparable," spelled it backward, and stuck it into the great man's key word, thus saving the American Thunderer from an insupportable embarrassment.

"What's the matter now?" asked my wife when I crept back to bed.

"I was just thinking," I said. "I was just thinking that the *Times* will be sure to take the first 'e' out of 'Adeler.' Nobody is named Adeler. Everybody is named Adler."

"Not everybody," she said sleepily.

"Well, nearly everybody," I said. "Everybody in the *Times*, anyway."

The male wren abruptly began his day of song: "Adler, Adler, Adler. Stet, stet, stet."

IF you would care to have the Comparable Max, it is yours, but I warn you, in the argot of professional book collectors, that it is not in mint condition. It is dog-eared, it is foxed, it is shaken, and its spine is broken.

—JAMES THURBER

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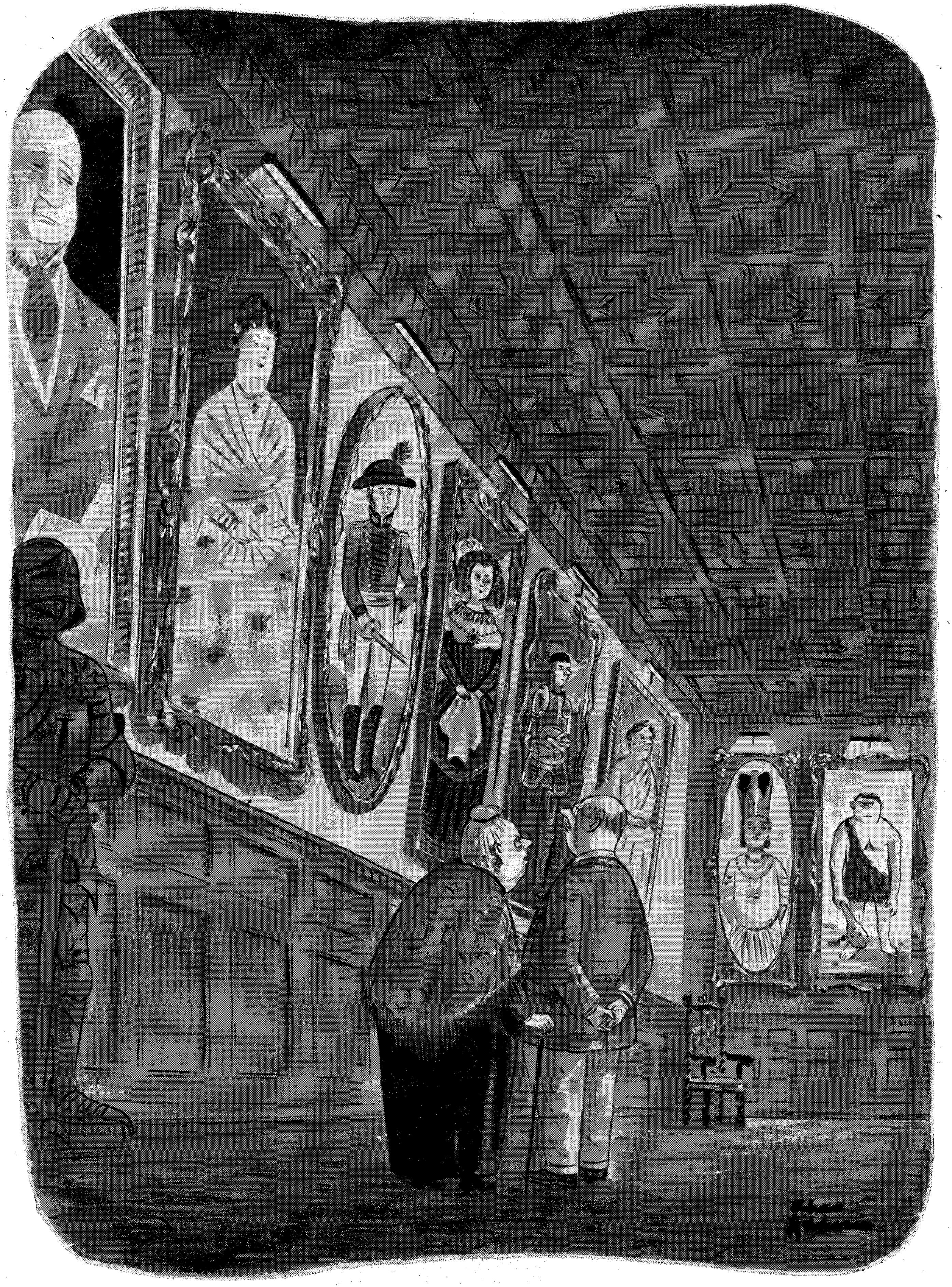
We reserve the right to refuse admittance to any child that is too unruly to cause confusion in the school.—*Application card of a Birmingham (Ala.) kindergarten.*

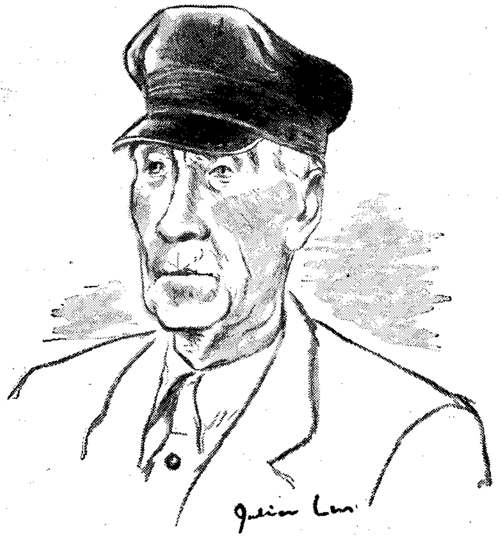
You say you're running a *school*?



"*Ours is a* __*very*__ *old family.*"

PROFILES

SHORE WHALER



Everett Joshua Edwards

SHORE whaling, the pursuit and capture of whales by a small company of oarsmen in a boat launched from the beach, is a harsh and perilous form of fishery that was evolved by the Puritan settlers of southeastern Long Island in the middle of the seventeenth century and carried on there by their descendants, with an almost ritualistic ferocity, until around 1910. By then, the North Atlantic right whale, to which they were partial, had nearly vanished from the North Atlantic. Shore whaling had ceased some years before that to be very profitable. A generation has now passed since the last chase, and there will probably never be another, but about a dozen Long Island whalemen are still alive. They are all in their seventies or eighties, they are all more or less cousins, they all reside in either East Hampton or Amagansett, and they are the only surviving shore whalers in the world. One of the spriest and unquestionably the most experienced of them is a calm, soft-spoken patriarch named Everett Joshua Edwards, who lives in East Hampton. During his shore-whaling career, he participated in fifteen successful hunts, including one, in February, 1907, that resulted in the capture of the fifty-four-foot right whale whose skeleton dominates the Hall of Ocean Life at the American Museum of Natural History, and it was he who killed the last right whale ever taken on the Eastern seaboard. That was six miles off the Amagansett beach, in the summer of 1918.

Most of the few remaining shore whalers have been in retirement for years. Edwards is still gainfully active. He could have dropped comfortably into a rocking chair long ago, but he despises idleness. "I enjoy laying hold," he says. His principal hold is on the presidency and managership of the Home Water Company, in East Hampton, which supplies the village with drinking water, and he also has a good grip on much of its stock. He has headed the company since 1931, succeeding his father-in-law, the late Jeremiah Huntting, who was one of its organizers. Edwards' duties at the water company take up most of his time, but he has other rewarding interests. He is secretary-treasurer of Edwards Brothers & Co., a fraternal partnership that operates a fish dock, three gasoline draggers, and a ship chandlery at Promised Land, a snug cove some five miles northeast of East Hampton, on Gardiners Bay. The business was established by Edwards and two of his three brothers, Herbert and Samuel, in 1916. Samuel, who lives in Amagansett, is president of the firm. Herbert, the eldest of the brothers and Everett's senior by two years, died in 1941. The fourth brother, David, is an East Hampton physician. Edwards also has money in the H. W. Sweet Shipyard & Machine Works, in Greenport, and he is a director of the Osborne Trust Company, the East Hampton bank. His activities have always been numerous. From 1904 to 1908 and from 1910 to 1918, he was clerk of the Town of East Hampton, which includes East Hampton, Amagansett, Montauk, and part of Sag Harbor. For a couple of years in the late nineties, he ran a grocery store in Amagansett, and between 1901 and 1917 he was the proprietor of a drugstore in East Hampton.

Despite this abundance of circumstantial evidence, Edwards does not consider himself a businessman and never has. In some humors, it riles him to be taken for one. He explains that he drifted into business by accident and was swept helplessly and unwillingly away. "I've got a head for figures, and I'm not mortally afraid of the work," he says, "but I'm not a real businessman. For one thing, I lack the constitution. I'm bothered by desk pains." Edwards prefers to think of himself as, and in fact he is, a retired fisherman. "I've fished for the table since," he says, "but I really come ashore in 1930. The fishing turned poor. Up to then, no matter what, I was generally on the water. I pulled seine in the surf, I hand-lined for cod, and I set ocean traps. When there was whaling, I whaled. I had my master's-and-pilot's license at twenty-one, and from beginning to end I went bunkering in season." Bunkers, or menhaden, are a species of inedible fish, being intolerably bony and oily, but they are commercially useful in the manufacture of fertilizer and medicinal oils. They are caught with capacious drawstring nets known as purse seines. In the course of Edwards' nearly fifty years on the water, he was captain of a succession of bunker-fishing boats—among them a hundred-and-seventy-six-foot steamer, the Amagansett—that worked out of Promised Land. One June day in 1910, the Amagansett, with Edwards and a crew of thirteen aboard, wallowed into port with a load of nearly two million bunkers—the largest haul ever made by a Long Island bunker boat. "We were mainly awash all the way from Boston Bay," he says, "but I was young and greedy then, and bunkering paid. The fact of the matter is the only clear money I ever made came out of the ocean. 'Twas all fish money, one way or another."

EDWARDS is seventy-eight years old. He stands six feet one in his stocking feet and weighs close to two hundred pounds. He is big-boned and broad-shouldered, his step is firm, and, unlike many tall men, he holds his head high. His gaze is serene but a trifle intimidating. He has a hard jaw, a straight and thin-lipped mouth, and prominent cheekbones, and his eyes are cold and gray and shadowed by an unruly lock of glacially white hair that falls across his forehead. He has been formally designated a handsome man. This unusual distinction was conferred upon him by Arnold Genthe, the photographer. It was recorded in the February 1, 1937, issue of *Vogue*, in an article entitled "The Handsomest Man I Have Ever Photographed," to which Genthe and each of several other notable cameramen contributed a study in male beauty. Genthe encountered Edwards during a weekend visit to East Hampton in the summer of 1933 and within an hour of their meeting had wheedled him into sitting for a portrait. Genthe was so persuasive that he even induced Edwards to change from a business suit to a set of greasy oilskins. "I didn't

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FRUITS FRESH VEGETABLES

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FRUITS FRESH VEGETABLES

much care for having my picture taken in my old work clothes," Edwards says, "but I obliged him." His expression in the portrait is stern and somewhat dazed. This look was interpreted by Genthe and the editors of *Vogue* as evincing a "fearlessness and pride of race [that] can give the classical mold cards and spades." The classical mold was adequately represented by the other nominees, who included Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Jack Whiting, and the Duke of Kent. Edwards was not annoyed by Genthe's tribute, but he is disinclined to dwell upon the incident. "It surprised me a little," he says. "Yes, it did. The others were all young fellows. Mr. Genthe must have looked at me cross-eyed."

Neither Edwards' good looks nor the state of his health has been noticeably impaired by time. His appearance has not altered since the day it first excited Genthe's admiration, and he says he still feels as nimble as ever. He is, however, a diabetic. He has been afflicted with this ailment for five years, but he insists that it rarely inconveniences him. "It's like the desk pains," he says. "When the desk pains come on, I stand up for a spell. I ward off the diabetes by standing up when there's pie or pudding put on the table. That way, and with insulin, I leave my diabetes mostly to my wife and my brother Dr. Dave." Edwards' confidence in his continuing physical powers is not misplaced. About a year ago, in his daughter's back yard, he almost succeeded in tipping and emptying a sixteen-foot dory that was three-quarters full of rain water. He had wrestled with the boat for an hour and was beginning to ease it over when a couple of neighbors came along and, ignoring his protests, gave him a hand. "I guess we hurt the old man's pride," one of them said later, "but there was a ton of water in that boat. He might have busted himself wide open." As recently as last spring, Edwards snatched a spade from a trench digger for his water company who, he decided, was idling, and finished the job himself. He attributes his undiminished strength to the will of God, an unusually happy marriage, and five lifelong precautions. "I don't toy with my food," he explains, "I won't carouse, I've never drunk rum except to keep out the cold, I go to bed when night comes, and I keep my head covered outdoors." On Sunday, when Edwards and his wife, Florence, emerge from their house only for church (like most deeply rooted eastern Long Islanders, they are Presbyterians), he covers his head with a sedate fedora. Every other day of the year, he wears a black, high-crowned, turn-of-the-century pilot's cap. Caps of this sort are no longer on the market; his are made for him by a marine-outfitting firm near Fulton Fish Market. His dress is otherwise conventionally inconspicuous. He favors gray suits, blue shirts with unconstricting collars, and sensible, hump-toed tan shoes. A thick gold chain hangs across his vest, anchored at one end by a heavy gold watch and at the other by a heavier, bone-handled jackknife. He wears a Masonic emblem in his buttonhole.

Mrs. Edwards, a small, bustling, bright-eyed woman of seventy-four, shares her husband's conviction that their marriage has been an extraordinarily happy one. She was seventeen when they were married, in 1892. Edwards was twenty-one and had seven hundred and forty-three dollars, all clear fish money, in the Sag Harbor Savings Bank. "I don't recall that we ever had but one little difference," Mrs. Edwards said the other day, "and that was long ago. What happened was Everett grew a mustache. It came in red, and it was big and prickly. Oh, I didn't care for it at all. We had words about that mustache off and on for weeks, until one night I ended it. I waited until Everett fell asleep and then I got up and fetched a pair of scissors and snipped it off. I saved his good looks. With that awful mustache, I'm sure Everett would never have got his picture in *Vogue*." Edwards often feels that he owes his wife an even greater debt of gratitude. He likes to claim that it is possible that by marrying him she saved his life. "Around the time we met," he says, "I was aiming to try and ship on a deep-sea whaler. There were still a few old whalers putting out. Miss Florence Hunting changed my mind. I had too much sense to turn my back on a pretty girl like that for forty-four months. If it hadn't been for her, though, I'd have gone. Then, the chances are, I'd have been lost among the icebergs, like my mother's Uncle Rance Conkling. Last seen, he was on a bull whale's back, heading for the South Pole."

Edwards and his wife make their home in a substantial two-story faded brown shingle house on David's Lane. He built the place shortly before his retirement from the sea. It is neither the smallest nor the largest house on the block, but it is somewhat less humble than the cottages inhabited by most retired fishermen. They live comfort-

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CLAUDE

ably but modestly. Edwards drives to and from his several offices in a creaky 1936 Dodge coupé, and his wife has always done all her own housework. They have two children, both married—Clifford Conkling Edwards and Mrs. Arnold E. Rattray—who reside in East Hampton, and six grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and there are nieces and nephews of various generations. Mrs. Rattray is the wife of the editor-and-publisher of the East Hampton weekly *Star*, and she reports and writes much of the news in the paper. She also found time, some years ago, to write, in nominal collaboration with her father, a history of American shore whaling, entitled "Whale Off!," which was published by Stokes in 1932 and favorably received. Clifford Edwards is a lawyer. With the exception of Dr. Edwards, he is the first male Edwards in eleven generations who hasn't fished, clammed, or whaled for a living. "Clifford is a fine boy and a fine lawyer," his father has said, "but I'd just as soon he hadn't stayed ashore. He surprised me. The Edwardses have always been as fishy as could be."

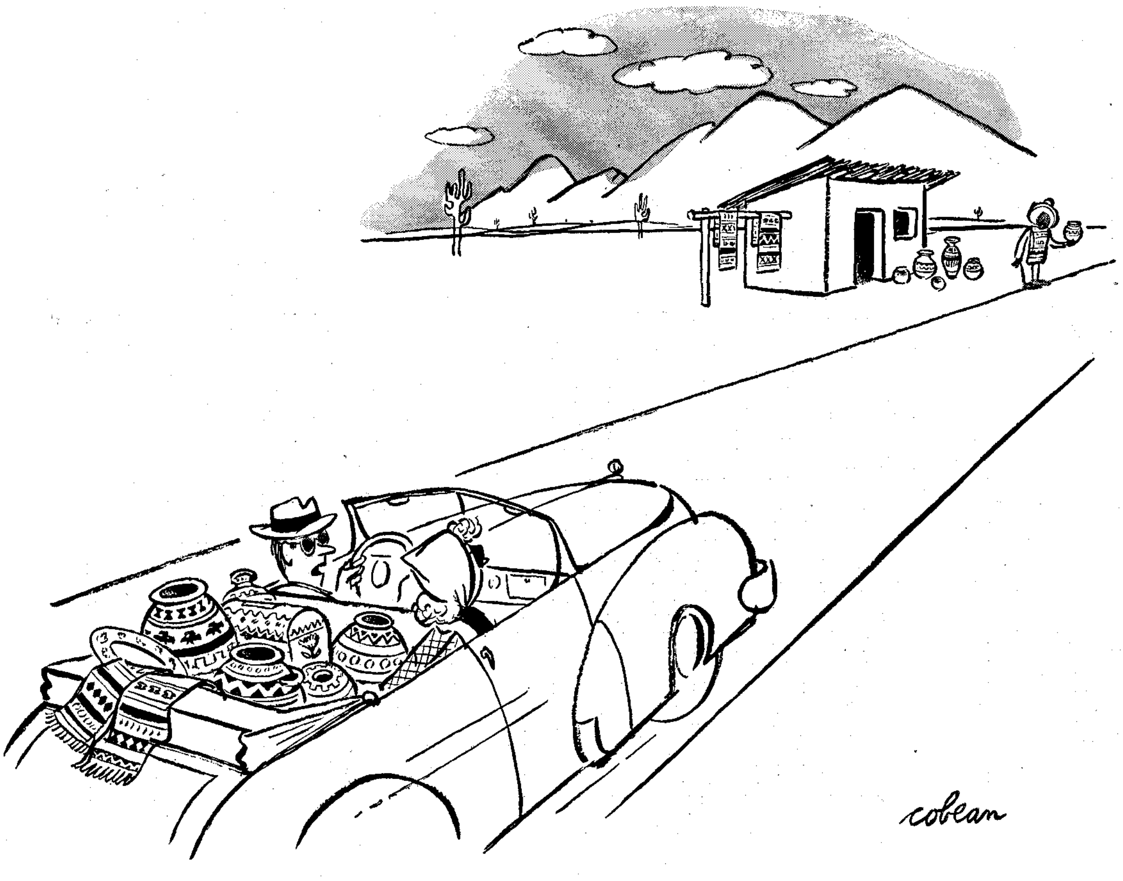
Edwards has lived in East Hampton the better part of his life, but he is not a native of the village. He was born in Amagansett, which his ancestors helped settle in the sixteen-eighties, on August 10, 1871, and he grew up there. "I rarely set foot here in town till I was full-grown," he says. "Never much cared to. Us 'Gansett boys liked it where we were." Amagansett is three miles east of East Hampton and a hundred and ten miles east of New York. Except for the straggling hamlet of Montauk, which emerged from the wilderness just before the First World War, it is the most easterly village in the state. It is situated on the scrawny neck of the Montauk Peninsula. It overlooks the ocean, half a mile to the south, across a wind-swept expanse of dunes and beach. There is a desolation of moorland just to the east. To the west and north are potato fields and a low wooded ridge that shelters it only slightly from Gardiners Bay. In spite of its exposed position, it is a snug and peaceful place. Its wandering main street is a hundred and fifty feet wide and lined with picket fences, weathered elms and maples, and comfortable, stooped old houses in deep and shadowy lawns. Several of these houses were built in the seventeenth century. Its population is about a thousand. East Hampton is a little larger than Amagansett, a little older, and a little less withdrawn, but the two are much alike and they have always been closely linked. Both are traditionally oriented toward New England rather than New York, both remained almost motionless throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and both within the last generation have more than doubled in size.

The spirited growth of East Hampton and Amagansett vexes Edwards. He cannot reconcile himself to it. In his opinion, they have become unwieldy. He is even more rigidly persuaded that their growth has been accompanied by an abysmal decline in manners, morals, and economic stability. " 'Up-to-date' don't mean a thing to me," he says. "I'm old-fashioned. I believe in long drawers and keeping the Sabbath and the best good for all hands. I've seen a lot of changes around here, but I can't say I've noticed much improvement. There's more rich and there's more poor. There's less working and there's more worrying. If I was a few years younger, I might feel some different. I wouldn't remember so well how things used to be out here on the East End. I was twenty-four years of age before the railroad arrived. All the time I was growing up, Sag Harbor was the end of the line. That was an hour or more away by stage. We were out of touch and glad of it, especially us 'Gansetters. Nobody ever had it better than we did. We lived off the land and the sea. There were few drunkards and no roadhouses, and plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep in for all. Everybody was fishy. Wasn't a boy I knew wouldn't rather be a whaleman than the President of the United States. Then the summer people come. There had been a few before, off and on, and mostly in East Hampton, but 'twasn't till 1895, when we got the railroad, that anybody paid much attention to them. Ever since, it's been mortgage the farm and easy money and fall in step with the boarders. In the old days, New York City was Fulton Fish Market. Now it's Wall Street. I don't put the blame here or there. Good or bad, it can't be helped. But, by the gods, I'd like to see things back the way they were when I was a boy. Yes, I would."

Edwards is haunted happily by the past. Reminiscence rejuvenates him. His voice quickens when he speaks of his youth, and his face softens and his eyes warm and widen. All his early years are wonderfully vivid to him, but it is of whaling and his father, Joshua Edwards, that he most often talks. They dominate his memory and they are inseparable in his mind. "Pop was a whaleman," he says. "I guess he was about the best they ever had around here. The reason us 'Gansetters whaled harder and longer than anybody else was mainly my father. He led all the chases. There were close to fifty whales taken off this stretch of beach in his time, and he killed all but one. It wasn't just the money. A fifty-footer—what we called a big one—would bring better than two thousand dollars in bone and oil back then, but it was more than that to him. He loved whaling. Never got enough. Always wild to go. I remember once, when I was little, asking him wasn't he afraid of a whale. 'Yes, yes,' he said. 'I generally try to keep clear of him.' Pop was really rank. He was eighty-five years of age when he died, in 1915, and he went off the beach almost to the end. He saw it all. The first part of his life, he was a deep-sea whaler, around the Horn and up in the arctic. I remember him telling how they were chased through the Bering Strait, during the Civil War, by the Rebel privateer the Shenandoah. He started in at twenty, as soon as a chance made, as a harpooner on the Ontario, out of Sag Harbor. Nobody had to show him how. He was a 'Gansett boy, so he knew. Altogether, he made five deep-sea voyages, ending up on the Jireh Perry, out of New Bedford, as first mate. When he come home for good, in 1868, deep-sea whaling was mostly over. He and Mother got married that year, and they built a house on a twenty-five-acre farm he had from his father. It was just off Main Street, on Whippoorwill Lane, and that's where I was born and raised. It's still there, but we had to let it go after Mother died, in 1929. City people own it now. There isn't any Whippoorwill Lane any more. They call it Atlantic Avenue. Even our old house has got a name to it—I forget what. I generally look the other way when I go by.

"Pop didn't farm much. I guess he was too fishy. He whaled when he could, and when he couldn't whale, he fished. At one time, he went after sturgeon. Used to be plenty of them right off the coast here. He was in the Russian-caviar trade. What they did was ship the roe to New York, and there was somebody there who shipped it to Russia, and the Russians put their fancy labels on it and shipped it back to New York. There was many an American millionaire ate Long Island caviar and thought he was living high. Most summers, Pop bunkered. He was captain of the Amagansett before me. And he did a good deal of codfishing in the fall. He usually hand-lined off the beach or set small trawls. We lived on salt cod in the winter—that and samp. During the cod run, our ham and eggs tasted like fish. We salted and dried our cod out in the pightle—what they call the back yard now—and the stock ate the scraps. One hog we slaughtered, you couldn't tell the meat from fresh cod. Samp is a kind of porridge made out of hulled corn cooked up with dried beans and salt pork. The white men got it from the Indians. Our Sunday dinner was always samp and pie and a big pitcher of milk. The reason was samp was one thing that could be cooked the day before. We didn't break the Sabbath on any account, even to cook. That was one day when the whales were safe. The 'Gansett beach could be alive with them, but if 'twas Sunday, Pop wouldn't do no more than look. He was a good, God-fearing man. I've seen him some riled, but I never heard him profane. The worst he'd ever come out with was 'cod dum.'

"I can see Pop still, as plain as day, walking the beach or sitting on the



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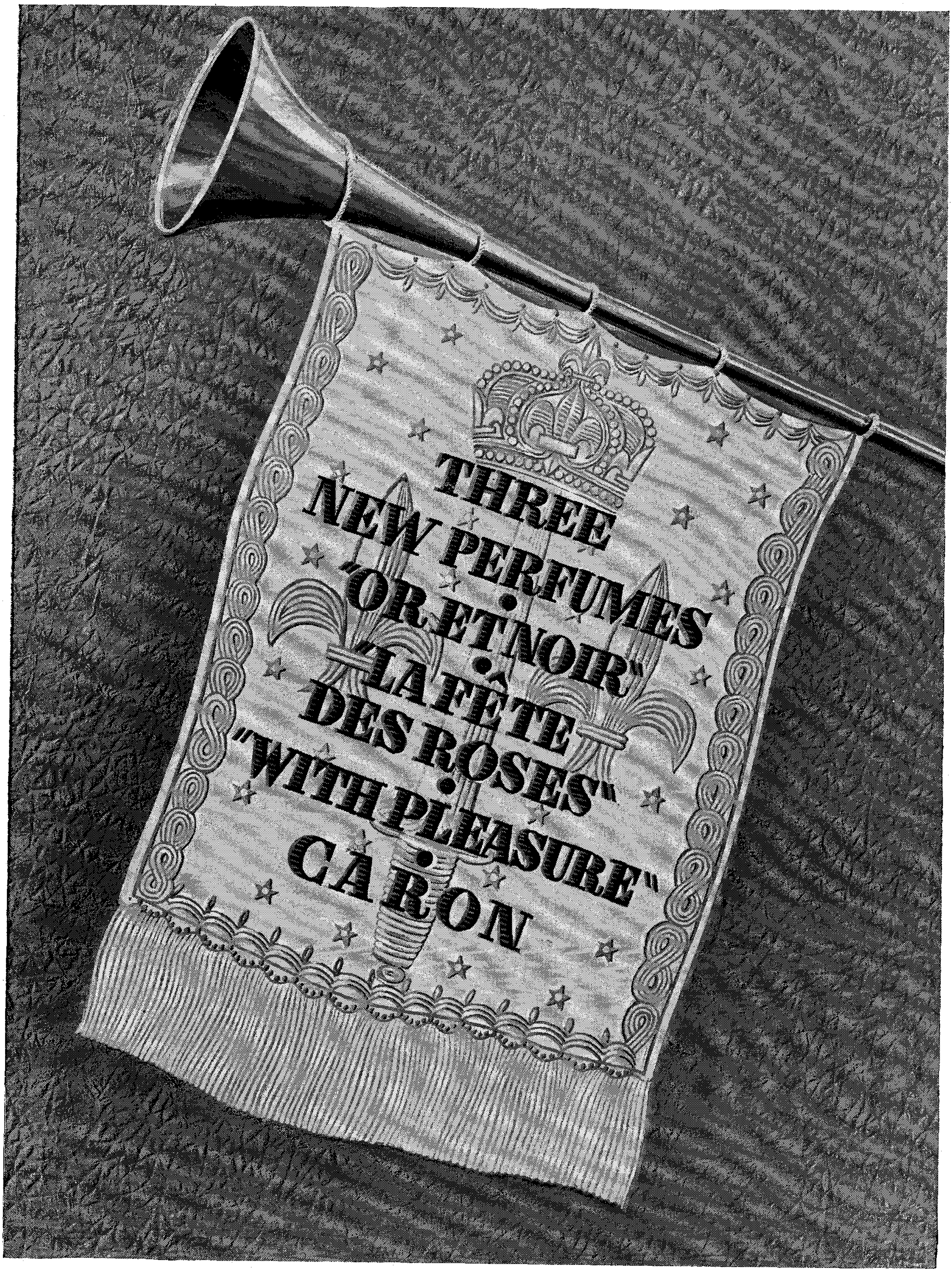
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"LA FÊTE
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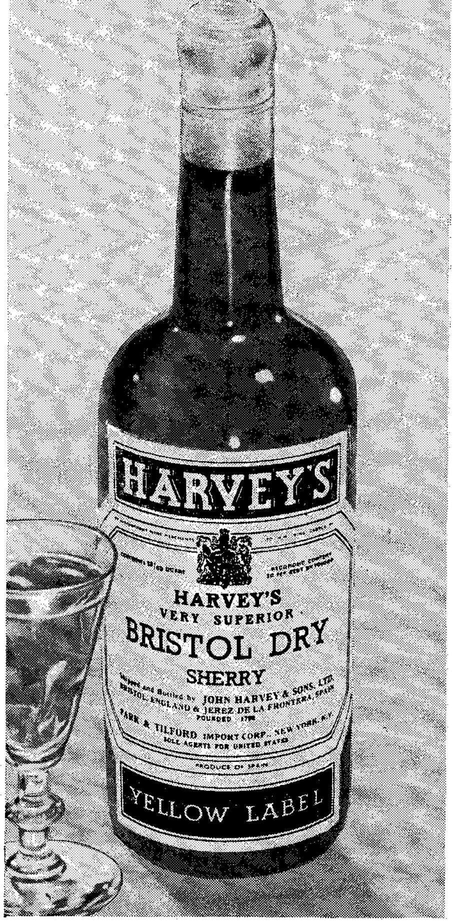

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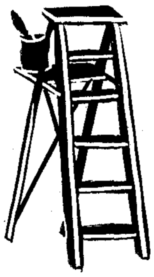

stern sheets of a whaleboat, in his old sealskin cap and his old pea jacket that he'd patched himself in a hundred different colors, and his beard tucked in his vest, and his white hair down to his shoulders and blowing in the breeze. He was a big man, as big and strong as me. When he sung out, somebody jumped. It was the same at home or afloat. He was the captain. Mother and us boys and my sister Rosa, who's dead now—we were the crew. I guess Mother was first mate. They saw to it together that the morning sun never shone on any of us in bed. I was doing a boy's work by the time I was five, and a man's work at ten. All of our fun was work. If we wanted to go swimming, we had to take along a clam rake. The place we went to for a picnic was a cranberry bog or a blackberry patch. Pop was stern and he hated idleness, but I never knew him mean. When there was a compliment due, he gave it. He had his own ideas and he was generally right. The first time I ever saw New York City was in 1885, when Pop took me in to Fulton Market with him to sell some whalebone and oil. We stayed at the United States Hotel, on Pearl Street, and I remember the dressed-up people in the lobby staring at those seven-foot slabs of bone that we had under our arms for samples. Pop stared right back. Anybody didn't like the way he travelled could look the other way. He was one man that wouldn't mimic.

"All I ever wanted was to do things the way my father did, and as good. He taught me just about everything I was able to learn. I had pretty slim schooling after the age of ten. Never went when it interfered with fishing or farming. Until I was fourteen, though, I'd sometimes go back to school in the middle of winter if there was nothing else doing. As soon as I could handle my hands, Pop had me sewing a good sailmaker's herringbone stitch. I mended my clothes and I pieced quilts. The best quilt I made is still in use. There were a good many wrecks in those days. Every so often, a coasting vessel would get in trouble on the bar a quarter mile off here, or on the rocks this side of Montauk Point. Salvage meant a lot to us. After a storm, you could find whatever you needed on the beach. The George Appold, a freighter out of Providence and bound for Newport News, is one wreck I remember. Pop and I helped bring the crew off. She went down with a load of calico and copper-toed work shoes in 1889. The quilt I still use is mostly brown-and-white calico from the George Appold. Another wreck, in 1890, was the Elsie Fay. She carried coconuts. I never cared much for coconut anything after the Elsie Fay went down. A good while later, in the winter of 1922, the Madonna foundered. She was carrying nothing but liquor. Just about everybody risked pneumonia in the surf that day.

"Pop learned to pull teeth on his voyages, and for some years he was the closest thing to a dentist we had in 'Gansett. He even pulled his own. I can see him twisting and scolding now. He taught me that trade, too. Something else I learned from him was how to make a lop fence. You never hear about lop fences any more. They're out of date, like everything else. I understand they never were made anywhere in the world except here on the East End and in some parts of England. The way we did it was this. We picked out a row of young trees in the right place, cut each trunk halfway through about two or three feet from the ground, and then pulled the trees over. The upright part made the post, and the rest of the tree was the bar. It didn't kill the tree, so it kept on growing, but on the horizontal. There never was a better fence to keep cattle out of a wood lot, or one that needed less mending. Over in the Northwest Woods, between here and Sag Harbor, there are still a few lop fences left. They're as old as I am and still going just as strong.

"I learned the most from Pop down on the beach. When I was five, he put me in the surf and told me to come ashore. That's the way all us boys learned to swim. A little later, he began to teach me how to handle an oar, and then how to throw a harpoon. I practiced darting with a wagon stake that was about the heft of a whale iron. That and lanching a boat in the surf are two things you can't pick up from a book. You've got to absorb them when you're young. The only grown man I ever knew who got hold of the surf quick was a fellow from Connecticut, a codfisherman. He married a 'Gansett girl, and a brother of hers who had been around surf a lot helped him. To be a surfman and do business right, you've got to know when you can get off and when you can't, and you've got to have oarsmen who have confidence in you. If there's a wind sea—a lot of chop—and the surf is breaking much over eight or nine feet, my advice is stay ashore. You can get off in a heavy sea if it's a ground swell and steady. There is generally three heavy seas and then will come a slatch—two or three smaller seas behind them. You follow as near as you dare after a heavy sea, and if it's smooth behind, let her go. The crew's confidence in the judgment of the boat header, the man at the tiller, is important. And they've got to have discipline. They're rowing, so they're all facing aft. They don't know what's ahead. The boat header is the only one can see, and he gives the orders accordingly. Pop was always boat header when we whaled. Oh, I can hear him now. 'Shove her in!' he'd sing out, and we'd shove her in and each grab an oar. Then 'Pull ahead! Hold water! Stern! Pull ahead!'—and we'd be off and clear.

"That's the one big difference between shore whaling and deep-sea whaling—the surf. In deep-sea whaling, you lanch the whaleboat from the ship. When you go off the beach, you've got the surf to contend with. Otherwise, the two are the same, or were. The whaleboat is the same, the tools are the same, and the methods are the same. I've got my father's whaleboat and all our old gear put away in my daughter's barn. I like to go over there sometimes and just sit down for a while. Pop's boat was built in New London in 1877, when they still knew how, and she's regulation size. She's twenty-eight feet long, six feet wide at the center thwart, and sharp at both ends, with oak ribs and half-inch cedar planks. She's big but light—lighter than some dories. You want a whaleboat that will stand some weather and hold up when you make fast to a whale, but you don't want one so heavy you can't get her off the beach in a hurry. The regulation crew is six, counting all hands. Going off and up till you fasten, every man except the boat header pulls an oar. The boat header steers. On a whaleboat, his tiller is a twenty-eight-foot oar. The harpooner is called boat steerer, but he don't steer till after you're fast. He pulls the forward oar, a little fourteen-footer, till you're right on the whale. Then the boat header sings out 'Give it to him!' and the boat steerer ships his oar, gets up his iron, and darts it quick as he can. He's got a second harpoon handy, and he'll hurl it if there's time or need. Soon as he makes fast, he moves aft to take over the steering oar and to tend the towline. Our towline was generally a hundred fathom. It's fixed to the harpoon shank and threaded through a chock in the

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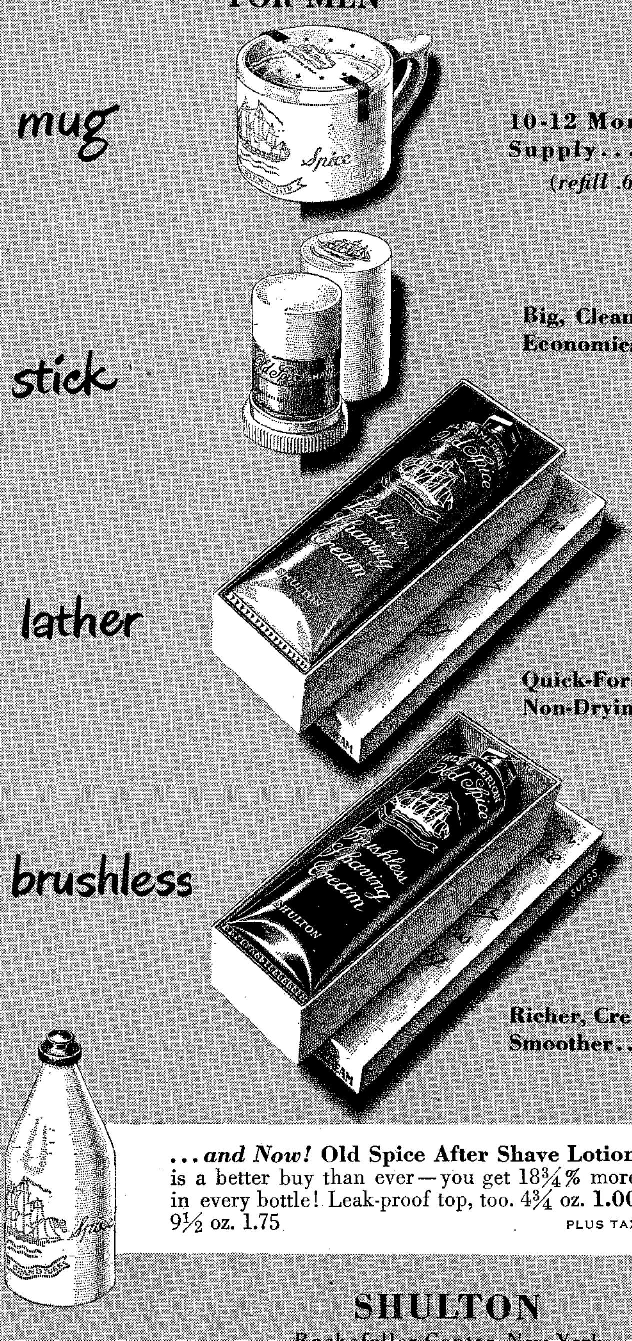

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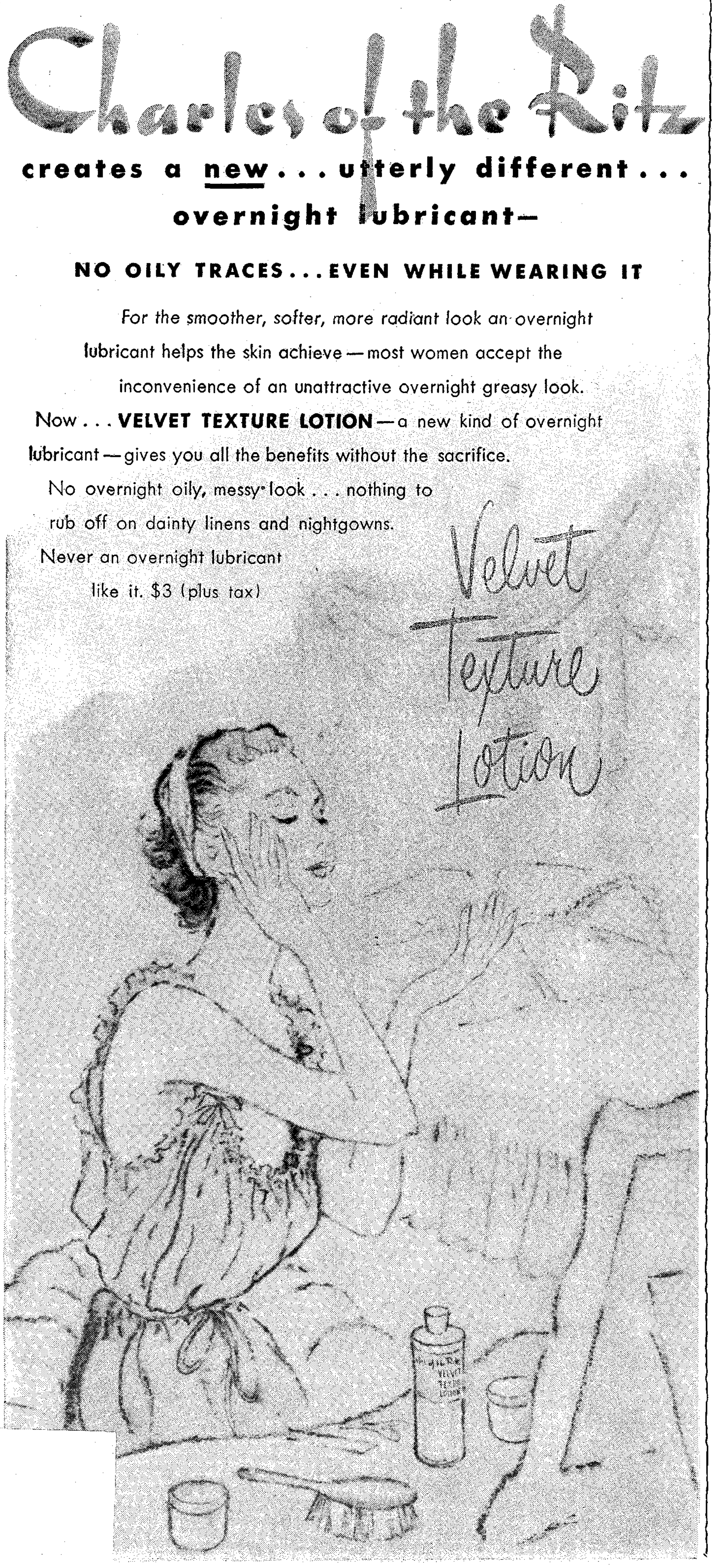

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bow. It runs into a tub about midship, where it's coiled so it won't foul, and then on aft to an upright post—what we call the loggerhead—in the stern. The boat header looks after the line, taking a hitch around the loggerhead, till the boat steerer relieves him. Then the boat header goes forward to kill the whale. He's got two lances there, and he'll throw both. A good man, like Pop, could dart a lance fifty or sixty feet and sink five feet of iron into the whale.

"There's some difference between a harpoon and a lance. People talk as if the harpooner does the killing. He don't. He just makes fast. That's all a harpoon is made for. We used an eleven-foot harpoon—eight foot of hickory shaft and a three-foot iron shank, tempered so it could bend double and not break. The way a harpoon works is this. There is an iron pin that goes through the center of the barbed head to make a hinge and fix it to the shank. Another pin, made of soft wood, holds the head in line with the shaft till it's into the blubber. When the whale sounds, that wooden pin snaps and the head toggles around on the iron pin at a right angle to the rest of the iron. It can't pull out, so you're fast as long as the line holds and the boat don't get stove. A lance is a spear. It's got a ten-foot shaft and a five-foot shank and a razor-edged head. I've seen my father shave with his lance. The other men in the boat mainly just row, but, by golly, they earn their passage. When I went off with Pop, I pulled leading oar, just forward of the boat header. Here in town, though, nobody knew as much as I did about whaling. I generally went boat header then.

"The only whale we ever hunted was the right whale. Finbacks were common, but we didn't try for them. The reason was they're too fast, they don't make much oil, and their bone is short and brittle. Any 'Gansett boy could tell a right whale from a finback just by watching the spout. A whale comes up to breathe and blow every twenty minutes or so. The air he lets out makes the spout. The right whale has two blowholes in the tip of his head, so he'll send up a crotched spout, maybe eight feet high. A finback spouts a single stream. He blows quicker than the right whale and he blows higher. Another way to tell is to watch a whale round out his bilge to go down. The right whale will bring his flukes out of water, but all you'll see of a finback when he rounds to sound is the fin on the afterpart of his bilge.

"The right whale got his name from

the old whalemen because he was the right one for oil and bone, especially bone. Whalebone—baleen, to give it its proper name—isn't really bone. Instead of teeth, most whales have a row of long, flat, black, hairy slabs of something like horn set close together in both sides of the upper jaw. That's baleen. A whale lives on a tiny little animal, no bigger than a bug, called brit. When he feeds, he throws back his lips and the brit floats in. The baleen hair acts like a sieve. It lets the water out, but it holds the brit. I've seen slabs of whalebone fourteen feet long, and it comes longer than that. I remember Pop telling of some he got on his voyages that measured nineteen feet. There could be close to three thousand pounds of baleen alone in a whale with bone that long. Toward the end of whaling, baleen is what mainly interested us. It generally brought around four dollars a pound. Don't let anybody tell you the whale couldn't swallow Jonah. I remember one we pulled up to. He had his mouth open and his lips laid off. He was feeding. We came up fast, and I just happened to cast my eye around and I looked right down his throat. It must have been fourteen feet deep, and better than a third as wide. I kept pulling, but my blood started to circulate."

ALTOGETHER, Edwards estimates, he took part in some thirty chases. Most of his fifteen successful hunts occurred in the eighteen-eighties and nineties. He went off for the first time on a raw and windy day in March, 1887. He was then fifteen and a half. "I was young to whale," he says, "but my father decided I was ready. I was big for my age, almost full-grown, and I pulled an oar as good as a man. He figured I'd watched enough chases and heard enough talk to know. I agreed with him. My recollection is that the weft went out in the forenoon. What we called the weft was an old American flag. It was raised for a signal on a rooftop near the beach when a whale was sighted. Soon as we'd see the weft, everybody would sing out 'Whale off!' and make for the beach. Three boats rallied for the hunt that day, every one headed by an Edwards. My Uncle Jonathan headed one, with David Barnes for boat steerer. Another was headed by my Uncle Charles, who was in his sixties then, with Charles Mulford going boat steerer. I went with Pop as leading oar, and my Uncle Gabe Edwards was his boat steerer. Uncle Gabe was as rank as Pop—ranker, if

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anything. Oh, he was callous. Nothing fazed him.

"The whale was laying to the east, about a mile and a half offshore, when we shoved in. He breached three times and sounded. We sprung ahead, aiming to get to him by the next rising, and, pulling hard, with Pop nagging us, we just made it. Pop sung out 'Give it to him, Gabe!' and Uncle Gabe got fast, right in the back of the neck, with all his might and main, and his teeth set. Then Uncle Jonathan come up, and David Barnes put both his irons in. Pop shifted with Uncle Gabe, but before he could dart his lance, the whale went into his flurry, head out of water and running in circles. Running like that meant he was liable to sink. About that moment, Uncle Charles come up, and Charles Mulford darted. The lances shot right across the whale's nose, and that last iron riled him. He lifted his nose right through the middle of their boat. I guess my eyes were popping out of my head. She rolled over, bottom up, and all hands went in the air—all except Uncle Charles. He was an old man, but he scrambled like a monkey, rolling right over with the boat and ending up sitting astraddle of her keel. There wasn't a drop of water on him. The whale was dead by then. Pop and Uncle Jonathan had lanced him plenty. We began to get the men out of the water. Charles Mulford was the last to come up. He'd gone deep and he come up pale. While he was down there, he told us later, he saw something close by and he put out a hand to shove it away. He shoved, but it didn't budge. Turned out to be the whale's mouth. That whale was a big one, a bull, mostly black but with some white on him. Took us a good while rowing and towing to get him ashore.

"A good many of the whales we raised in those days were that limber. There's one I remember come along around Easter in 1894. Pop had Charles Mulford for boat steerer, and my brother Dave, who was home from medical school for the holiday, was pulling his leading oar. I went off as boat steerer for my Uncle Jess Edwards. Charles Mulford got fast with both irons without much trouble. That's when the fun began. Instead of turning to fight and giving Pop a chance to sicken him quick, the whale settled right down to run. He headed for East Hampton with Pop and them in tow, and then he headed back to 'Gansett, and then he dodged around and made for East Hampton again. He gave them a regular sleigh ride. I guess he hit twenty-five miles an hour. He

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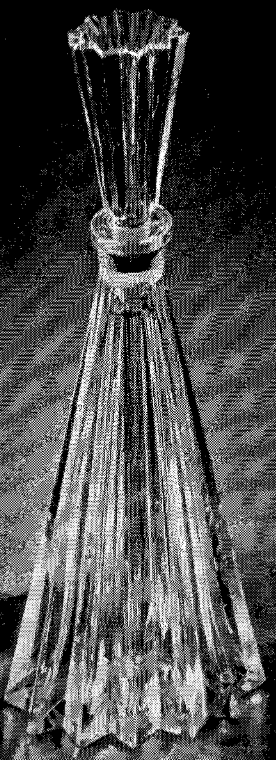
was some fast whale, and he never slackened. He had them in tow, bow all out of water and the stern sheets near awash, from morning 'till mid-afternoon. The rest of us couldn't do anything but just lay around and watch while three and a half hours went by. Toward the end, he cut all of a sudden right across our bow. Without waiting for Uncle Jess to call me up—I shouldn't have done it, but I did—I peaked my oar and got around and threw my harpoon. The whale was rounding to go down, and I missed. My iron went about a foot under his small. I never got another chance, but Pop had him at the next rising. He must have lanced him seventy-five times without letting go of the pole. Dave told me afterward that from where he sat aft, all he could see through the spray of thick blood was the top of Pop's head. The whale went into his flurry soon after, and we gave some cheer when he was dead. Charles Mulford did more than yell. He hopped right out and danced a jig on the whale's back.

"Pop got his last whale in 1907, on George Washington's Birthday, when he was seventy-seven years of age. He whaled after that, but he never fastened again. Uncle Gabe was his boat steerer that day, and there were four boats went off—three from 'Gansett and one from East Hampton. I headed the East Hampton boat, with Felix Dominy, who owned her, as boat steerer. We got the first chance—the whale broke water three boat lengths ahead of us. But when I sung out 'Spring ahead!' Charles Baker pulled so hard and quick his oar broke. That put us out. I minded some, but I'd really hoped the chance would fall to Pop. He hadn't had a whale in a good while, and he wanted one. Next rising, Uncle Gabe got fast. Then Pop shifted with him and lanced the whale as pretty as you please, and 'twas soon over. That whale wasn't as limber as some, but she was a good-sized cow. She's the whale they've got in the Museum of Natural History, in New York. Roy Chapman Andrews was just starting in at the Museum back then, and my father's last whale was his first job. The Museum heard about that whale somehow, and they sent him out here to buy her from us. My father figured we did all right. We got a hundred dollars for the skeleton and five per cent over the market for the baleen, and we kept the blubber. I think it made around two thousand gallons of oil.

"Whaling began to fall off after that chase. The last whale I, or anybody, got didn't amount to much. 'Twas only a

Someone lovely has just passed by!



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calf and couldn't have measured over twenty feet. The old cow that was with him got away. We were rusty by that time—hadn't been off in three or four years—and then, toward twilight, a squall come up. Started in to blow feathers. We were twelve miles offshore when we had to let the old cow go. As 'twas, it took fifteen hours of rowing and towing to get the baby ashore. He didn't make but about thirty gallons of oil, and we never sold a drop. Nobody cared to buy. All we really got out of that rally was old times' sake."

THE right whale, though rare, is not yet wholly extinct. In recent years, several have been observed along the eastern Long Island coast. One, a fifty-foot cow, turned up just off East Hampton the winter before last. She was raised toward noon by the caretaker of the village bathing pavilion, William Talmage. Talmage is a retired whaler, a robust man of eighty, and he at once telephoned Edwards, who is one of his closest friends. Edwards joined him on the beach a few minutes later. The whale had sounded just as he drove up, and Talmage pointed out where he thought she would be at her next rising. She came up there, blowing lazily, in deep water less than a mile beyond the bar. The two old men stood just off the road on the soft, frosty sand and watched her in silence until she rounded to go down. Then Talmage cleared his throat. "Good-sized," he remarked. "Yes, yes," Edwards said, and turned back to his car. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

END OF SUMMER

The pump throbbed steadily through
the afternoon,
Sucking the life from the pond below
the hill
In a dull monotone behind the
piercing, shrill
Song of the cicadas.

The heat advanced steadily through
the afternoon,
Caking the mud as the pond
retreated,
Crushing all but the undefeated
Song of the cicadas.

My heart throbbed steadily through
the afternoon,
Straining with each complaining vein
To resist that insistent, pulsing
refrain,
The song of the cicadas.
—WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

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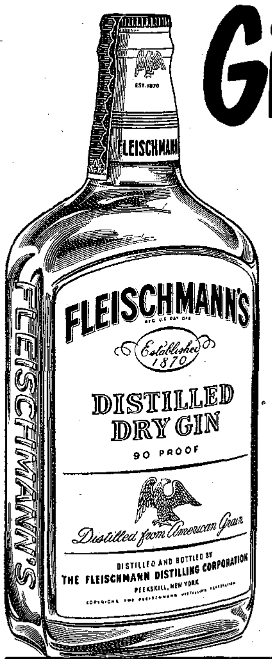

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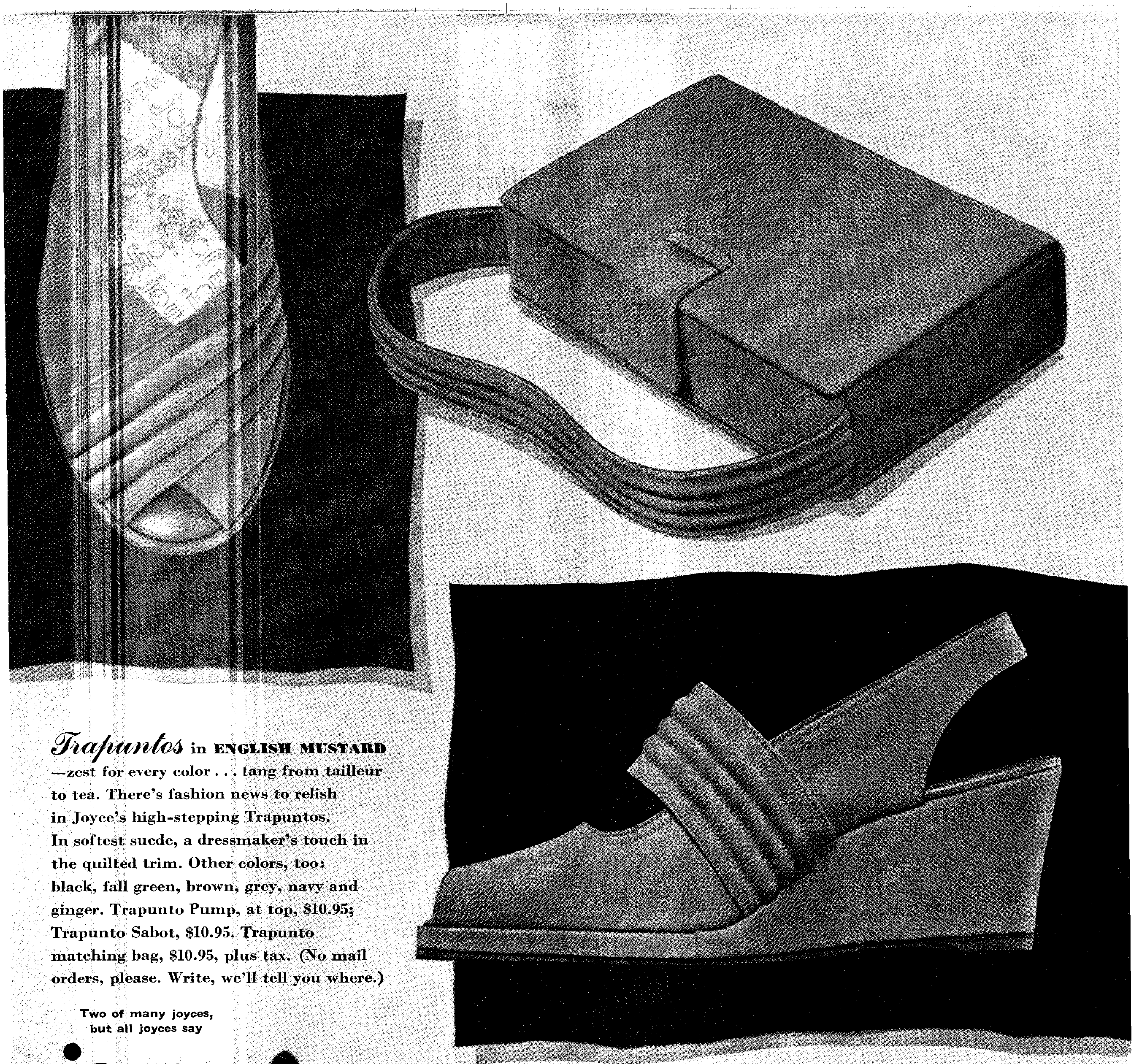

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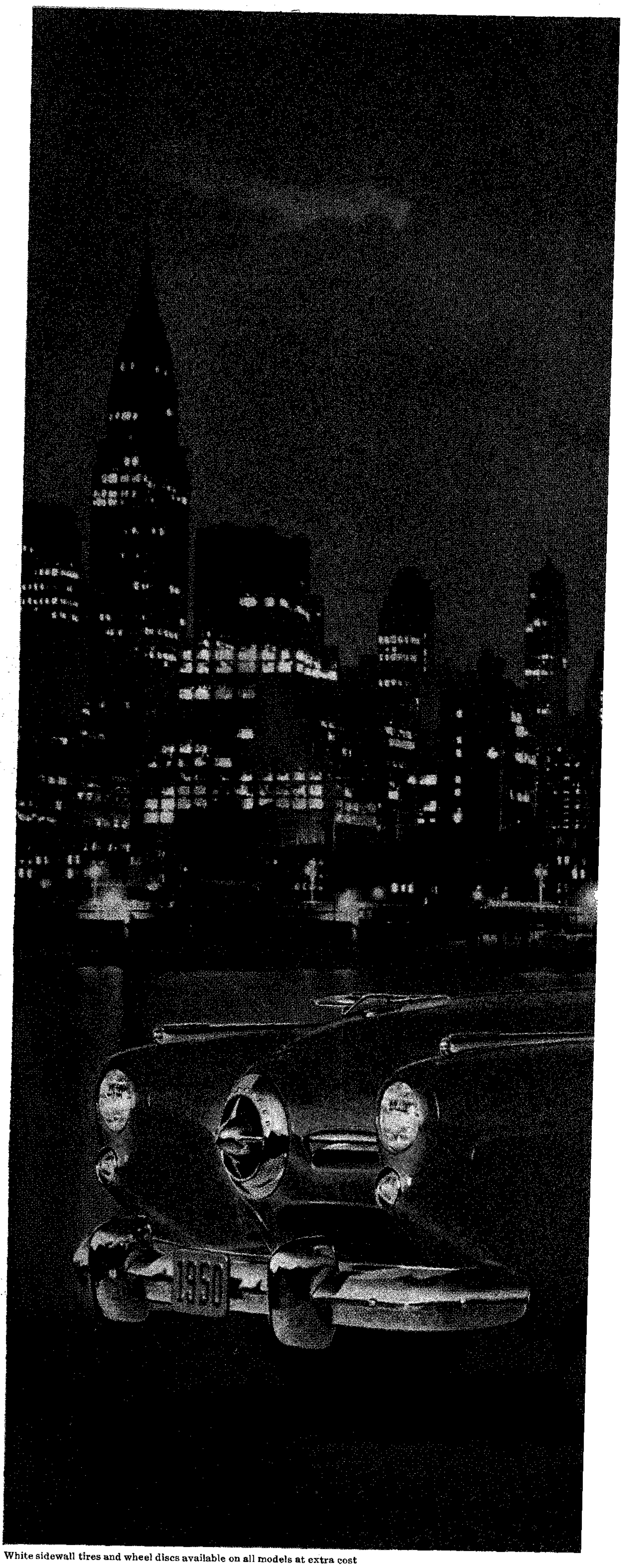

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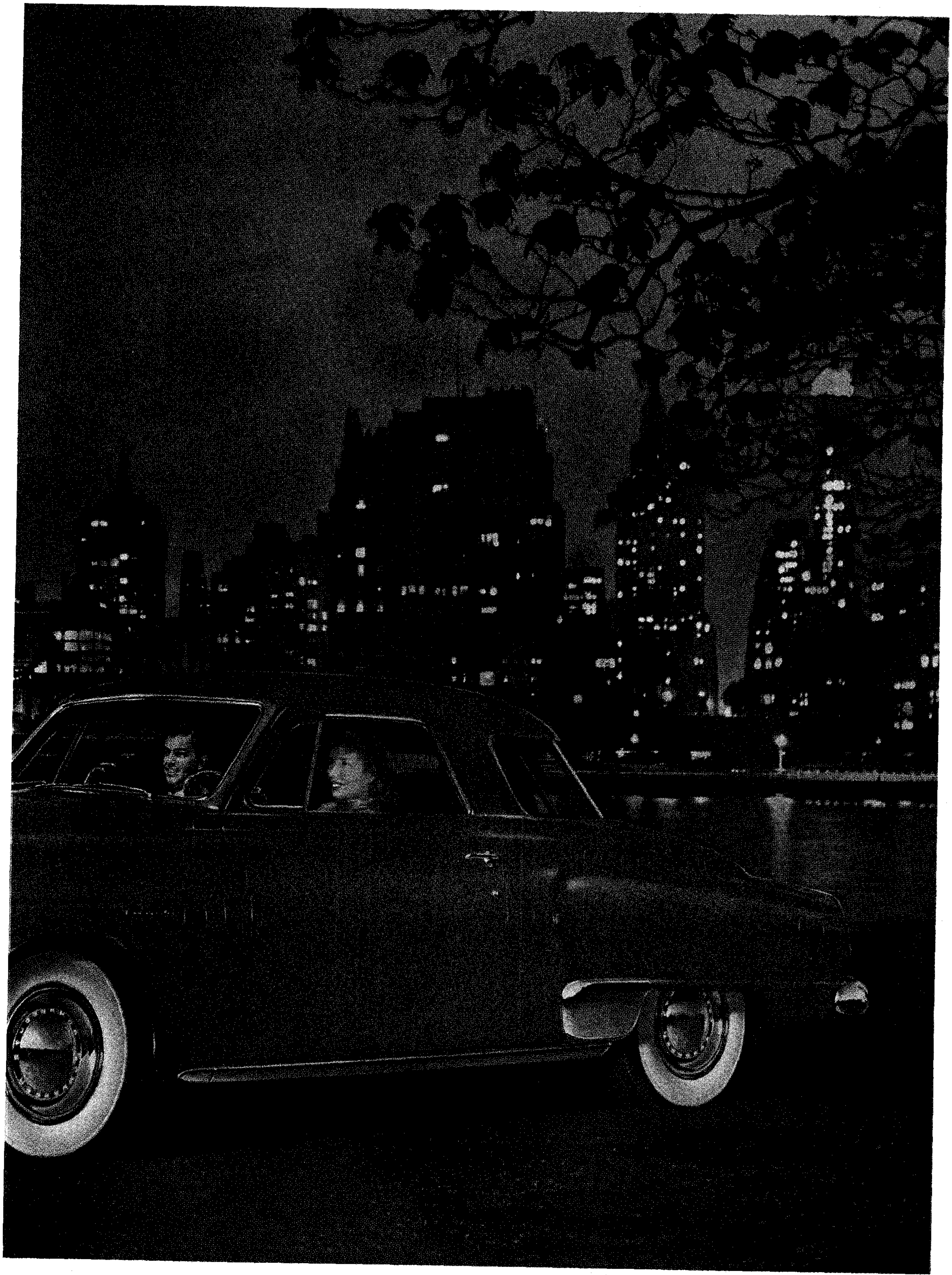

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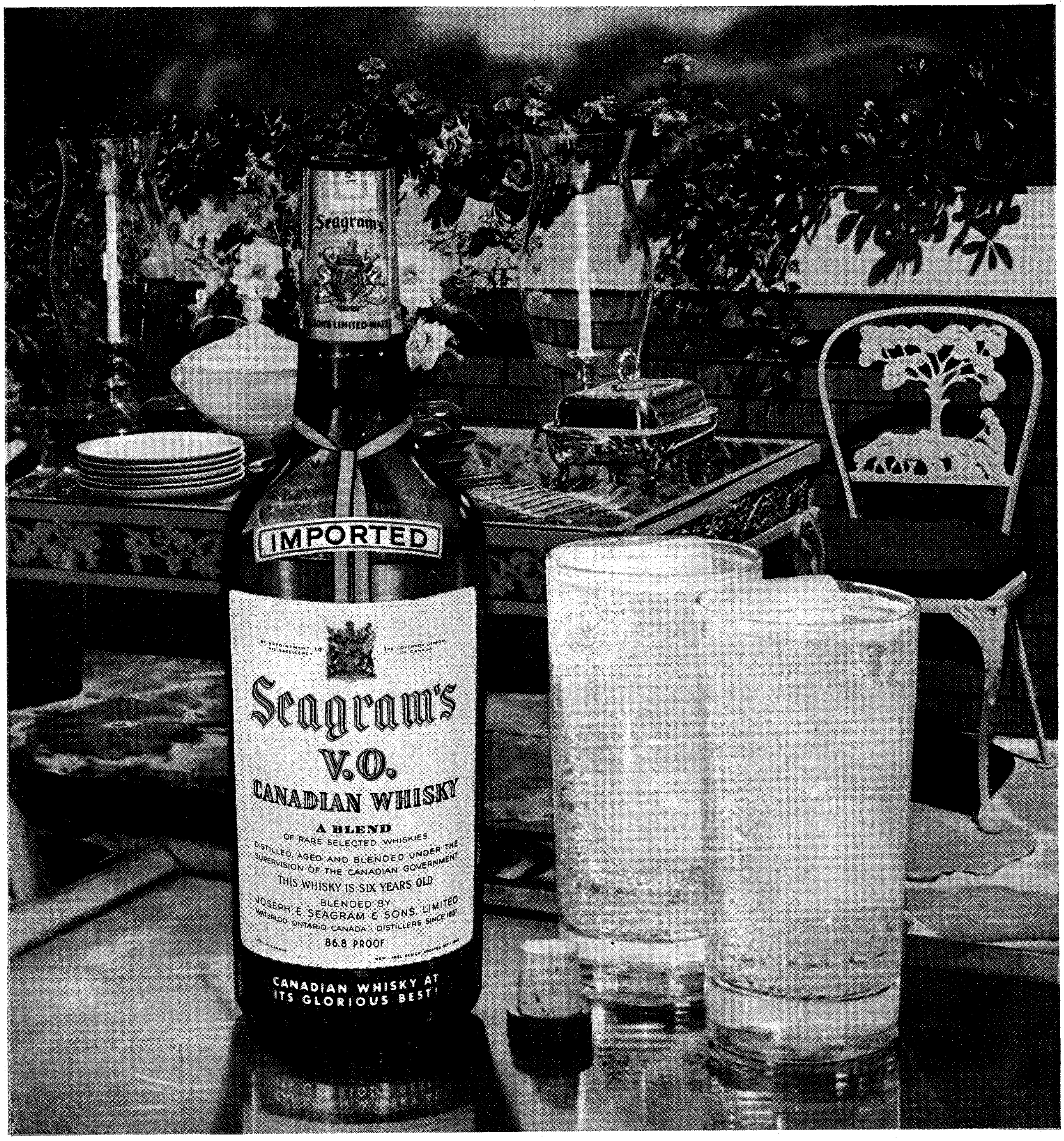
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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

IT is easy to explain the fascination the Beldame Handicap, at Aqueduct, exerts on so many people, including me. It brings out the very best fillies and mares. (Female horses, you know, are fillies through their fourth year, and thereafter they are mares.) As a matter of fact, it was a good show even before it became a fifty-thousand-dollar race. Altogether, the eleventh running of the Beldame Handicap, won by Miss Request last Saturday, was up to standard. Eighteen horses started, considerably more than there have been in any of the other major handicaps around here this season. There was hardly enough room in the saddling paddock for all the entries, and extra stalls had to be added to the starting gate. As everybody expected, the race was a scramble for most of the mile and a furlong. Harmonica started things off gaily by cutting across her field in the dash to the first turn, causing quite a jam. She took the lead and held it until Miss Request caught up with her in the stretch, wore her down, and won by a length. I wouldn't venture to guess how many horses Harmonica crowded. Listening to the spate of complaints, one might gather that she had slammed everybody except Miss Request, but I don't think she did quite as thorough a job as that. Anyway, she was disqualified, and second money went to Plunder, third to Mother, and fourth to Bewitch, the favorite.

Bewitch never looked lovelier, but she must have left her speed at Washington Park, where the better horses seem to have a habit of making track records or something; she ran a mile there last August in 1:34⅖. As for Miss Request, she was lucky, and well handled by Arcaro. Also, she's coming back to her top form. Remember what a runner she was last autumn? She picked up $53,600 in prize money on Saturday, and no other filly has done that well in any race this year.

IT is ironic that Calumet Farm had to reach its million for 1949 with bits and pieces of purses. After Bewitch was beaten in the Beldame, horseplayers who had brought their portable radios along to Aqueduct stopped listening to the ball game and tuned in to hear how Ponder was making out in the Narragansett Special at Pawtucket. Well, as you probably know, Ponder finished third, behind Donor and Vulcan's Forge. However, the $2,500 that was Ponder's share of the Special, together with the $2,500 earned by Bewitch, brought Calumet's prize money to seven figures. The exact total was $1,000,272, and the season is far from over. Just for the record, this is the third year that this remarkable stable has turned the trick; it earned $1,402,436 in 1947 and $1,269,710 in 1948. What price 1950?

From all accounts, Ponder made a good try in the Special. His customary rush brought him within a stride of the leaders at the finish. Come to think of it, Calumet never has had much luck in that race. Bull Lea, the sire of Citation, Coaltown, Bewitch, and all those others, finished second in it in 1938; Whirlaway was second in 1941, then won it the following year; and Armed could do no better than third in 1946. Oh, well, a twenty-five-thousand-dollar race shouldn't worry Calumet.

TIME may prove me wrong, but at the moment Hill Prince is the best two-year-old in my book. Nothing could be more convincing than the way he won the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct last week. He started off slowly, overtook his field in the stretch, and finished out the six and a half furlongs, under a tight rein, in 1:16⅗, a new track record for the distance. The footing was sloppy, too. Hill Prince's victory reminded me of the way Count Fleet used to win his early races. Unfortunately for C. T. Chenery, who owns him (and perhaps fortunately for other owners with an eye on the classic), Hill Prince is not entered in the Futurity at Belmont Park next week. He is, however, in the Champagne Stakes later in the meeting. That, I'm told, will be his last appearance of the season.

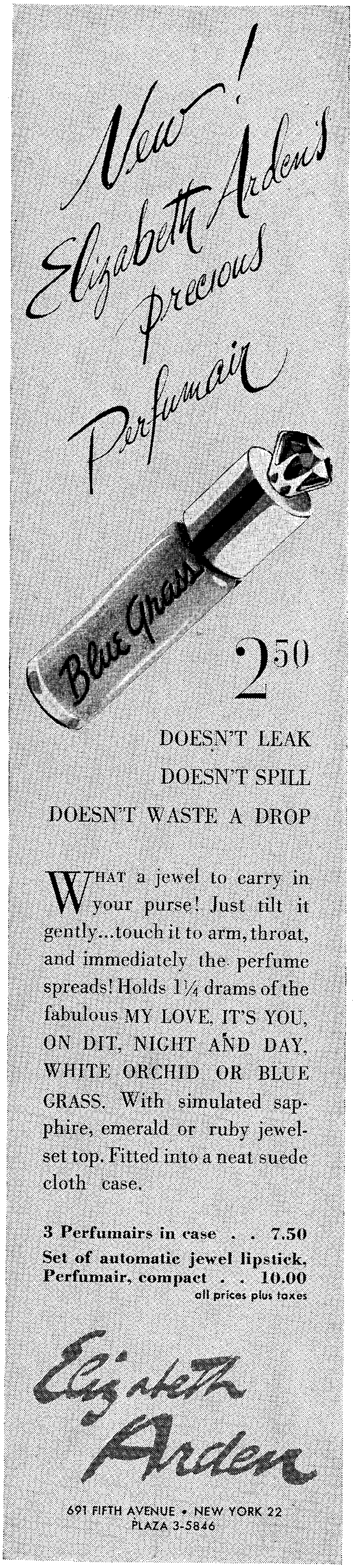
Stymie ran again at Aqueduct the other afternoon. He showed more interest in his work than he did the week before, finishing third and paying $6.80. Diogenes Checkpoints reports that in a hundred and twenty-eight starts, Stymie has earned some part of the purse a hundred and two times.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Back from her wedding trip, Mrs. William Crawford Mundy is making her home in Washington with Mr. Mundy. —*Washington Post.*

That's the spirit!



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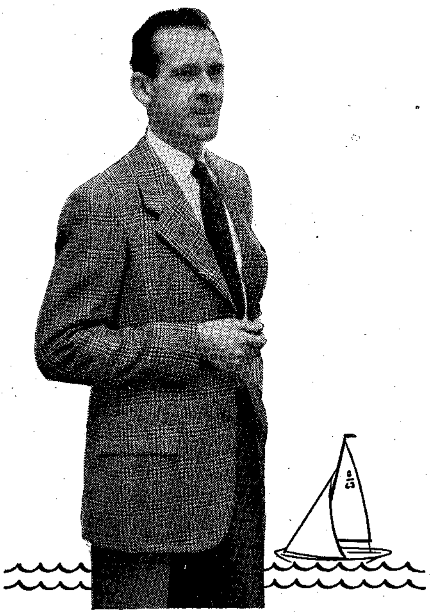

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rossellini with an Umlaut

MATINEE · 5 SHOWS
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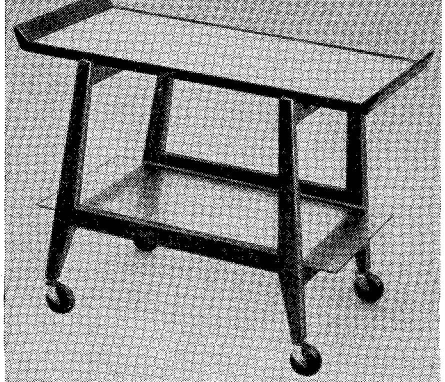
IN "Germany Year Zero," Roberto Rossellini has tried to discover among the ruins of Berlin the sort of memorable drama he found in postwar Italy and embodied so skillfully in "Open City" and "Paisan." But on unfamiliar, Teutonic terrain the director has lost some of his customary assurance, and the new film has little of the warmth, humor, and understanding that distinguished his previous pictures, even though he has managed once again to inspire a cast of amateurs to perform as capably as any professionals.

The central figure in "Germany Year Zero" (German dialogue, English subtitles) is a twelve-year-old boy who lives in poverty and despair in a shattered apartment that his family shares with several other families. Because his father is dying and his older brother, a former Nazi, is hiding from the Occupation authorities, it devolves upon the boy to scare up the essentials for the family, and in the course of watching him scrabble about we get several terrifying glimpses of what life became in a German city after goose-stepping had led to an unexpected conclusion. Somewhere along the line, the boy falls in with a former schoolmaster and is presently advised by him that it is absurd for the young and strong to support the old and weak. Taking this advice literally, the boy eventually poisons his father, and then winds up a suicide.

I presume that the point Rossellini is attempting to establish by all this is derived from the Old Testament idea that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children. This is a lugubrious notion indeed, and in pursuing it Rossellini has propelled himself into a dramatic vacuum, populated by characters for whom it is impossible to work up any sympathy. Even the small hero of the piece seems a gruesome creation, differing hardly at all from the awful tykes that used to strut around Germany lisping praises of the Führer. Of this boy, Rossellini has written: "Edmund is the prototype of the German child who has survived the catastrophe of his native land. Whether he excites pity or horror, I do not know. I simply reproduced the



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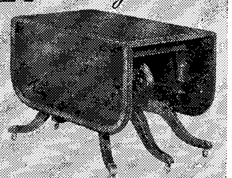

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truth as I saw it under the impulse of a strong artistic emotion." It's just possible, I think, that the reproduction of truth isn't quite enough to excuse a director for making a picture whose motivations are as murky as those of "Germany Year Zero." Apart from that consideration, the film tends to be monotonous visually, for however shocking the endless rubble of Berlin may be, the sight of it palls when the camera finds nothing with which to contrast it during the whole length of a picture.

"Germany Year Zero" includes a spoken introduction by Quentin Reynolds that reveals that the Nazis were bad fellows and that Germany after the war was "back at the beginning of time." This struck me as a rather involved method of explaining an awkward title. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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"This emphasis on the personal initial is symbolic of the traditional American and democratic principle of the importance of the individual," Mr. Hickok told 175 field men gathered in this men's furnishing center to introduce new fashions for men this coming Fall.

"Furthermore, it reiterates the philosophy of Goethe as expounded by Dr. Albert Schweitzer at the recent celebration at Aspen, Colo. There this great humanitarian and philosopher declared: 'The great conflict of our times is personality versus collectivism. In our times the spirit of Hegel and the spirit of Goethe are fighting everywhere. Collectivism in its various forms has deprived the individual of his individuality. All the troubles of the world come from this. The task immediately before us is to safeguard the integrity of the individual within the modern state.'

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•

WHAT COLUMNIST D'YA READ?

Herbert Klotz, the Swiss millionaire, and Betty Betz, our Teen Set empress, are a set of their own lately.—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American, August 29th.*

Murray Hamilton of the "Mister Roberts" cast and cinema blonde Barbara Lawrence are the cooingest couple in town—with the possible exception of Frank Farrell and Betty Betz.—*Dorothy Kilgallen, same paper, same day.*

New Romances: Betty Betz and the Latin lover boy, Drew Berkowitz.—*Earl Wilson in the Post Home News, August 31st.*

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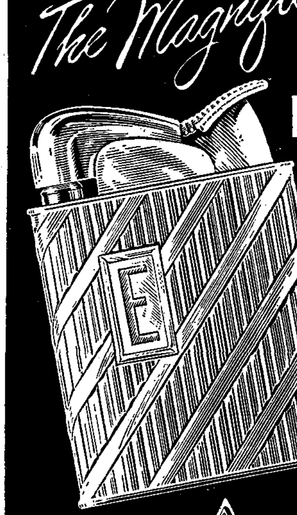

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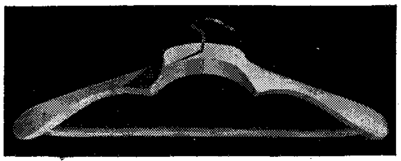

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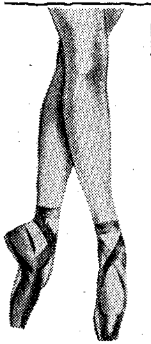

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ORCHIDS IN SIBERIA

IN America, it may be only a pleasant surprise to run into a person one hasn't seen for years, but in Europe, where so many of one's friends have vanished, such a meeting may be an event of immense good fortune. One morning last spring, as I was on my way to my home town of Prague, riding in a second-class compartment on the Warsaw-Prague express, I had just this sort of cheering encounter. I'd finished breakfast in the dining car—a cup of ersatz coffee, with saccharine instead of sugar, and a piece of brownish bread—and was sitting alone in the compartment, looking out the window at the softly curved hills and small Moravian towns with baroque church towers, and reflecting that in the old days breakfast in the *wagon-restaurant* had consisted of real coffee with whipped cream and crisp white rolls, when the door of the compartment opened and a big man came in and put his suitcase in the overhead rack. When he turned around, I recognized him as an old friend with whom I had played soccer in public school, thirty years before, and whom I hadn't seen in at least fifteen years.

We greeted each other happily, each very pleased that the other was still alive. Dubsky, as I shall call him, ceased to be my classmate when his family moved away from Prague, but in the years that followed we often met in the city, usually when an important soccer game was scheduled. We were both rabid fans of the Sparta Athletic Club, Czechoslovakia's most popular team, which for decades has inspired its followers to violent outbursts of fury, despair, and triumph.

Dubsky took off his hat and coat and sat down across from me. His hair had become gray, something seemed to be wrong with his left eye, and he had put on weight. He said that he was all right and that his wife was all right, told me they still had no children, and asked me if I knew what had happened to that fat fellow who used to play left back on our school soccer team. For a while, we talked of players and great games, of relatives and friends, of the many terrible things that had happened in the past ten years, and of the few miracles. When the conversation turned to the German Occupation, I asked Dubsky how he had lived through those dreadful years. He shrugged. "I was lucky," he said. "At least, I'm one of the very few Jews in our town who have never been inside a *German* concentration camp. I was in another kind. I spent almost two years in a forced-labor camp in Russia. Twenty-three months, nineteen and a half days, to be exact."

I stared at him. I had, of course, read about forced-labor camps in the Soviet Union. But Dubsky, a Czech and a reserve Army officer, in one? Apart from his family and his business, a small but prosperous manufacturing firm, his only interest had been soccer and, above all, the progress of the Sparta A.C.

"Did you get mixed up in politics?" I asked.

He laughed. "I did not. I have no use for politicians. Right now, I bet, half the people on this train are on their way to Prague to wangle something at one of the Ministries, but not me. I'm going there to see the game."

"What game?"

He looked at me sharply. "Don't you follow the team any more?"

"I've been out of the country for a long time," I explained apologetically.

"Well," he said, "tomorrow is the Derby—Sparta against Slavia. Biggest game of the season. The experts say we're going to lose, but you know the experts. Sparta always plays best against heavy odds. Of course, the team isn't anything like the one back in the twenties, when Pejr was goalkeeper, Hojer and Pospíšil were backs, Kolenatý, Káda, and Perner were halfbacks—and those forwards!" Dubsky closed his eyes and recited the holy names with reverence: "Sedlaček, Šroubek, Pilat, Janda, Červený. What a team that was!"

I interrupted him quickly. I knew that once he got started reminiscing about the Sparta A.C., nothing could stop him. His memory for center halfs, last-minute goals, and unjust decisions had always been fantastic, and he knew the half-time scores of the big matches back to the gray past of 1913.

"How on earth did you get into a Russian forced-labor camp?" I asked.

He looked out the window. "I'd like to know myself," he said. "Were you here in March, '39, when the Germans moved in?"

I shook my head.

"Ever since Munich, we had all been running around in circles, me included," he said. "Everybody knew what was going to happen, and, as always, nobody did a damn thing about it. Just talking, making vague plans, trying to get visas to Ecuador and the Dominican Republic and God knows where, and never following through. I don't really know

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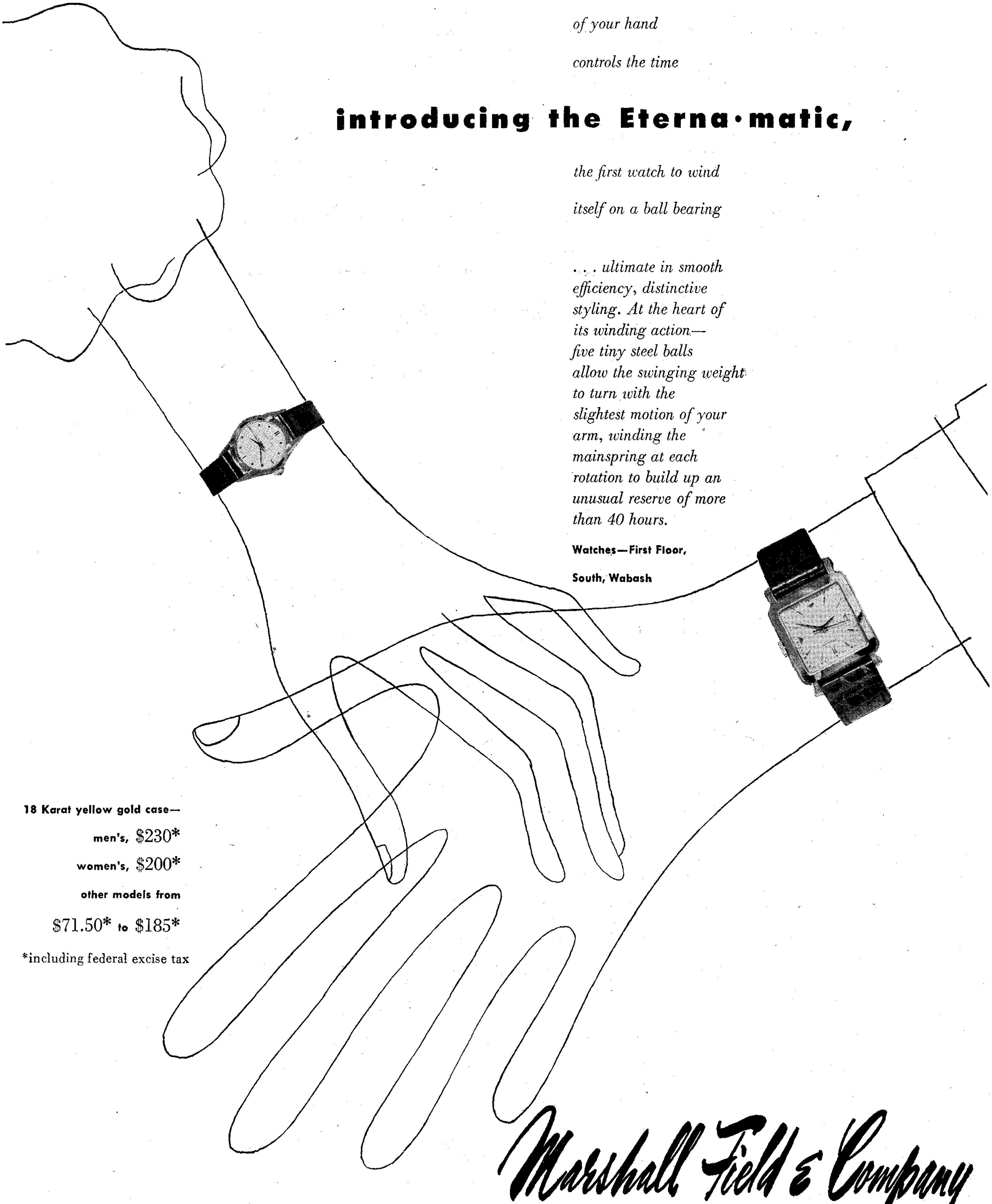

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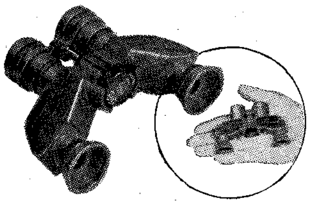

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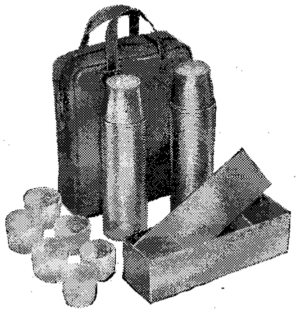

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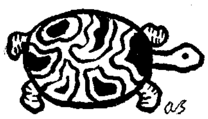
what made *me* run away—perhaps it was because my wife happened to be on a visit to relatives in Italy, and I had a valid passport and friends in England. I felt sure I could get word to my wife to come to England and join me. Business was shot to pieces, and I didn't have much money left. Besides, I figured that as a reserve officer in the Czech Army I would be in a tough spot when the Germans took over. Then, in February, a rumor went around that you could get a visa to England in Katowice, just over the Polish border—some kind of special English committee was said to have set up an office there—and I guess that decided me. Of course, I had no visa for Poland, but, according to another rumor, all you had to do was walk across the Polish border at night—the Poles didn't care. Well, they did when *I* tried to get across, early in the morning of March 13th. The woods and hills were full of Polish soldiers and police, and they shot without warning. But after a lot of ducking into ditches and crawling through underbrush I made it."



Just then, the door of our compartment opened and an elderly, blue-uniformed conductor came in and asked for our tickets. "Praha?" he said gruffly. I nodded. He took the tickets, punched them, gave them back to us, and went out, banging the door. Dubsky put his ticket in his vest pocket. "In the old days, they knocked before entering a second-class compartment," he said. "Now they treat the people in third class better than us. We're bourgeois now. But what the hell!" He leaned back. "In Katowice, I went to the British committee. That much of the rumor I had heard was true. The place was a madhouse. Forty or fifty people were crowded into two small rooms, pushing one another and all shouting at the same time. They had come over illegally from Czechoslovakia, as I had, and were trying to get to England before it was too late. I eventually got to talk to a very young man in tweeds, who sucked on his pipe and said, 'I'm sorry, old man, but I can't do anything. I suggest that you apply for a visa at the British Consulate in Prague. Your application will be considered, provided all your papers are in order.' That was about as much help to me as a kick in the pants, and I decided to try Warsaw instead."

Somehow, Dubsky told me, he managed to get to Warsaw. At the Czechoslovak Embassy, which was in an advanced state of pandemonium, a kindly official listened to his problem and advised him to go to Russia. "There, at least, no one's going to kill you because you are Jewish," he said. Dubsky pointed out that he had no visa for the Soviet Union. The official waved that objection aside. "You have your Czech passport, haven't you? Well, that's all you need. No matter what we've been told since Munich, the Russians have always been our friends—our only friends. Go to Tarnopol and ask how to get across the border. Go straight to the nearest Russian border guard. He'll welcome you with open arms." The official looked around cautiously, lowered his voice, and said, "I'm going myself next week."

"But I don't want to go to Russia," Dubsky said. "I want to go to England."

"If war comes—and now it's just a question of *when* it will come—England and Russia will fight side by side," the official said. "It will be a cinch for you to get to England from Russia."

Dubsky took the man's advice and made his way east, through Lublin and Lwów, to Tarnopol, where he was told to go to a little town named Skala, lying on the Polish side of the Zbrucz, a small tributary of the Dniester River.

"Everybody in Skala seemed to be planning an illegal crossing of the river," Dubsky said. "I had an awful time trying to pick my way through the swarm of rumors. Nobody worried about the Russian border guards, but everybody said that the Polish soldiers would shoot to kill. So I went out and scouted the territory myself and made friends with a Polish peasant who knew the terrain. For one American dollar—I had with me nineteen thousand Czech crowns, a few Polish zlotys, seven one-dollar bills, and an English ten-pound note that looked to me like a counterfeit—he agreed to take me to a spot where the river was narrow. He said the next night would be dark enough for the crossing. I got myself a piece of waterproof canvas and made a small package out of my passport, my papers, and my money, and sewed it into my breast pocket. At midnight the next night, the peasant took me down to the river. After an hour's walk, we came to the place where I was supposed to swim across. I couldn't see the other bank of the river, and the water made strange, threatening noises." Dubsky chuckled, as if, in retrospect, all this seemed rather funny. "I was never much of a swimmer, as you may remember. When I felt the water reach my chin and I had to start swimming, I was sure I would drown. Did you ever go in fully dressed? Somehow, it's much colder than it is when you're wearing nothing but a pair of trunks. I got across the river all right, though. No one shot at me, but I doubt whether I would have cared if they had, I was so cold. When I crawled up the bank, my teeth were chattering, but I had a strong feeling of relief, almost of exuberance. 'I am *free*,' I said to myself, over and over. Just as I was wondering where to go next, two Russian soldiers carrying tommy guns suddenly appeared out of the darkness. They pointed their guns at me and said something I didn't understand, because, of course, I didn't know how to speak Russian then. Their tone sounded hostile, but I wasn't worried. The soldiers couldn't possibly know that I was a Czech and a friend. So I pointed at myself and said 'Czech,' hoping they would understand at least that word, and I made an attempt to shake hands with one of them. Evidently they misunderstood my gesture, because they quickly pushed their tommy guns into my ribs, and one of them motioned me curtly to march ahead of them. Well, I thought, there'll be a chance to explain later. It was cold, and I was much more worried about catching pneumonia than about the Russians."

Dubsky and his escort marched in silence through the darkness for half an hour, until they came to a wooden shack with a flagpole before it. The front door opened into a room with unpainted walls and a dirt floor. A drawing of Marx and one of Stalin were hanging on one wall, and a bunch of wild flowers was stuck behind each picture. There was no furniture except a crude table and a chair, a small iron stove, and a flickering, smoldering oil lamp. Behind the table sat a young Russian officer—a senior lieutenant, Dubsky learned later—who was warming his heavy boots on the stove. He was wearing steel-rimmed glasses and two of his front teeth were of steel. The soldiers came to attention and saluted stiffly, and one reported to the lieutenant, jerking his thumb several times at Dubsky.

The officer first tried Russian on Dubsky, and then Polish, in which, it turned out, they could understand each other fairly well. Dubsky explained why he had fled Czechoslovakia. He ripped the canvas package out of his breast pocket, slit it open, and placed his money and all his papers on the table in front of the officer: passport, a detailed record of his service in the Czech Army, birth certificate, certificate of Czech citizenship, a green slip proving that

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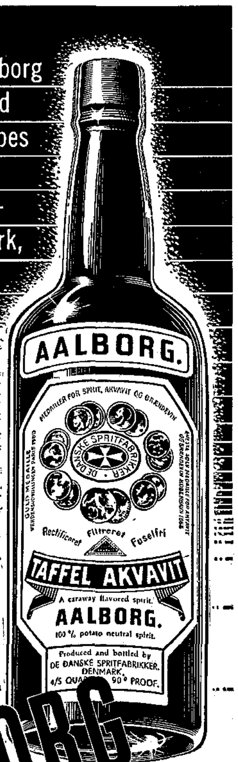
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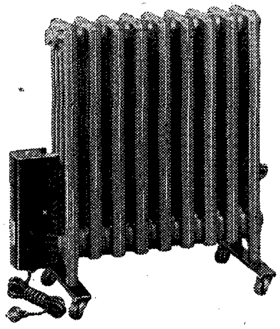

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he had registered his most recent residence with the police, in compliance with the law, and a membership card of the Sparta Athletic Club, in Prague. The officer stared at the documents blankly, then leafed through the passport and compared the photograph in it with Dubsky's face. Dubsky stood quiet between the two soldiers with their tommy guns. He was sure that the officer would get up and shake hands with him and welcome him to the Soviet Union. Instead, the officer stared at Dubsky for a long while and finally said flatly, "You're a spy."

"I thought the Russian officer was kidding," Dubsky said to me. "I had read a lot about the Russians, and I knew they had a diabolic sense of humor, so I decided to play along with him. I laughed and said, 'Since when do spies carry all their personal documents on them?' The officer kept on looking at me with a deadpan expression, and after a while I stopped laughing. Then he said, 'Anybody who crosses into the Soviet Union without a proper visa and without *dokumenty* is a spy.' I said, 'I admit I had no time to get a visa, but here are my *dokumenty*.' The officer shook his head. He casually closed my passport and stacked it and all the other papers in a neat pile, placing the money to one side. I thought he was going to put the documents in the canvas case and give them back to me. I even remember holding out my hand. Instead, he opened the door of the stove with the toe of his boot and threw all my papers into the flames. He kicked the door shut and turned back toward me. 'Now you have no *dokumenty*,' he said, and smiled, as if he were pleased that his practical joke had come off so successfully. 'You came to the Soviet Union without a visa and without *dokumenty*.'"

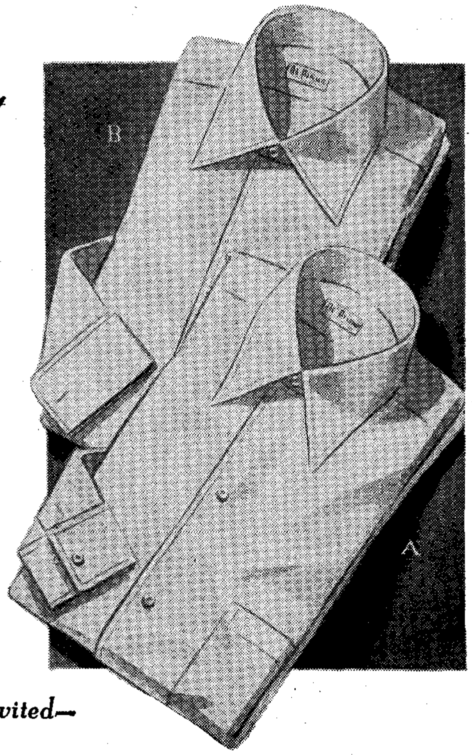
DUBSKY glanced at me sharply, and when he saw my astonishment, he nodded understandingly. "I've gone over that scene in the shack in my mind time and again," he said, looking out the train window. We had slowed down to go through a station. At the edge of the platform, the stationmaster, in his red cap, stood at attention, saluting the train, according to regulations. "For years since then, I've had a recurrent nightmare. It starts with the moment when the Russian threw all my personal papers into the fire, destroying my name and identity, erasing me as the citizen of a country, a human being. In Europe, a man without a passport doesn't exist. I was so stunned by the enormity of what had happened that I didn't even make an attempt to save my papers. My throat knotted up. I couldn't speak. This wasn't true! Hadn't I been told by everybody that the Russians were our friends—our only friends?" Dubsky shook his head and banged his fist on his knee. "Then the Russian lieutenant sat up straight in his chair and asked me why I had come to Russia. By that time I was so frightened I couldn't think of a lie. That was probably my biggest mistake. If I had said, 'I came here because I believe in Stalinism and want to work for the Soviet Union,' I might have remained free. I *might* have. But I told the truth. I said, 'I'm a Jew and a Czech Army officer, and I can't stay in Czechoslovakia with the Germans there. I don't want to live in Russia—I want to go to England, where I have friends.' When I said 'England,' the officer gave me a quick, surprised look. Then he took a sheet of paper and the stump of a pencil out of a drawer. 'England?' he said. 'Are you willing to swear that you intend to go to England?' I saw new hope and said, 'Yes, sure.' I was so stupid! But how could I possibly have known that I had just sentenced myself to ten years of forced labor in Siberia? It wasn't till many months afterward that I was told that the mere intention of going to England or anywhere else in the Western world was a 'crime against the state' in the Soviet Union."

The Russian lieutenant wrote several paragraphs on the paper, and Dubsky signed where he was told to sign, though he had no idea of what he was signing. The officer put the money away, and Dubsky never saw it again. Then the soldiers locked him up in a back room of the shack. In the morning, a truck took him to a small town nearby, where he was dumped in what seemed to be the town jail. In a big room, two dozen men were lying on heaps of dirty straw. The air was foul, and the place was infested with lice, fleas, and other bugs. He tried to talk to his fellow-prisoners, but none of them shared his interest in conversation. They lay on the straw and stared at the ceiling or slept. Even the guards seemed infected by lethargy. They treated the prisoners with rough indifference. No one was beaten, but on the other hand no one ever smiled. Twice a day, each prisoner was given a piece of bread and a tin can filled with watery soup. When the guards came in with the food, Dubsky would try to explain to them that he was there by mistake and ask to see somebody in charge, but the guards would push him away, and after a week he realized that he had become as apathetic as everybody else. After three weeks, he was called out and taken to an office, where a man in civilian clothes, an N.K.V.D. lieutenant, examined him for three days. This man could speak Czech and was a meticulous official. He wrote down in longhand every word that Dubsky said. At the end of the third day, the transcript of the interview looked like the first draft of a good-sized historical novel, but its contents must have been extremely repetitious, because Dubsky couldn't tell the officer any more than he had already told the Army lieutenant in the control post at the border.

"I kept worrying about what was going to happen to me. I couldn't figure it out," Dubsky said to me. "Then my left eye began to act up, giving me a great deal of pain. For two years, I had been suffering from glaucoma. I'd always hoped I could avoid an operation, but now the eye was getting worse fast. I complained to the guards, but a lot *they* cared."

A few days later, Dubsky was taken to the railroad station, where a prison train of nineteen freight cars was waiting. The first car behind the engine served as office and living quarters for the train commandant. Dubsky was escorted there by two guards, one of whom carried a large file of papers, which Dubsky presumed to be the dossier on him. The office car was furnished with two desks, a few wooden chairs, two Persian rugs, and a picture of Stalin, smiling benevolently from the wall behind the commandant's desk. The commandant was a blond, good-looking N.K.V.D. lieutenant. At the other desk sat his assistant, a gloomy, dark, uniformed woman, whose hair apparently had not been combed for years. She took the papers from the guard, made a few mysterious marks on them, and handed them to the commandant, who also made a few scratches on them and then gave the guard a receipt for the file, and possibly for Dubsky, too. After that, he handed Dubsky a paper slip bearing a number, which was to be his sole identification for as long as he would require identification. A train guard took him to one of the freight cars and pushed him in. The floor was covered with straw, and in the middle of the car stood a small iron stove, surrounded by piles of firewood. Dubsky counted eighteen other men in the car.

"Every once in a while, the train would stop in a station," he said, "and soldiers would throw more prisoners on



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the train or drag some off—just like so many bundles. The newcomers looked wretched and wore dirty rags and often no shoes. Each prisoner was always taken to the train commander's office, accompanied by a big file of papers, and there was always a careful check and double check of the papers, but nobody bothered about the men, who were just left standing around miserably. They seemed to be only annexes of their personal *dokumenty*. In the cars, there was little violence and no audible despair—no sobs, no shouts, no hysterics. As I watched the men coming and going, I felt as if I were in a movie theatre where something has gone wrong with the sound track. The picture goes on, and the people on the screen move around and open their mouths, but there is only silence. The fact is, I was the only noisy person in our car. My eye was getting worse and worse. The pain almost drove me crazy. One morning, a guard took me to the train commandant, who looked at me and talked me over with his assistant. The following day, we stopped in a big station and I was taken off the train. Somebody said we were in Odessa. Under guard, I marched—or, rather, I staggered deliriously—through the streets until we came to a primitive-looking building with bare walls and concrete floors, which turned out to be an Army hospital. In a plain, drab room, I was examined by two doctors in grayish coats. One was Jewish and spoke broken German. He said the eye looked bad and he wasn't sure whether it could be saved, but they would try anyway. I asked what they were going to do, and he said, 'Operate, of course,' and I said, 'Where?' and he stared at me in surprise and said, 'What do you mean, where? Right here, of course.' The place looked terrible, and there was almost no equipment, as far as I could see, but by that time I was beyond caring. Well, I don't know how they did it, but the operation was a success and I was able to keep fifty per cent of the sight in that eye. Last year, I was examined by the most famous ophthalmologist in Prague. He said that those Russian doctors in Odessa had done a miraculous job."

Dubsky stayed at the hospital until, at the end of three weeks, the doctors pronounced him fit to go back to jail. He was taken to a prison and put in solitary confinement for two weeks. One morning, he was led into a big room, where four men in civilian clothes were sitting behind a long table. One of them, presumably the president or chairman, began to look through Dubsky's file, which was lying in front of him. The file seemed to have got even bigger. The president quoted a number of paragraphs from it, speaking very fast in a low voice. Dubsky had only begun to understand Russian, and he didn't know what was going on. The men asked him a few questions, but no one ever told him what he had been accused of, and he was never permitted to speak on his own behalf. After twenty minutes of this, the president handed Dubsky a Russian document, which Dubsky couldn't read, and told him to sign it.

"What I signed up for, I soon learned, was ten years of forced labor," Dubsky said. "I was thirty-eight years old then, and I figured that by the time I got out—if I ever did get out—I would be almost fifty and an old man. That night, I didn't sleep. I lay there in the darkness thinking of my wife, whom I was sure I would never see again, and when I tasted salt, I knew I was crying. As you can see, I had become something of an idiot, after less than three months in various Russian jails." He got up and opened the door into the corridor. "We're just coming into Přerov," he said. "Let's go stretch our legs."

WHEN we got back to our compartment, a sallow-faced man in a double-breasted blue suit and a shirt with a stiff white collar was sitting by the window, next to Dubsky's seat, reading *Rudé Právo*, the Prague paper of the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia. A briefcase was lying beside him, and two pencils and a fountain pen were sticking out of his breast pocket. He looked like an accountant or a minor government official. As the train started to move, the conductor came in, respectfully saluted the newcomer, punched his ticket, and asked whether he could be of service. The newcomer shook his head, and the conductor, saluting again, departed. The stranger settled back in his corner, apparently getting ready for a nap. "Well, I guess you want to know what happened to me in Russia," Dubsky said to me. He shot a glance at the man beside him, who had closed his eyes. I don't think there was any trace of fear in Dubsky's action; it was more a reflex movement of caution. But in any case he got up from his seat and sat down next to me. "It never hurts to be careful," he said. The train had picked up speed, and the monotonous racket of the wheels almost drowned out his voice. I didn't think there was a chance of the man's overhearing us, but I well understood what was going on in Dubsky's mind.

"If you don't want to talk now . . ." I said.

"He can't hear," he said. "Let's see. Where was I?"

"You were in Odessa, after your sentence."

"Oh, yes. Well, I stayed in Odessa five more weeks. Nothing more happened there. Then, one day in August, 1939, they put me on another prison train. Same story—the freight cars with straw on the floors, the iron stoves and piles of firewood, though now there was no need for them, and the wretched bundles of apathetic prisoners and their files of *dokumenty*. Only, this time the trip seemed to have no end. On and on we went, day after day, week after week. Sometimes we would stop in an obscure station for an hour, and sometimes for half a day. I asked the other prisoners and the guards where we were going, but the prisoners didn't know, and the guards wouldn't say, *if* they knew. I noticed that we were going northeast all the time. It was getting very warm, and we started passing through huge primeval forests—red and white pines, the biggest fir trees I've ever seen in my life. One night, one of the guards said we were in Siberia, which surprised me. I had always thought of Siberia as an icy, barren steppe. From time to time, the train would stop in the middle of a forest, and the engineer, the train commandant, and the guards would get out and sit down under the trees by the tracks, smoking, and drinking vodka and rum. I never found out where they got the stuff. Altogether, we were on the train for thirty-two days and nights. One afternoon, we arrived at what looked like a big cattle pen. The prisoners were ordered to get out and fall into three ranks. I saw a big shield with 'SIBLAG 54' on it above the gate. I didn't know what this meant, but slowly it dawned upon me that it might be here, in the middle of the primeval Siberian forests, that I would serve my ten years."

Evidently the train had not been expected, because the prisoners were herded into an enclosure alongside the tracks and left there for a night and a day while guards, camp officials, and N.K.V.D. officers shuttled back and forth, handing each other files of *dokumenty*, going into huddles, and displaying the ludicrous mixture of solemnity and confusion that seems to be a charac-

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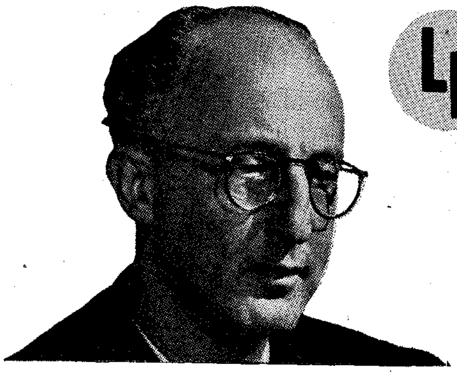

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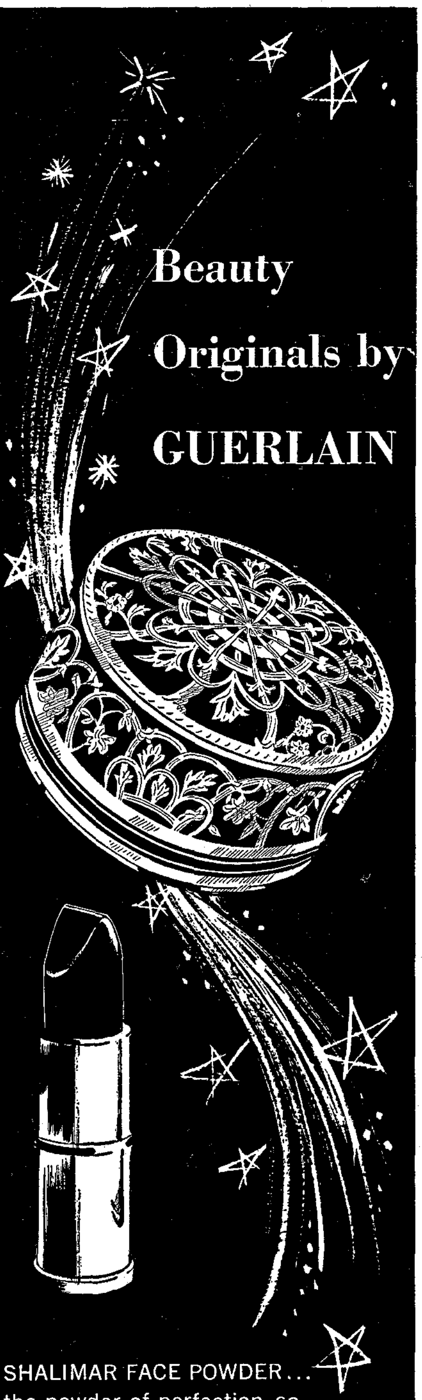

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teristic of petty bureaucrats everywhere. Finally, the prisoners were called up by their numbers and taken away in small groups. Dubsky and seven other men were marched off by two guards. For three hours, they tramped along a dirt road through the forest. Everything seemed to have enormous, jungle-like proportions—ferns that were taller than a man, vastly prolific vines and bushes, giant trees that made Dubsky feel that he was Gulliver in Brobdingnag. And there were strangely shaped, brilliantly colored flowers, the like of which he had never seen before. He asked one of the guards what they were, and by way of answer the guard kicked him and told him to move on. This tempered Dubsky's interest in Siberian plant life.

It started to rain, and soon the rain turned into a cloudburst. Dubsky wasn't surprised to note that it was the most violent cloudburst he had ever been in—that even the raindrops seemed to be bigger and wetter than raindrops anywhere else. Within a few minutes, the road had become an ankle-deep morass, in which the men almost bogged down. Every now and then, they passed a large wooden camp in the middle of the forest, weather-beaten buildings surrounded by ten-foot walls with barbed wire on top and a watchtower at every corner, where sentries stood behind machine guns. Big, crude wooden signs over the entrances identified the camps in red letters, as "RAION [Region] A," "RAION B," and so on. In the compounds, groups of ragged prisoners, under guard and carrying axes and saws, wallowed through the deep mud.

It was getting dark when Dubsky and his group stopped at an enclosure similar to the ones he had seen along the road. This time the sign said "RAION E." In the greenish twilight, the place looked desolate. Guards with tommy guns seemed to be everywhere. On a watchtower, a soldier was cleaning the lens of a searchlight. The men of Dubsky's group were dropped off at various buildings. Dubsky himself was pushed into a barracks with a big "9" on the door.

"I was almost knocked down by the stench inside," he said. "The place was one large room. The windows were tight shut and, I found, never opened, winter or summer. There was a large tiled stove in the front of the room, and to the rear I saw two rows of double-decker bunks. On the bunks were dirty straw mattresses. A few had pillows. Men were lying on the bunks in strange, cramped positions, as if they had fallen with exhaustion and were unable to move. Most of them wore dirty, grayish rags that had little similarity to clothes. I was given one of the bunks at the far end of the barracks, which, it was soon clear, was the worst location. During the cold months, the fire in the big stove was never allowed to go out, but the heat hardly ever went beyond the middle of the room. While the men in the bunks close to the stove were being fried, we in the rear were shivering with the cold."

The first prisoner in the barracks to approach Dubsky was, to his astonishment, another Czech, a former Army officer whom I will call Hora. Like Dubsky, he had crossed the Russian border illegally and had been caught. He was serving a twelve-year sentence. "Back home, he was a mining engineer," Dubsky said. "He told me he had probably got two extra years because he had been a member of the Social-Democratic Party. 'Fellow-Marxists don't love one another,' he said, laughing. Hora was a good-natured, easygoing man, and he took a remarkably philosophical view of his predicament. 'I'm used to trouble,' he said. 'Anyway, cheer up. We won't be here forever. Sooner or later, an amnesty is going to be signed for all Czechs here.' "

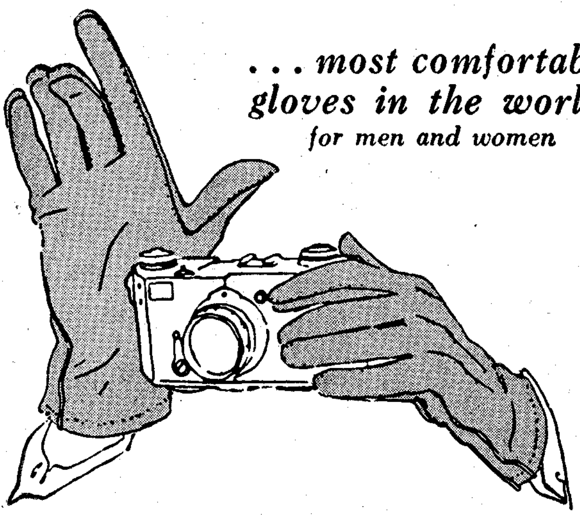
Hora had been in the camp three months and was able to give Dubsky a thorough briefing on the setup. Siblag 54, as the settlement was called, belonged to the Siberian Camp Group, a cluster of camps and settlements in western Siberia, scattered over an area of sixty square miles, between Novosibirsk and Tomsk. Headquarters were in Novosibirsk, about a hundred miles to the south. The nearest village was over forty miles away. "Siblag 54 consisted of six *raiony* and a punitive camp," Dubsky said. "Each *raion* had ten barracks or zones. Hora and I were in Zone 9, Raion E, and he told me not to bother about the rest, because I was never going to go anywhere else. There were a hundred and twenty men in our barracks, and twelve hundred in each *raion*, and about two hundred and fifty guards and administration men for the whole camp—most of them N.K.V.D. personnel. All in all, counting the punitive camp, there must have been between nine and ten thousand men in Siblag 54. We were engaged in the lumbering business. Actually, we were pretty lucky. We weren't in a corrective labor camp but a so-called migrants' settlement, a much milder form of forced-labor camp." He went on to explain that in the early thirties large minority groups had been exiled from western Russia to open up the country behind the Ural Mountains. In 1938, when Stalin began to prepare for war in earnest, these special migrants were ordered to move farther east, and their former settlements were used for prisoners, whose number had increased greatly.

"Hora told me that many of our guards were special migrants who volunteered to stay on here in camp," Dubsky continued. " 'They're not so bad' he said. 'And we work only ten or eleven hours a day.' I was too dumfounded and miserable to say anything. 'And watch out for those boys over there,' Hora said, pointing to a group of prisoners who were sitting on the floor, playing a game with the dirtiest cards I've ever seen. 'We call them *ooroki.* They're common criminals—*criminal* criminals. Murderers, thieves, bandits—everything. About fifty per cent of the prisoners are *ooroki,* and they're hand in glove with the guards and have preference with the camp authorities. Many of them are trusties. They get the easy jobs. In return, they report us political offenders to the N.K.V.D. Watch your step. They're dangerous. And they steal like ravens!' "

THE Prague express slowed down, and Dubsky's voice seemed suddenly loud. He glanced casually at the man in the blue suit and stopped talking. The man didn't stir. Then the train picked up speed, the rhythmic noise of the wheels filled the compartment again, and Dubsky went on with his story.

"Among the political offenders—the non-*ooroki*—were different groups," he said. "There were the Thirty-seveners, who had been arrested for 'espionage' during the 1937 purge. Some of the prisoners had been sentenced under Article 58 of the Criminal Code, 'wrecking activities against the state,' or under Article 111, 'failure to perform official duties.' Many of these were former industrial managers in Russia who had failed to meet their efficiency quotas, and others were technicians whose work had been 'defective.' I began to understand why none of the political prisoners cared *what* he was charged with. Practically anything you had done fell under one of those headings, and what difference did it make?"

The officers running Siblag 54 were



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N.K.V.D. men, and they were transferred every year, to prevent them from becoming friendly with the prisoners. The prisoners had their own administrative organization, under the close supervision of the N.K.V.D. The affairs of each *raion* were divided into four departments: Food, Supplies, Health, and Work. Three of the department heads in Dubsky's *raion* were political prisoners, and they worked harder than almost anybody else in the *raion*. The head of the Food Department had been a professor of biochemistry at Leningrad University, and was a frail, tuberculous man. The head of Supplies was an ex-merchant from Tashkent who had been arrested for some unidentified malfeasance. The man in charge of the Health Department had been a surgeon in Moscow. Only the head of the Work Department was an *oorok*. This was no accident, since it was his department's task to see that all work quotas were filled. None of the political offenders could be trusted to perform as slave drivers. Most of the "politicals" had been teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, officials, shopkeepers, or writers—almost a cross-section of what was once called the middle class.

"A labor camp is probably the only place in the Soviet Union where a Russian will allow himself to be friendly with a foreigner," Dubsky said. "Among the hundred and twenty men in our barracks were Latvians, Poles, Lithuanians, Estonians, Bessarabians, Volga-Germans, Tatars, Ukrainians, Uzbeks, Kazaks, Armenians, Caucasians, and Georgians. There was a priest, a member of the Greek Orthodox Church in Kiev. And two Austrians, who had been members of the Communist Party in Austria. I never found out why *they* were there. Members of the same national or racial group would stick together, but there was little racial strife or other antagonism between the groups, because such things were punished severely. One day, an order of the camp commandant was read at assembly. It informed us that a guard had been sentenced to five years of corrective labor in the Urals for calling a prisoner 'dirty Jew.'

"Most of the Russian political offenders had been sent to Siberia because at one time or another they had been outside the Soviet Union and on their return had kept in touch with friends abroad. The biochemistry professor, for instance, had been in Germany and England in 1928, to attend two scientific congresses. When he got back home, the secret police made him write down the names of all people he'd met. There must have been hundreds of them, and the professor tried his best to remember them all. A year or so later, he received a letter from a German scientist whose name he had omitted to put down on the list. He was arrested and sent to Asiatic Russia for twelve years. The Moscow surgeon once told me that he had been made to confess 'wrecking activities against the state' because he had been caught reading a number of scientific journals that had been smuggled in by friends. Also in our barracks were two former guards at a camp in Kamchatka, who had been sentenced for taking bribes. They were quite stoical about it. One told me that Stalin himself had once said, 'Sure, everybody takes bribes, but they're much smaller now than they used to be under the Czar.' Hora knew of one criminal who had bribed his way out of camp before I got there, but he didn't use rubles, of course. He had American dollar bills. Nobody knew what had happened to him."

"American dollars?" I asked.

"You'd be surprised how much they were in demand," Dubsky said. "If I'd been able to keep the few dollars that I took over the border, I might have got out myself, assuming I'd been able to work my way around the stool pigeons."

Our fellow-traveller in the blue suit shifted slightly, and I put my hand on Dubsky's knee. The man opened his eyes and looked at us with what I thought was suspicion. Then he yawned, stretched out his legs, leaned back, and closed his eyes. "Suppose we go out in the corridor or into the dining car," I whispered to Dubsky. He shook his head. "The diner is closed now, and the corridor is unheated," he said. "No, let's stay right here. The hell with him. Why should we jump around because the little rat may be eavesdropping?" He broke off and chuckled. "You see, they didn't take *all* the starch out of me over there. But I was lucky to be in a migrants' settlement. I'm sure I wouldn't have survived a corrective labor camp. Not that our place was a vacation resort—ugly, flat barracks, muddy paths between the buildings, and a couple of ridiculous flower beds in front of the commandant's office. Each *raion* had its own kitchen, bathhouse, and dispensary. The dispensary was a small shack filled with half a dozen cots that were even dirtier than the bunks in our barracks. There were no medical supplies to speak of, except a drink made from fir branches, which was said to have a strong vitamin content that prevented scurvy. On the other hand, the camp hospital was in good shape and had a modern operating room. You were always running up against that sort of paradox. For instance, there was a medical inspection every ten days, which sounds fine. The catch was that even if you were sick, the doctor couldn't, or wouldn't, admit it, because, like everybody else, he had his quota to fill—in his case, a quota of healthy people. Only when prisoners collapsed and were near death would they be sent to the hospital. Later, they'd get light work and a special diet, with more fats."

"What was your day like?" I asked.

"We got up at four-thirty, winter and summer," Dubsky said. "The day started with roll call, which was like something out of Chekhov. We would line up, and a Russian sergeant, flanked by two privates, would start counting. He would walk from one man to the next, counting aloud and keeping track on his fingers of each five men counted. He would start out with great enthusiasm and in a military manner, but by the time he got to fifty he would be confused, and finally he would say the hell with it. In all those months, I never heard a sergeant finish the count. In fact, I never heard one get beyond fifty. Then, after roll call, we would be taken to the kitchen for breakfast. Two warm meals a day—breakfast, at five A.M., of potato or cabbage soup, or *kasha* [a kind of cereal cake] with melted soy fat, and dinner, at five-thirty P.M., of a watery soup and a buckwheat paste. Twice a month, there was horse meat, which was a delicacy. After breakfast came the distribution of the daily bread ration, the big event of the day. The camp bakery was two miles away, and a detail of prisoners, under guard, would go get the bread and bring it back on big wooden boards. By the time they arrived at the barracks, a few kilos of bread would always be missing. The camp authorities tried to prevent this pilfering in various ways, but with no result. They went so far as to cut the loaves into flat pieces, cover them with another board, and nail the whole works together, but even then bread was stolen. Furthermore, the nails disappeared. They were valued as sewing needles and also as weapons. Eventually, one of the criminal prisoners stabbed another to death with a sharpened nail. After

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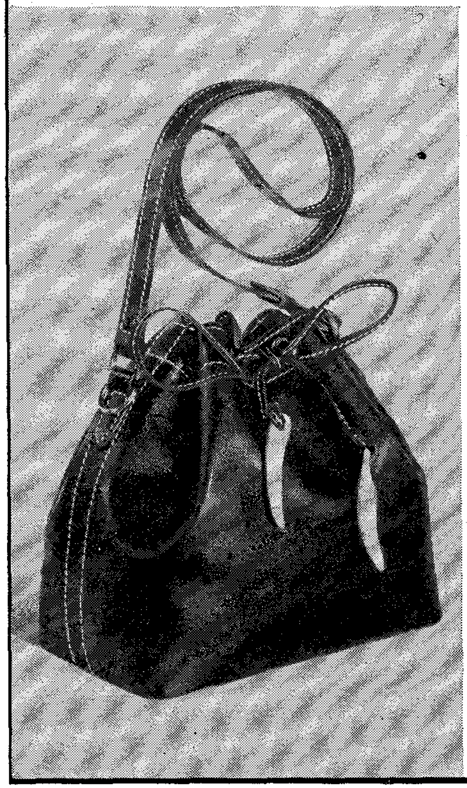

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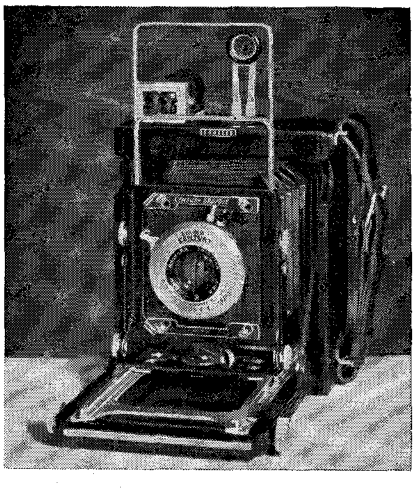

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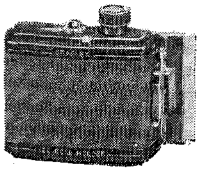

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that, the authorities gave up the nailing system."

At seven o'clock, the prisoners formed work brigades in front of the barracks and were marched out into the forest. Apparently, the camp authorities subscribed to the theory that music increases workers' morale, because each brigade was accompanied to and from work by a noisy brass band. The musicians were always out of tune, and especially so during the winter months, when they wore thick gloves. Their labors were not appreciated by the men, who would stumble through ankle-deep mud in summer or knee-deep snow in winter while the trumpets blared fortissimo. Among the standard marches in the band's repertory were Sousa's "Washington Post," evidently not considered in Siberia to be a dangerous piece of decadent Western culture, and a Johann Strauss march that had been popular in Vienna during the Hapsburg era. Sometimes, on the way home at night, the brigade would meet a column from another *raion*. Then the two bands would try to outplay each other, while the prisoners, almost blind with exhaustion, staggered through the darkness. It must have been a picture out of Dante.

"During the summer, the forest was strange and overwhelming," Dubsky said. "The skies were as deep a blue as in southern Italy, and the sun was hot, but the ground was often cold. It was like having a broiler over your head and a refrigerator under your feet. We never enjoyed the sun, because it brought out gnats and midges and scorpions and the biggest and worst flies and mosquitoes I've ever seen. The ground was covered with deep-green moss, and growing in it here and there were those lush flowers with curious shapes and brilliant colors that I had seen on my first day in the Siberian forest. Of course, I knew by now that they were orchids. There were only two climates—the very hot and the very cold. Sometimes the thermometer would drop as much as fifty degrees in twenty-four hours. We had to work outdoors every day, unless the temperature got down to fifty below zero. Work in the forests on those cold days was a torture. For every job done—practically for every tree felled—a quota-report form had to be filled out, in triplicate. Did you ever try to make out a triplicate copy when it's forty degrees below zero? Terrible. I would work with an axe until I was soaking wet with sweat and then sit down in the snow and feel the blizzard go through my bones. Don't ask me why I didn't catch so much as a cold. The surgeon said the Siberian air had something to do with it, being so clean and sharp and germfree."

OUR train slowed down and the compartment door opened. The conductor came in and shook the sallow-faced man in the blue suit. "Coming in to Pardubice, sir," he said. The man yawned, rubbed his eyes, and looked at us. I wondered if he had been really asleep. He gathered up his topcoat, briefcase, and newspaper, and left the car. When the train stopped and he got off, I saw him speak to the conductor and point to our compartment. As the train started up again, the conductor walked through the corridor past our compartment and paused for a second to stare at me. Or maybe I just thought he did.

"Was it possible to escape from your camp, if you couldn't bribe your way out?" I asked Dubsky.

"In all my twenty-three months, I heard of only five successful escapes—none of them from our *raion*," he said. "A man's chances of getting away were slim. During the winter, you would starve or freeze to death before you could reach the nearest village, more than forty miles away. During the hot season, they would hunt you down with wolfhounds. No, it was better to stay where you were and hope for some kind of political break. I remember that Hora and I thought such a break had come when, on June 22, 1941, Germany attacked the Soviet Union. We heard about it when an officer from the N.K.V.D.'s Cultural and Educational Department turned up to make a speech at the barracks. His announcement got a mixed reaction. Some of the political offenders were cheered by the hope that the move had doomed the hated Stalin regime. Most of them, however, and all the criminals were strongly anti-German. During the next two months, many of the criminals were given their choice of staying in camp or getting out and fighting in the Red Army. About twenty per cent decided in favor of the Army. None of the politicals was given the choice, though."

Gradually, changes in the camp administration became apparent. The younger guards and N.K.V.D. men disappeared and were replaced by older men. The pep talks by the Cultural and Educational officers became daily after-dinner features and soon developed into two-hour sessions called *kultura*. "Hora kept telling me that we would be released very soon," Dubsky said. "And sure enough, early in the spring of 1942 a Czech officer appeared in our *raion* and told Hora and me that a Czechoslovak unit of the Red Army was being formed, under General Ludvík Svoboda, who is now Czechoslovakia's Minister of National Defense. Those Czechs who signed up would be released. Hora and I signed on the spot. On July 23, 1942, we left Siblag 54 and were sent to a small place near Kuibyshev, where General Svoboda had about two hundred men, the nucleus of what was to become the Czech Brigade. I was given back my old rank of first lieutenant. One of the first men I met there was the official from the Czechoslovak Embassy in Warsaw who had advised me so strongly to go to Russia, because the Russians were our only friends." Dubsky laughed. "I felt like giving him hell, but the poor fellow had gone to Russia himself, as he'd said he would. He'd been less lucky than I and had been sent to a terrible corrective camp in the arctic region, near Archangel. Well, it was a long journey home from Kuibyshev to Prague, and not all of us made it. Hora was badly wounded and can't use his right leg very well, but he's here, too, and has his job back. I arrived in Prague, with my outfit, on May 15, 1945, just a week after the end of the war. I found my wife, and she was all right, and that was all that mattered." Dubsky stared into space for a moment and then said, "Let's have something to eat. My wife always puts a few sausages and rolls in my bag, even if I'm only going on an hour's trip. And her little cakes are delicious." He took his suitcase down from the rack, opened it, and offered me a roll. We ate without speaking, each busy with his own thoughts.

The train was coming to a stop. I looked out the window and saw we were in Vysočany, a suburb of Prague. Express trains don't ordinarily stop there, and I couldn't understand the delay until I saw our conductor run into the station and come out with a khaki-clad customs officer. They boarded our car and entered our compartment. The customs man ordered us to open our baggage. Dubsky's suitcase was still lying beside him, and the customs officer went through it methodically, throwing everything out onto the seat. Dubsky looked on with faint amusement. "Don't wear yourself out, Officer," he said.

The inspector gave him a hard look. "That's not funny," he said. "The country is full of spies and black-market operators." He turned to me. "Now

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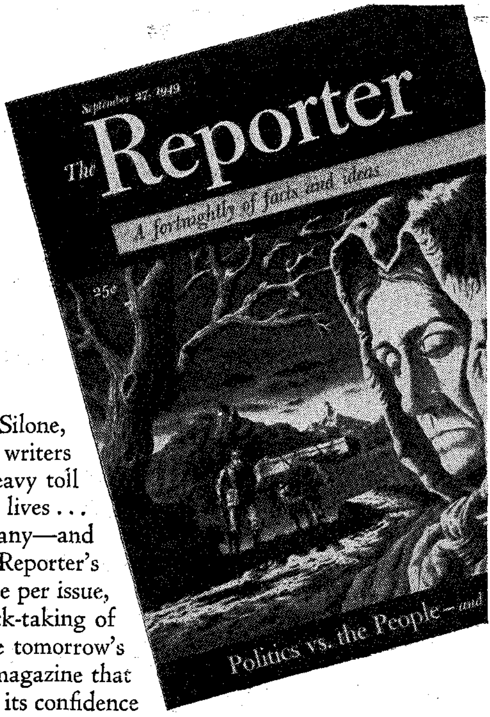

politics
vs.
the people

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yours." He went through my bag carefully and then straightened up. "Your papers," he demanded. He examined them thoroughly and handed them back. "All right," he said to the conductor, who had been watching us severely from the door, and both men walked out.

We put our stuff back into our bags. When we finished, I was still cursing the customs inspector, but Dubsky didn't seem to care. He had spotted a newspaper vender on the platform and had bought the latest editions of all the Prague papers. He sat down and began reading the sports pages. "The *Svobodné Noviny* says that Sparta has a chance to beat Slavia!" he exclaimed triumphantly. Just then the conductor passed by in the corridor. He stopped and looked at Dubsky. "Sure, Sparta's going to win," he said, "if they can only hang on during the first half of the game. Those Slavia forwards can't stand more than fifty minutes of running. No stamina. Do you mind if I have a look?" He reached for one of the papers. Through the window I could see the first tall buildings of the city. We would be in Prague's Wilson Station in a minute. I got up and put on my overcoat. "Tell me," I said to the conductor, trying to sound casual, "who was that man sitting by the window, who got out in Pardubice?"

The conductor looked up from his paper. "Oh, he's a big U.R.O. official," he said. The U.R.O. is the powerful Communist Central Trade Union Council, whose former chairman, Antonin Zápotocký, is now Czechoslovakia's Prime Minister. "He asked me to have you two gentlemen investigated. Of course, I didn't know you were Sparta fans." He shrugged in embarrassment. "You know how it is nowadays. If a man wants to keep his job—"

"Listen to this!" Dubsky cried in great excitement, and read from his newspaper, " 'Barring any last-minute changes, we venture the opinion that Sparta has a fair chance to beat Slavia. It all depends on whether the Sparta forwards will pass the ball instead of dribbling, and kick it hard when they get hold of it.' "

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

MATELASSE
Beautifully Suited for a Woman's Fall
—*Adv. for a dress in the Cleveland News.*

Not wishing anybody any hard luck, of course.

HIT BY TRUNK LID, SKULL FRACTURED

The News-Herald has received the following telegram from Mrs. Stephanie Hollenbeck of Detroit, Mich., who sent the message from Iowa City. The telegram is printed verbatim. Information received by the News-Herald today indicates that Mrs. Buchmeyer suffered a brain concussion and not a skull fracture. She returned from the hospital to Toledo Monday so that she might care for her father-in-law, Mr. George Buchmeyer.

"Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer of Toledo entered Mercy Hospital in Iowa City Wednesday afternoon August 17 for X-Rays for a skull fracture. She was injured when the lid of the trunk of her car fell on her near Danville, Ill. She was driving her father-in-law Mr. George Buchmeyer to Danville to see his brother John Buchmeyer who is ill and whom Mr. Buchmeyer had not seen in 28 years. Mr. George Buchmeyer is also in delicate health from heart trouble and Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer wanted to fulfill her promise to her father-in-law that he would see all his brothers once more which is the reason she did not go to the hospital when the accident happened.

"Mrs. Buchmeyer stopped in Davenport on the way back to visit Mr. Buchmeyer's sister's son and daughter Cecilia and George Kraft. By Sunday Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer was in such pain that Cecilia put her to bed. Monday afternoon Mrs. Buchmeyer drove her father-in-law to visit another brother, Ben Buchmeyer, of Walcott, Iowa whom Mr. Buchmeyer had not seen in 60 years.

Life of Luxury

"Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer gave up a life of ease and luxury with three servants to wait upon her to become a farmer's bride. She only met her husband once and it was love at first sight. Three hours later they became engaged and she had a diamond ring on her finger. She and Charles Buchmeyer corresponded for eight months before she came to Tama to be married. She had no training in housekeeping but she was an apt pupil. Her husband, Charles, taught her to make pancakes and to keep house.

Dropped Dead

"During the war Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer wanted to do something to help the war effort so she went to work in an airplane factory in Detroit, Mich. Her younger brother went overseas and came back paralyzed. Her mother dropped dead when that happened.

Guardian Angel

"Mr. George Buchmeyer is in the hospital with his daughter-in-law. He would not leave his guardian angel, as he calls his daughter-in-law to go back to his farm. Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer has been taking fine care of her father-in-law since December 4, 1948. She is a graduate in physiotherapy, hydrotherapy, and electrotherapy from a private school in Michigan. Written by a friend of Mrs. Charles Buchmeyer from Detroit, Mich."

Signed—Mrs. Stephanie Hollenbeck
—*Tama (Iowa) News-Herald.*

What was that, a straight wire?

Young-Timers look well beyond the immediate horizon when it comes to choosing a fall-winter coat. A good bet: double-breasted, leather-belted Wool Chinchilla...frankly big, becomingly burly. Collar can be muffled or rolled away... pockets that can come in good stead.

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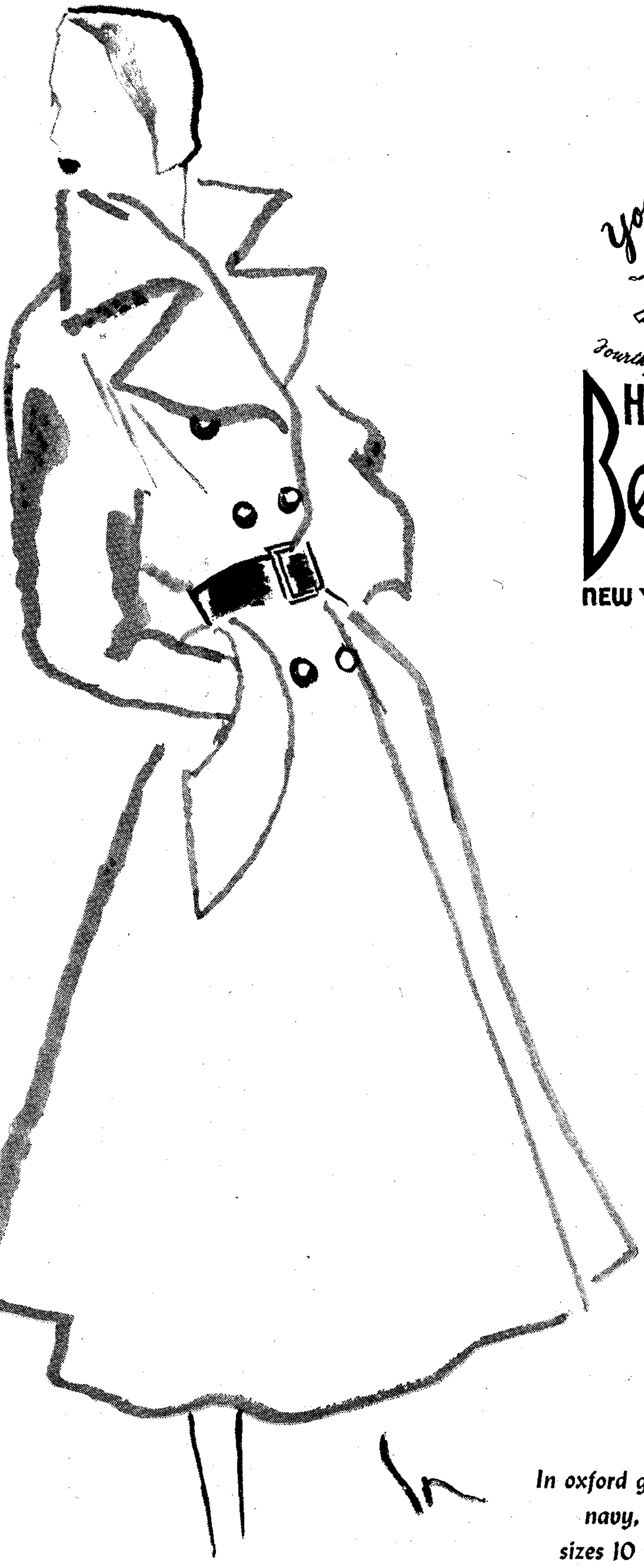

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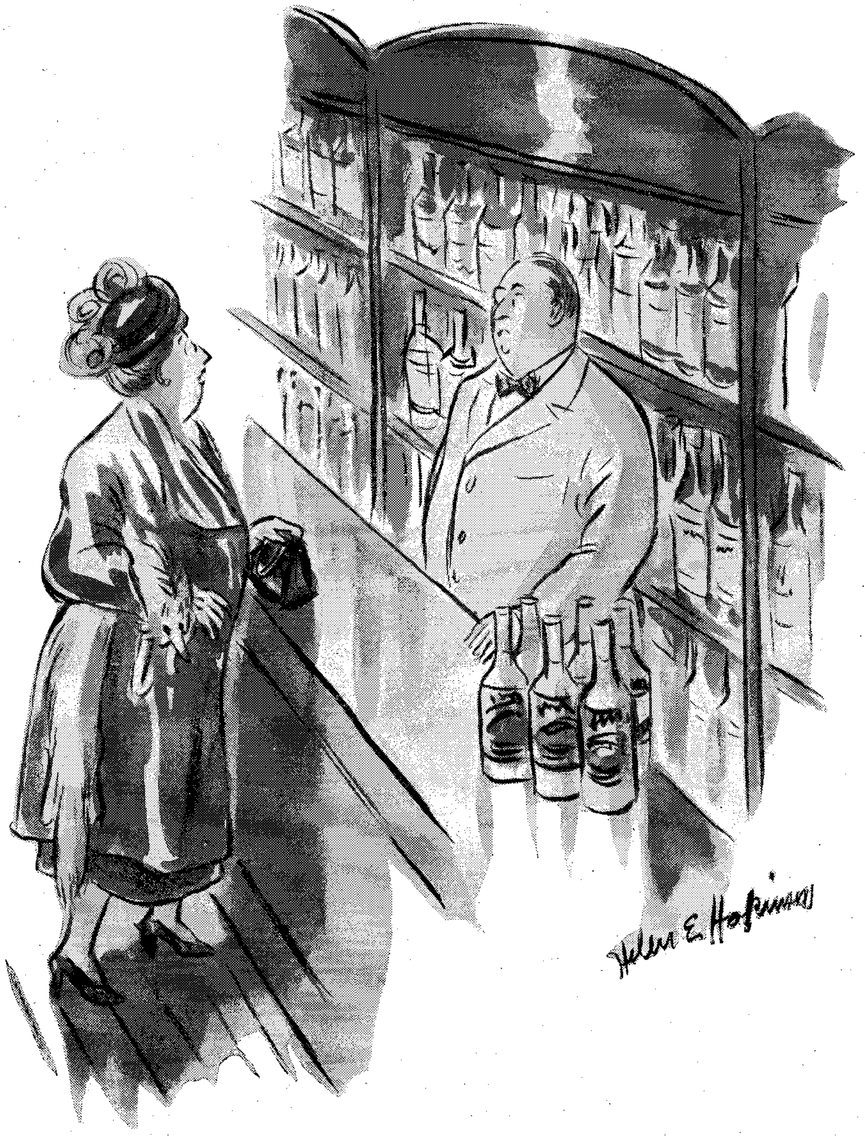
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE neighborhood tailors, happy and prosperous since the upheaval in fashions brought on by the New Look (and whatever became of *that* phrase?), continue to chortle. All the women who swore they'd never lengthen their skirts, and who subsequently lengthened them, inch by profitable inch, are now swearing that they'll never shorten them. And shorten them, of course, they will; the narrow skirt is rampant, and it must be short enough for you to walk in it. For daytime, anything less than fourteen inches from the floor is now downright dowdy on women of average height, but it should be a comfort to know that as dusk approaches, anything goes. A glance at the fall custom collections conveys the impression, too, that tops are likely to be simple to the point of skimpiness. For there are lots of nineteen-twenties oval-, square-, or bateau-neckline dresses that have broad straps over the tips of the shoulders and then decide to be sleeveless (with the omnipresent dinner hats, they look quite naked), and there are many V necks with charming deep, pointed collars. Despite the meagre look above the waist, however, so many clothes have dolman or draped sleeves that broad-chested women are beginning to whimper. Hattie Carnegie shows Lord Byron sleeves, gathered on below a sloping shoulder, for both day and evening. And lots of collars rare up in back and flare beside the ears. But it is the skirts that command the greatest attention. The straight, narrow chemise dress (still belted at the normal waistline, though there are signs of a lower one, particularly at Saks Fifth Avenue) is back again, and Hattie Carnegie is its great champion; suit skirts are slim, too, with pockets, folds, and tucked detail around the hips. These slim skirts are often let severely alone, but in some afternoon dresses they are tricked out with all kinds of monkeyshines, such as flares, to make the basic line seem even slimmer. Everybody uses apron or overskirt detail, sometimes real and sometimes simulated. Bendel goes very 1914 with long, flaring tunics reaching to within four inches of the skirt's hem, and goes 1949 mad with puffy, flaring peplums over some pencil skirts; many of Sophie's (Saks Fifth Avenue) afternoon dresses are pulled up tightly to one hip, and more exaggerated versions of the irregular hemline are all around. Bendel's dresses can be very short in front and descend to a train in back; Carnegie's are occasionally long in front and short in back. The brief dinner-and-dance dress, mid-calf to ankle length, done in formal fabrics, is also on hand, and it looks good, too. Bergdorf Goodman like amidships smocking released in soft folds, and pleats of all sorts, notably sunburst ones released a bit above the knees, to give softness to day and evening clothes. Flamboyant color is visible in the linings of panels and aprons around town. The designers have never made jersey look better, and surahs and failles and taffeta have come into their own again in dresses that are as suitable for lunch as for a down-front table at the 2 A.M. floor show.

CUSTOM houses, I have always felt, should let their creative urges have full play and permit the customer to effect what modulations she may think necessary. And no one is more creative than Bendel, whose short formal dresses include one of white lace with a modest V neck and an overskirt curving away in front to display the huge Kelly-green ribbon bow that terminates the wide green band on the underskirt below the hips. Then, a black satin sheath has huge puffed peplums (harem stuff, this) extending below the back of one knee and burgeoning out high on the opposite hip. This dress also has the shallow V front and back that appear constantly in this

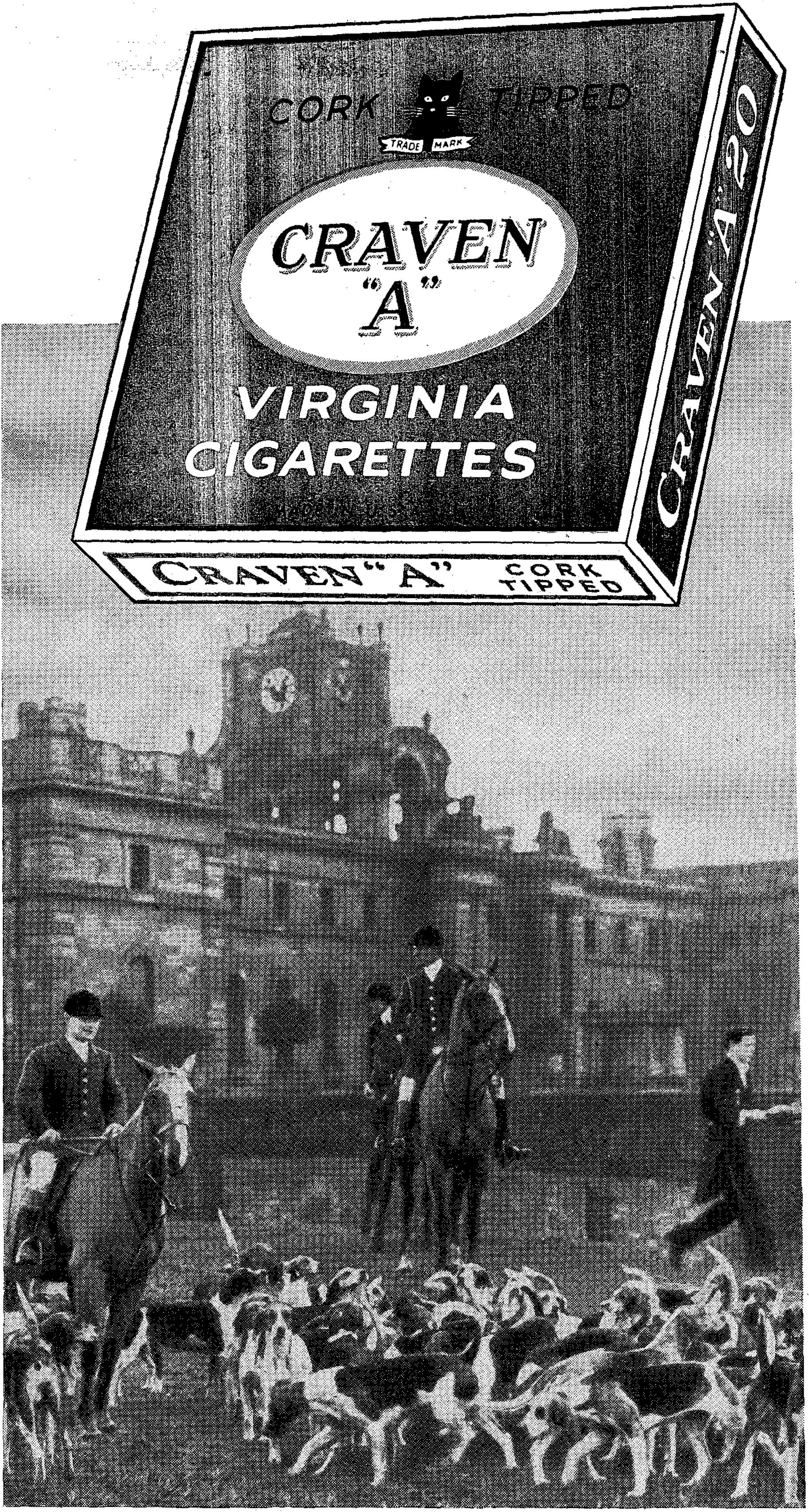


"A widower who used to live in Paris is coming for dinner, and I'm at my wit's end!"

collection. A navy satin dress has a double-tiered puffed peplum dipping in back; a garnet changeable taffeta has another puffed business, almost knee-length all around. Among the transparencies, there is the inevitable strapless top wrapped around the bosom. This is of neon-pink satin. Over the short underskirt goes a long black net skirt scrolled with pink paillettes below the hips. A strapless black satin sheath has an overskirt that is all black sequins. As for irregular hemlines, black Lyons velvet makes a dress that is long and narrow and caught so that it flares on one hip. A slender black faille dress, very short in front, goes into a swallow-tail train in back, and so does one with a nude satin shirtwaist top and a black faille skirt. Pale-blue faille produces a knowing one-strap dress that hugs the body but has gathered panels trailing low in back; black taffeta is draped long in back and short in front on it, resulting in curved drapery down the hips.

Bendel's flaring tunic overskirts are often below knee-length (Irene Castle should be nostalgic). One, of black taffeta, flat front and back and flaring at the sides, is worn over a strapless sheath of slate-blue satin. A dress of black faille, for afternoon this time, has a circular front apron lined with sapphire satin. Bendel's bows also flare jaggedly; a huge one goes on the front of a simple, two-piece moiré dress and behind one hip of another moiré. A dinner suit has a changeable taffeta jacket with appliquéd velvet squares, a collar that is up in back and curling under the ears, and a peplum flaring at the sides. The skirt, of plain black velvet, is straight and narrow. Day suits have a way of wrapping and buttoning on one hip. A simple black wool suit has a Persian shoulder cape. A flare-back suit has a black wool jacket with sealskin bands down the flat front, and a backward flare low on the skirt. Everything is exciting, and more wearable than you'd think to hear me tell it.

HATTIE CARNEGIE has never been better. Her suits this year are sometimes of black wool, with pockets on the jacket jutting sharply down from the waistline, or of gray wool, with a jacket that has a longish peplum dipping front and back. She still shows a few box jackets, such as a black wool-and-velvet one, or one cut straight front and back and slashed to flare at the sides. This last is part of a tweed costume. Most of Hattie's jackets are nipped and trim, and you can still find some cir-



MEET OF THE HEYTHROP HUNT AT *Blenheim Palace*

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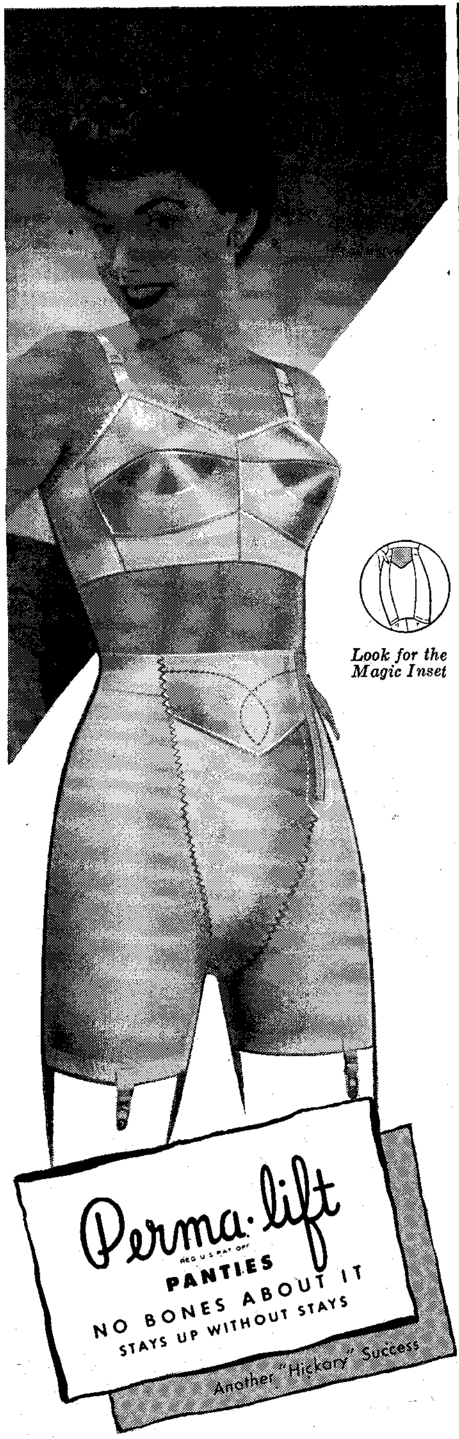
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH WILL OPEN BLENHEIM PALACE TO THE PUBLIC IN THE SPRING.



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cular skirts. A jacket that is quite hippy goes over a circular skirt with "briefcase" pockets so made that they look as if they were on the jacket. A flannel jacket in "peppermill" (dark gray) has tab detail just below one of the unpadded shoulders, to give the illusion of width. She uses gray squirrel this season to line a knee-length coat and to make a stole lined with fuchsia velvet. She likes skimpy jersey chemise dresses, and even makes one outfit of wool jersey—a redingote with briefcase pockets, worn over a simple dress with a pointed collar below the V neckline and a nipped, belted waistline. It's the "little" dress par excellence. But it is in her elaboration of the tight sheath dress that Hattie Carnegie is most successful. Her outstanding trick is a tight, molded skirt caught in under fullness in the back, a trick she uses for every time of day. A sleeveless black satin dinner dress with a deep oval neck has fullness back of each hipbone; a high-necked sheath has fan-shaped fullness in back; a white damask mid-calf dance dress with a neck that is oval in front and bateau in back has wide, circular panels down the back of the detachable overskirt. Even some dinner suits, in satin-striped silk rep, have fullness in the back. Overskirts and aprons—often detachable, so that you can leave them home or wear them either front or back—are everywhere. Aprons appear on lovely, all-day-long dresses of black surah, some with a pocket inside the apron front. A heavy silk jersey sheath has a velvet apron that is full on the hips and lined with red taffeta. There can be side panels, too; the hippy, gathered ones on a taffeta dress are adorned with tassels and flare out above the hemline. Carnegie loves swag treatment around and about a lowered waistline; a tinfoil-red satin dance dress with wide straps has drapery going across the back of the hips to end in a knot, and sash ends swinging at one side.

AT Bergdorf Goodman, the easy, effortless soft skirt is still around for those who feel that a sheath will never become them. The use of smocking or pleats through the center section to release fullness below is a specialty here. A severe day dress of black crêpe has a high neck and dolman sleeves, and a skirt of stitched pleats. For evening, there is a neon-sapphire satin with shoulder straps and the wrapped shawl that Bergdorf cherishes. The skirt is ankle-length, and sunburst pleating is released just above the knees. A violent pink wool jersey makes a street-length dress with smocking released at the hips. Slender dinner suits are here, too, one of which is black velvet and ankle-length. Its strapless top is adorned with jet embroidery, and there is an ascot of white ermine inside the deep, collared décolletage of the jacket. A dress of satin and velvet, with a V neck in back and a U one in front, has a waist-length jacket with a three-tier cape collar. The Bergdorf versions of the street-length dinner dress and dance dress, in formal fabrics, are all handsome. A red-and-black petit-point taffeta has three buttons down one hipbone, and irregular, wrapped apron detail; a copper satin dress has a cardigan top, a sash knotted on one hip, and a gathered panel down the back; a Paisley-printed taffeta dress with an ankle-length pencil skirt has a zooming movement up to one hip, where enormous fullness is released.

AT Saks Fifth Avenue, where Sophie's clothes are on view in the Salon Moderne, the longer waistline is more than definitely hinted at. The jacket of a black moiré dinner suit, slim and strapless, is wrapped around the hips and tied low, and the jacket of a dress of black wool is wrapped and ties well down on one hipbone. Sophie likes surprises along the sidelines; a simple brown wool dress with a nipped waist has prim buttons down the front, Chinese brocade rippling over the revers, and a gathered panel in front of one hip to give the thing movement. Black wool and velvet are combined in a dress with a velvet panel floating down the back, and the highly irregular hemline is exemplified in a brocaded velvet dress buttoned to the neck. Its skirt dips in front, trails in back, and is shortish at the sides. Sophie's suits are not as nipped as they have been, being somewhat shorter and straighter. The famous detail, though, is still there—openwork embroidery on the turnover collar and slanting pockets of a beige wool suit, and jet embroidery on the pocket flaps of a red-brown wool jacket worn over a slim black wool skirt and a black jersey blouse that look like a one-piece dress. And glance at the fantastic iridescent green-and-blue wool that is used in a suit with a matching changeable taffeta blouse, will you? As for the short formal dance dresses, Sophie also extends herself. Some are flapper in mood, employing all-over beaded red chiffon or spangled black chiffon in chemise style; some are full-skirted, such as a black velvet swirling-skirt job with coarse white lace covering the molded torso and a nice band of black velvet around the deep oval décolletage. The single shoulder strap is here, too; witness one of pale, muted roses on a steel satin dance dress. A black taffeta dress has a rounded peplum, shortish in front and low in back, revealing a nice touch of jade-green lining, low in back. And if you still insist on full treatment in ball gowns, Sophie has it, too. Beautiful satins with naked tops over voluminous skirts are fixed up with ruching, embroidery, beading, and every type of fancywork you can think of.

So much, at the moment, for the custom collections.

JAY THORPE are showing original ready-to-wear models, including some of the most fetching above-ankle-length, filmy dance dresses in town. A black lace dress, over a short taffeta sheath, has a two-tiered full skirt dipping in back to the ankles; the neck is a filmy V. A royal-blue lace-and-chiffon full-skirted dress has self panels, and a gray lace one (with nude net over the daring décolletage on chest and back) has an overskirt gracefully parted in front. Black lace appears again in full-length formal gowns, such as a slender dress with cascades of folds up the hips. Pink satin with a gold crossbar makes a shoulder-strap dress with a circular skirt; dark-red satin with pink and coppery overtones is twined to emphasize a long waistline and trails into a train on an ankle-length sheath. Jay Thorpe are also showing fur fashions with a French influence and mainly in Persian and broadtail—a flaring jacket, dipping in back, with a wide, low pocket curling around one hip near the hemline; a knee-length coat, dipping in back, with exaggerated dolman sleeves and a collar rising to the ears; fitted, belted coats with flat, wide collars, and curved pockets at the hips; a pyramid Persian coat with a swing back and yoke detail that extends down over the upper arm.

YOU probably won't get the idea from all this that there are many easy, comfortable suits and dresses in town this fall. There are, though. But you're going to want to arrange your life so that you can change at cocktail time, that's all.

—L. L.

•

Mr. Goldstein was staying at the fashionable Hotel Carlton, which fronts on the Mediterranean during his stay on the Riviera.—*The Times.*

And then turns sadly away?

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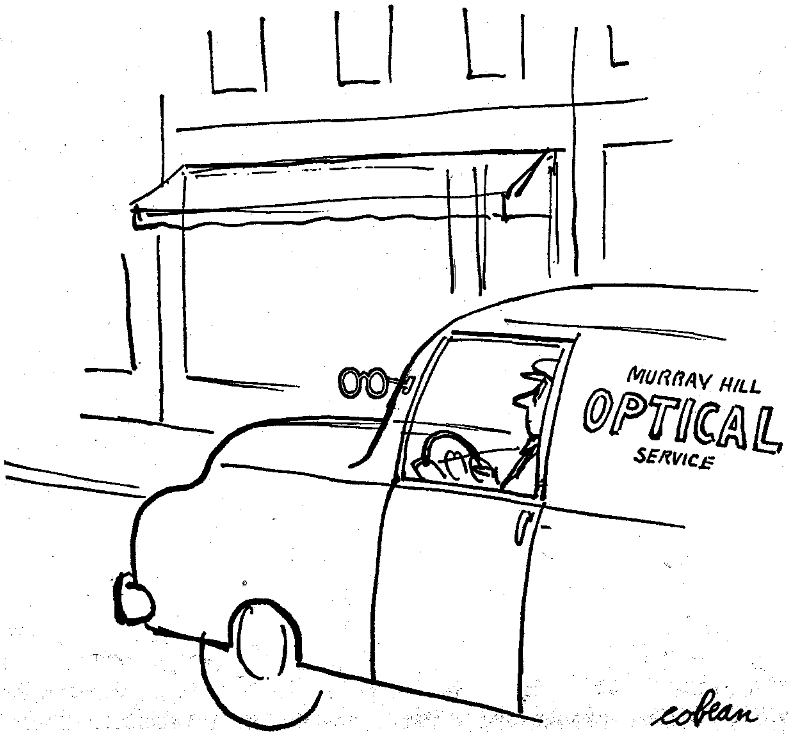
THE CITIZEN FROM JEFFERSON STREET

WHEN I was five years old, I became fascinated by the personality of my older brother, Herman. He was remarkable, among other things, for the amount of mail he got every day, and I kept telling the boys I played with that when I grew to be big and strong like Herman, lots of people would write me letters, too. This letter-getting talent of Herman's blossomed about 1901, after our family had been several years in the United States. Herman, at eighteen, had thrown himself into mastering English, and, having acquired the language, he burned with the desire to use it, to communicate in English all the things in his heart and mind. Being a poet and an idealist, and feeling himself already a citizen of the world, he had no difficulty in choosing suitable recipients for his thoughts. He picked the choicest spirits—men of letters, philosophers, statesmen—in half a dozen countries and poured out his English to them in long, warm, eloquent letters.

The extraordinary thing was that most of these men answered him—some at great length—and, when Herman kept on writing, continued to answer. As their letters filled our mailbox, Herman found himself involved in a vast multiple correspondence that exhausted his thesaurus and his energy. His mind teemed with universal problems. He got thinner and thinner.

At first, Herman had specialized in writing to rulers. He addressed a letter to the Czar of All the Russias, denouncing him for the inhumanity of his regime and calling upon him to change his ways. He got no answer. Nor was there any response from Kaiser Wilhelm, whom Herman chided for rattling his sabre and endangering the peace of Europe. But the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, answered Herman's glowing appreciation of American liberty and continued to write to him for over fifteen years, and Count Sergyey Witte, the Russian Prime Minister who tried vainly to be a liberal under the Romanovs, wrote frequently about the difficulties and disappointments of statesmanship.



In 1901, we lived in an East Side tenement. We were among New York's newest and poorest immigrants, and so were housed in one of the dingiest slum streets, which—naturally, it seemed to Herman—bore an illustrious American name. The millionaires lived on Fifth Avenue, which had merely a number, but the greenhorns from Russia and Poland lived on the streets of the Presidents—Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Jefferson. One of Herman's correspondents in Denmark, Georg Brandes, remarked on how fitting it was for a champion of the humanities to be residing in the street of "the citizen Jefferson." Herman promptly fell in love with his address—and our dark railroad flat along with it—and looked upon himself thereafter as "the citizen from Jefferson Street."

My mother was disturbed by all this. She felt that Herman worked hard enough by day (he was then a clerk in a sweatshop) not to have to stay up all night answering letters from people he didn't know. She believed that these far-off men who persisted in writing to her son were conspiring to steal his sleep. She particularly disapproved of Maxim Gorky, whose letters moved Herman to strenuous and exhausting replies. No more could she abide Bernard Shaw, a mere postcard from whom was enough to send Herman into a dither of composition for three nights. "Why don't they let him alone?" she would ask.

She had quite a few other special hates among Herman's correspondents and was not at all impressed by assurances of their greatness. Tolstoy, now, would have been different; everybody knew and loved Tolstoy. His picture was on our wall, as it was on the walls of many East Side homes. He looked like a wise old Hebrew prophet, and my mother knew him as the man who had had the courage to speak out against the tyranny of the Czar. Many adoring East Siders even smoked an inexpensive brand of cigarettes named after him. Herman had written him, too, of course, but writing to Tolstoy was like writing to the sun, whose only acknowledgment of worship is to go on shining for all.

IN the final analysis, my mother blamed Herman's epistolary obsession (as she blamed all the family's misfortunes) on one person—Christopher Columbus. This was his New World, where there was so much poverty in the midst of plenty, where children went their own way, where parents did not count for very much, and where everybody was mad. My father had fallen ill shortly after we arrived here and was a helpless invalid. Although Herman and my two sisters—Helen, who was fourteen, and Flora, who was eleven—were all working, their combined wages provided no more than a bleak existence.

Their attitude baffled my mother. Helen and Flora would come home from a long day's work and report on the funny things that had happened in their sweatshop. My mother felt it was bad enough for young girls to have to work in such places but it was criminal for them to enjoy it. Herman's reaction to poverty was to write poetry about it. He could forget our own want on Jefferson Street and grow concerned over a famine in China. More than once, my mother tried to remind him that poverty began at home, but Herman continued to sing for all humanity.

Everything would have been fine, my mother felt, if her children had only taken after her instead of after their father, who was a scholar. Her grandfather had been a successful merchant in a small Polish city, and she nursed the illusion that somewhere inside her there lurked a genius for business, but she found it difficult even to make a start at helping such a family as hers. Whenever she came up with an idea for our economic salvation, such as a corner candy store or a wineshop, there was a sharp drop in the domestic temperature. She used to talk a great deal about really enterprising people who had been just as poor as we were and who had done something about it—Yankel Shapiro, who was making a small fortune simply by pulling teeth; Feitelbaum, a village idiot in Europe, who was now doing tremendous things with underwear; Dreiblatt, whose success with the new alarm clocks was so sensational that he had been able to move uptown to the fresh air of Harlem.

"Don't forget Carnegie," Herman would say. "He was a poor immigrant, too, until he discovered steel."

"And don't forget Schwab," Helen would add. "He was poor until he discovered Carnegie."

"I'm not speaking about *goyim*," my mother would answer, ignoring the irony. "I'm speaking about people like us, but with more sense." She would throw Herman a look of reproach. "And what have *we* got? A letter from Chekhov!"

Herman's letter writing was bad enough, in my mother's view, and his poetry writing even worse, but after a while he began writing short stories, too. His poetry consisted mostly of odes and paeans of thanks to America for the privilege of living in a free land. The stories were about immigrant life on the East Side, and my mother wondered why anyone should write stories about such a miserable existence, or be interested enough to read them.

"Poor people shouldn't look at themselves in the mirror," she once told Herman.

"That's not the way Havelock Ellis feels about it," said Herman. "The poor have natural dignity and beauty. The rich have none."

"Who is this Havelock?" asked my mother.

"A new, progressive mind of the twentieth century," said Herman. My mother sighed. Another immortal had discovered her son and was playing on his weakness.

ONE day, my mother made a fantastic announcement. She said she was going to look for a job. The family was shocked. Almost everybody worked in America—a very progressive practice—but for our mother to be out working was a little *too* progressive. Besides, my brother and sisters asked her point-

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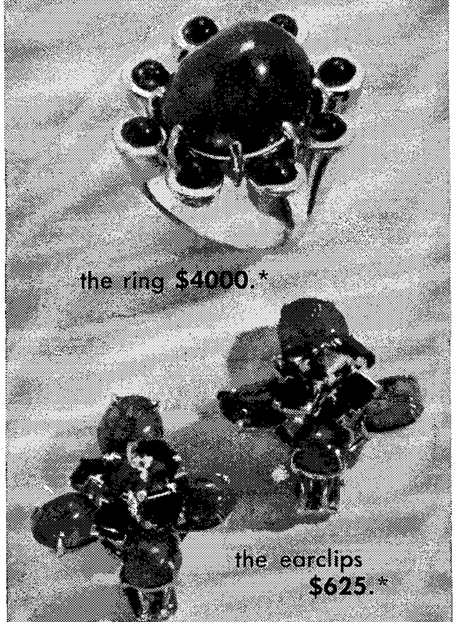

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edly, what kind of job could she get?

"Something has to be done," said my mother stubbornly.

Herman and Helen finally succeeded in talking her out of job hunting by promising her that they would get busy and become rich. Helen gave up an evening lecture course she had been taking at the Educational Alliance and got extra work on shirtwaists, and Herman tried to meet the situation by temporarily neglecting his letters and writing two poems instead of one every night. He put some of them together and sent them to publishers, thus acquiring a number of rejection slips. Then a miracle happened. The poems got into the hands of an obscure publisher who said he was looking for novelties. An immigrant boy writing a book of poems about America was a novelty, and the publisher accepted it.

Herman was in raptures. The citizen from Jefferson Street was to be a published author, like some of the great men with whom he corresponded. My father was delighted that the son of a scholar should so soon prove his mettle. Here, at last, was the opportunity that would bring a change in our fortunes. Americans would love the way Herman glorified their institutions, and they would rush to buy the poems. Helen and Flora were in ecstasy, and even my mother was quite proud.

Soon another miracle occurred. A story of Herman's sold to a magazine for thirty dollars. My mother bowed cheerfully to the inexplicable and immediately made a list of things the family needed urgently: a good mattress for my father's bed; new kitchen utensils to replace the battered ones we had bought second-hand; a new deal in clothing for all, instead of hand-me-downs; meat, milk, and fruit for my father, and for the rest of us, too.

However, there was a hitch. Herman reported with considerable embarrassment that unless the check for the short story was applied to the publication cost of the book of poems, there would be no book. My mother could not imagine such a thing as paying for the publishing of poems. Herman said it had been quite a shock to him, too. The publisher hadn't mentioned it when he accepted the poems.

To my mother, there was no question as to what the decision should be. One might be idealistic enough to write poems but one was too sensible to spend money on them. The book could wait.

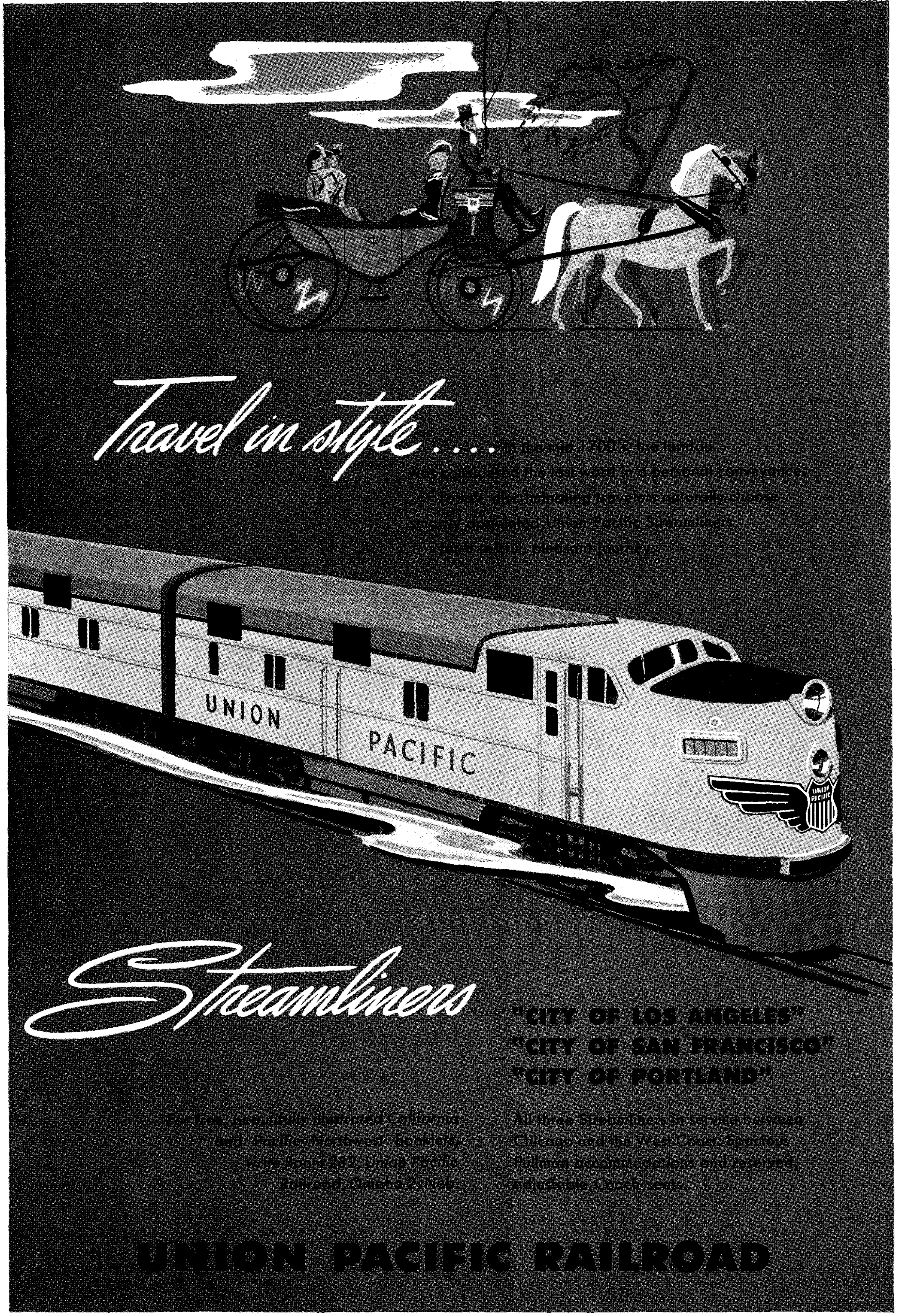
She was dismayed to find that Helen and Flora were firmly against her. To them, the poems were more important than anything else—certainly more important than bread. The book would be an immigrant's tribute to America. A lot of people didn't like the immigrants, but they would change their minds after they read Herman's poems and saw how the immigrants loved *them.*

"Why do they have to love us?" my mother said. "Let us get ourselves some good food and good clothes, so that we can first respect ourselves."

She appealed to the court of final appeal, my father, and he said he would rather see a book any day than an extra pound of meat. There had been plenty of scholars in his family, but not one of them had ever published a book of poems. His son's book would fortify him more than any amount of meat, milk, doctors, and medicines. So the publisher got the money and my mother was defeated again, feeling more strongly than ever that literature was a disaster.

My mother did not at first realize the extent of the disaster. It was apparent to everyone but her that you could not merely publish a book of poems and let it go at that. There would be admirers, whom Herman would have to meet. A young poet from the tenements would no doubt have to go uptown quite a lot. He would be interviewed and fêted, and he couldn't accept this unless he had the right clothes. My mother fought a losing battle, and the family went into debt to a loan shark for almost as much money as Herman had put into the poems. Soon Herman blossomed out, well in advance of publication, in by far the most gorgeous raiment in the district—a Prince Albert coat, a walking stick, a brilliant cravat with a stickpin, and a soft, rakish pearl-gray hat. In these clothes, he was, to his family, a poem in himself, and my mother looked upon her newly furnished son with mingled feelings of adoration and despair. He was so beautiful, she said, and it was such a crime.

At my age, I had no problems at all. I was the family's Benjamin, much younger than the other children, and spared from the harshness of life. Everyone was tender with me, and I led a fine, enviable life, virtually unhampered by restrictions. I prowled the streets of the Presidents with playmates, dodging horses and angry hucksters. I drank in the wisdom of my seniors, the eight- and nine-year-olds, and worshipped their heroes. While my remote elders discussed Henry George and Kropotkin, Ibsen and Tolstoy, I chattered incessantly about prizefighters and baseball players. My idols were Gentle-



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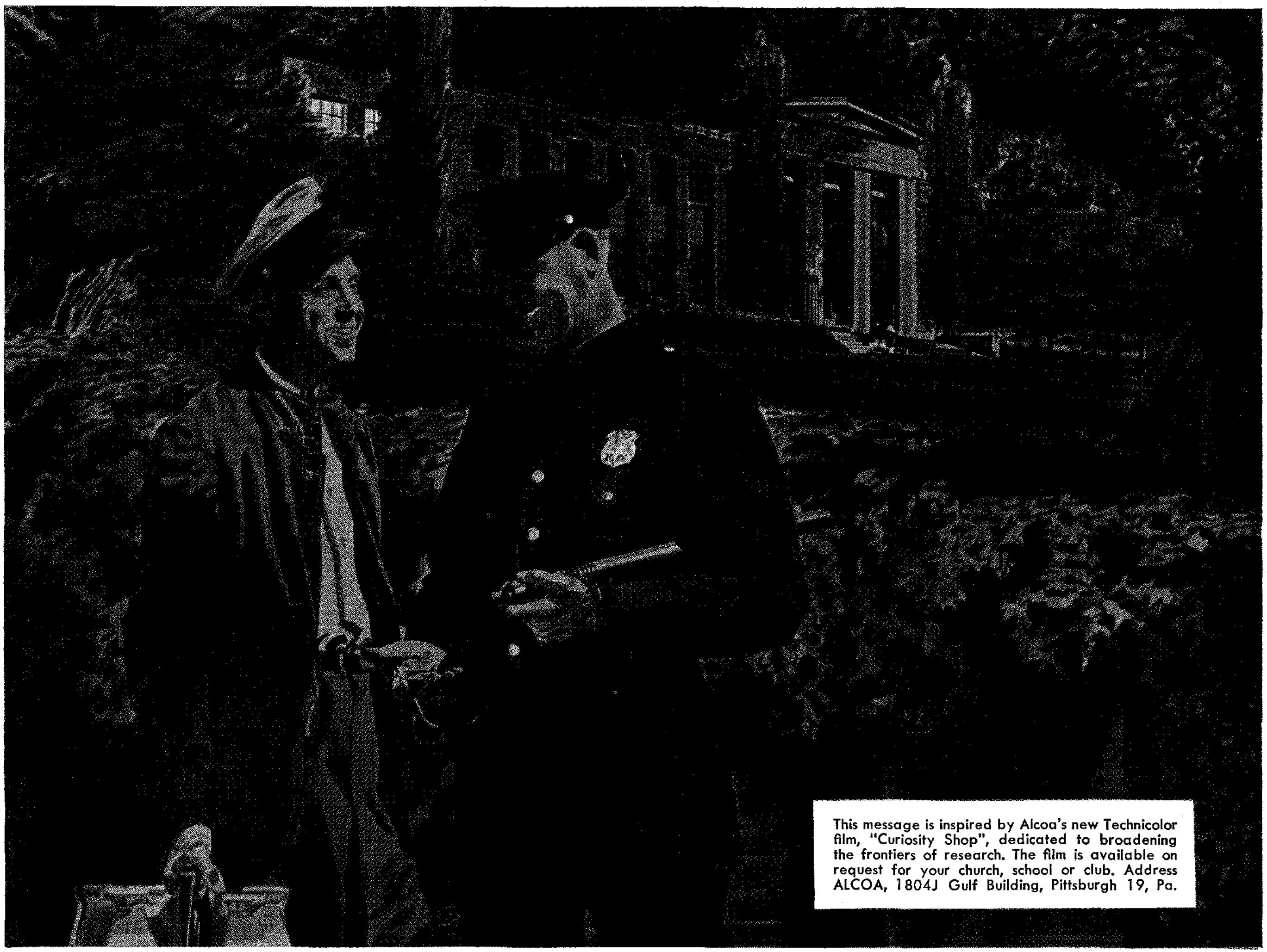

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man Jim Corbett, Christy Mathewson, Kid McCoy, Jim Jeffries, and Bob Fitzsimmons. When I brought their names into the flat, my elders shuddered as if at a barbaric invasion—all except Herman, who, for all his absorption in universal problems, was remarkably well up on popular American lore and liked to humor me.

It was my prerogative to go down the three flights of stairs and get the mail out of the box every morning and afternoon and bring it up to Herman. This was my only responsibility, and I took it seriously. Whenever there was a particularly heavy batch, I burst with pride as I delivered it. Herman always played a game with me.

"Who's that letter from?" I would ask.

"It's from Bob Fitzsimmons," he would answer.

"What does he say?"

"He says the next time he sees Gentleman Jim, he will knock him cold."

"And what does he say to me?"

"He says drink plenty of milk and never use bad words."

"Anything from Kid McCoy today?"

"No. He'll write tomorrow. But William Jennings Bryan sends you his regards. He says don't eat too much candy or you'll get gold teeth in your mouth."

Then, suddenly, my whole empire collapsed. My mother took the job of getting the mail away from me. I protested with all my heart and, for appeasement, was given a penny. She kept collecting the mail herself, twice a day. I got occasional other pennies, but they didn't make up for my lost privilege. Once, I slipped down and watched my mother at the mailbox, just to see what was so special about the way she did it. She took the letters out of the box, scanned the envelopes, and separated them into two batches. One of these she slipped inside her blouse.

As I look back on it, my mother didn't complain as much as usual after she started getting the mail, and our table was more plentifully supplied.

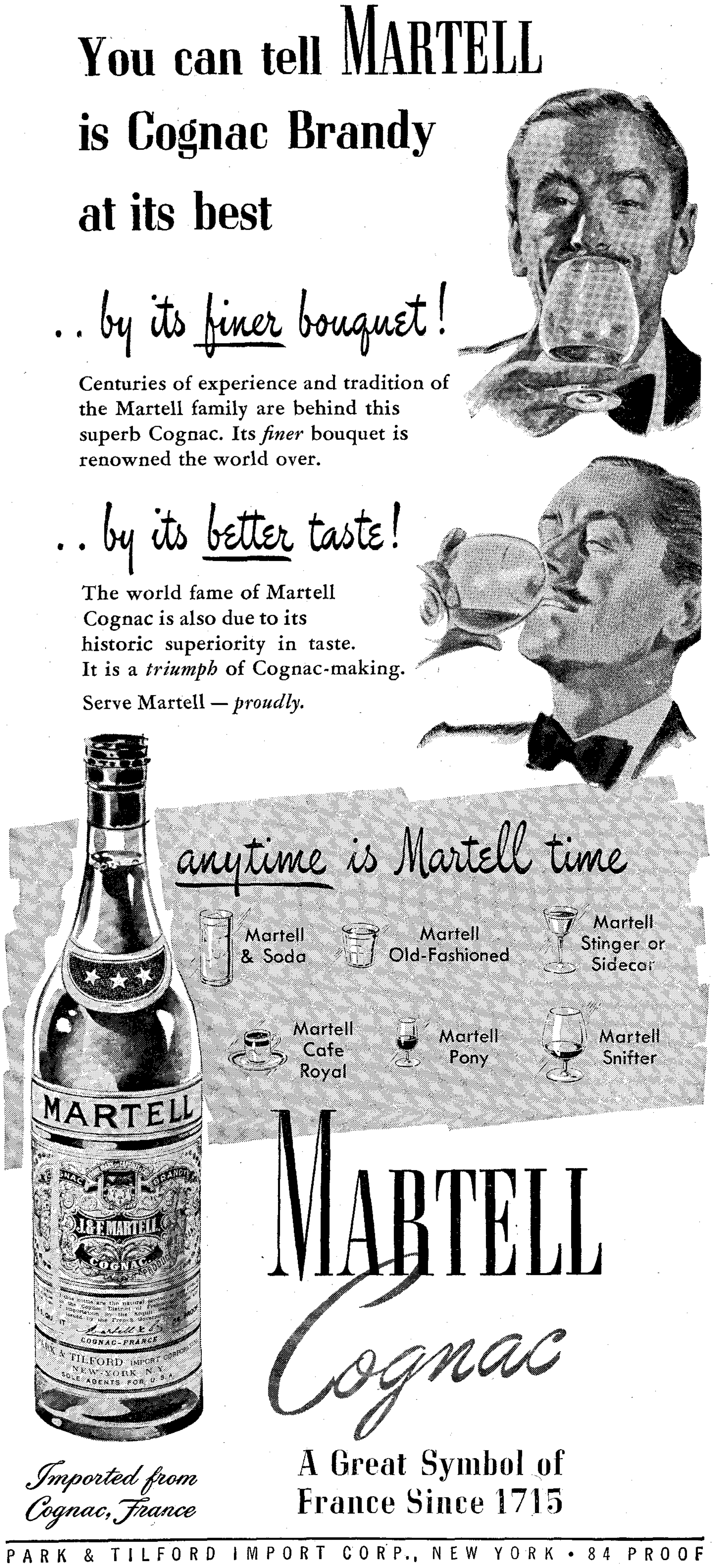
One day, Helen said, "We're eating much better, Mama."

"You're looking much better, too," said my mother.

"Is the cost of food going down?" asked Helen.

My mother mumbled something and changed the subject.

ABOUT this time, Herman actually began to taste the rewards of impending fame. An acquaintance who



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ran a boarding farm in Connecticut invited him to spend a couple of weeks there free, apparently feeling that the presence of an almost published poet would lend a cultural cachet to his place. Herman took leave of his job. Full of exuberance, he set off for Connecticut, a new paper suitcase in one hand and a number of freshly arrived letters in the other. He kissed us all goodbye and urged me to take good care of the family while he was gone.

"Eat plenty and put on some weight," said my mother.

"Write lots of wonderful poems," said Helen. "The country should inspire you."

"No poems," said my mother. "Take a rest."

A couple of days later, my mother gave me the mailbox key and told me to collect the afternoon mail. It was a holy day, and she was to be at the synagogue all afternoon. I was happy to be restored, even temporarily, to my old responsibility. She instructed me not to tell anyone about the letters and to put them all away in a drawer of her dresser.

In the afternoon, I was playing in the street with an eight-year-old friend when I saw the letter carrier go up our steps. We ran to the house. As I opened the box, I put on an act. "My big brother gets more letters than anybody on the block," I said. "Everybody in the whole world writes to him. See?" I handed my playmate some of the letters.

"These aren't for your brother," he said.

"Yes, they are," I said.

"No, they're not. They're for you. Here's your name. And here it is again, on this one."

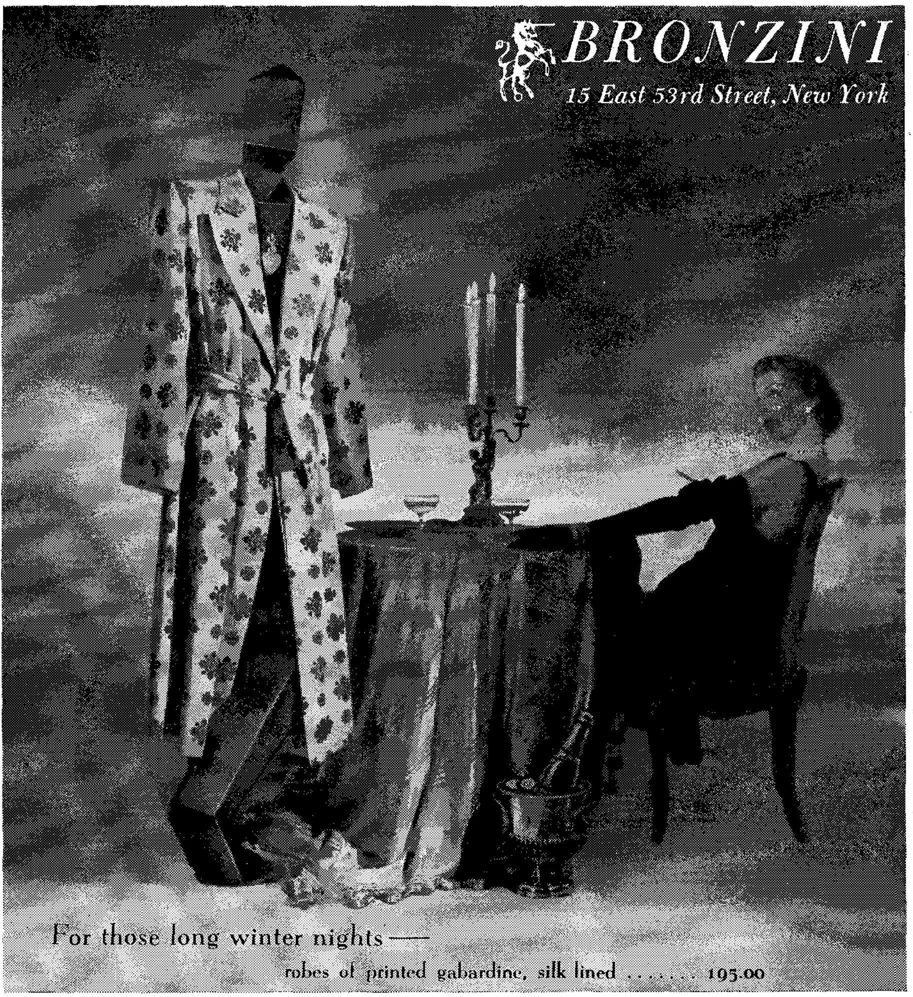
It was hard to believe that my name could be on the envelopes, but my friend could read. Excitement and joy swept over me, and I was sure I knew what had happened. People all over the world had found out I was Herman's brother. They had decided I ought to get mail, too. I seized the letters and rushed upstairs. My sisters were home, because of the holiday. Forgetting my mother's injunction, I broke the news to them. "Look!" I cried. "They're for me!"

Both of them smiled indulgently. "For you?" said Helen. "How nice! Let me see."

As her eye ran over the envelopes, she looked amazed. She laughed and showed them to Flora.

"They're mine, aren't they?" I asked.

"Yes, they're yours," said Helen, and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she gave them to me. "Would you like me to read them for you?"

There were probably a dozen of them. I tore several of them open and handed them to her. She read one to herself, looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, "No! It must be a mistake—a terrible mistake!"

"What is it?" asked Flora.

Helen handed the letter to Flora and quickly examined the others. "Is this the first time you ever got anything like this?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

Helen took my letters and locked them in a drawer. As I watched this highhanded action, I grew frantic. "Those are mine!" I said. "Give them back to me!"

She said I'd get them later, but I cried anyway. Flora tried patiently to explain to me that no harm was intended. Then my mother came home. I rushed to tell her that Helen had taken my precious letters—letters that had my name on them.

My mother's face turned pale. "Give me those letters!" she said. Helen took them out of the drawer and handed them over. My mother gasped. "They've been opened!" she said. "Why did you do it? They weren't for you."

"They're Hillel's, aren't they? He wanted me to read them to him," Helen said.

"You've ruined us!" my mother cried. "How can I take these letters to Mr. Scharfman now?"

"Oh!" said Helen. "So they're not really for Hillel at all. They're for that scoundrel Scharfman."

"Don't talk like that about Mr. Scharfman," said my mother. "He is a very generous man."

Scharfman was a man who had come from the same town in Poland as my mother. He had been here much longer than we had, and was what was then known as an "immigrant banker"—a dealer in small loans, steamship tickets, remittances to relatives in Europe, and the like. As with most other immigrant bankers, Scharfman's office was in his hat, but in the eyes of recent arrivals who didn't know their way about he seemed an extremely important man.

"These children!" my mother wailed. "Why, oh, why did you open the letters?"

"And why does Scharfman's mail come here addressed to our little brother?" Helen asked.

"Because I will not let my children starve, even if they are fools enough to want to," said my mother. "Mr. Scharf-

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man is good enough to pay me three dollars a week for receiving his mail here. Three dollars! Do you know what that means? Why do you suppose you're eating so well?"

"Do you know what's in those letters?" asked Helen.

"Why should I? It's a new business Mr. Scharfman's got. Very confidential."

"He's running a lottery," Helen said.

"A lottery?" cried my mother.

"These letters are all about the buying of lottery tickets."

"Really?" said my mother. And then, to my sisters' surprise, she smiled. Her ruddy face and her bright blue eyes sparkled. She hadn't looked so happy in months. "A lottery," she repeated. "But why didn't Mr. Scharfman tell me? I'd have bought a ticket myself."

"But, Mama, lotteries are illegal," Helen said. "Don't you know that anyone caught using the mails for lotteries can go to prison?"

"All right," said my mother recklessly. "Let them arrest me."

"Don't be so brave, Mama," said Helen. "They won't arrest *you*. They'll arrest Hillel."

"Hillel?" my mother said blankly. "Why should they arrest my little boy? What's he done?"

"His name is on the letters, isn't it?" Flora said. "He's the one who's guilty in the eyes of the law. He's the one the police will take."

"He's a fine fellow, this Scharfman," said Helen. "Using a little boy's name for his lottery tricks."

"Give me my letters," I said.

They had forgotten I was there. My mother looked at me and wept. Helen and Flora wept. They all embraced me, as if I were about to go away on a long journey. Then Helen led me gently downstairs to the street and told me to play there. I went right back up again, and from outside the door I could hear my mother talking. I can now piece together what she said, because I have heard it quoted many times since.

MY mother was telling the story of her business relations with Mr. Scharfman. When the money for Herman's story had been devoted to the poems instead of to household necessities, my mother had felt she must make good her threat of going out and getting a job. She had gone among her countrymen and told them she was desperately in need of a few extra dollars a week. Mr. Scharfman, hearing of this, had sought her and told her he was starting a new business and needed an able as-

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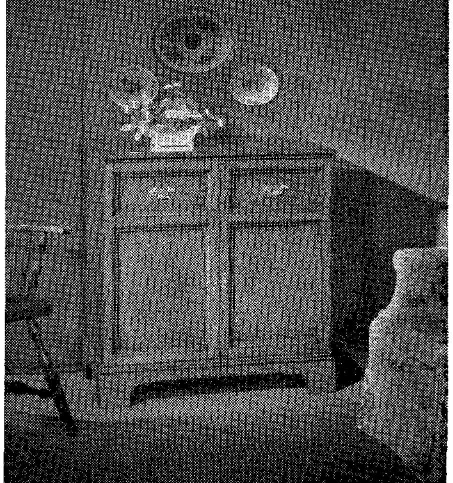

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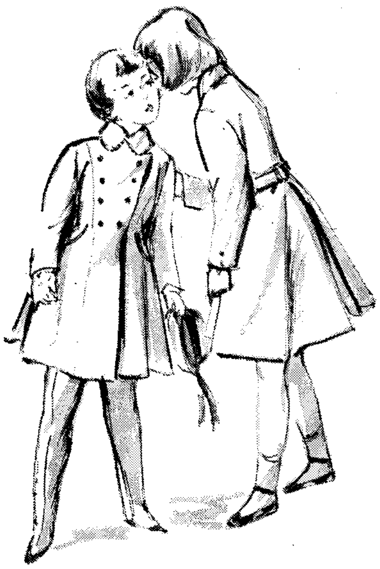

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sistant. The business was to be conducted by mail. It was so confidential he couldn't even receive his letters at his own home. Moreover, his wife was a terrible shrew, who would open his letters and tell him how to run his business.

My mother had agreed he might receive his mail at our address; then he had said that the letters would be so secret they could not even bear his name. They would have to be addressed to one of the girls. My mother had said that would be impossible, as either of my sisters would be bound to see one of the letters and read it. Mr. Scharfman had then suggested me, because I was too young to read. My mother had agreed.

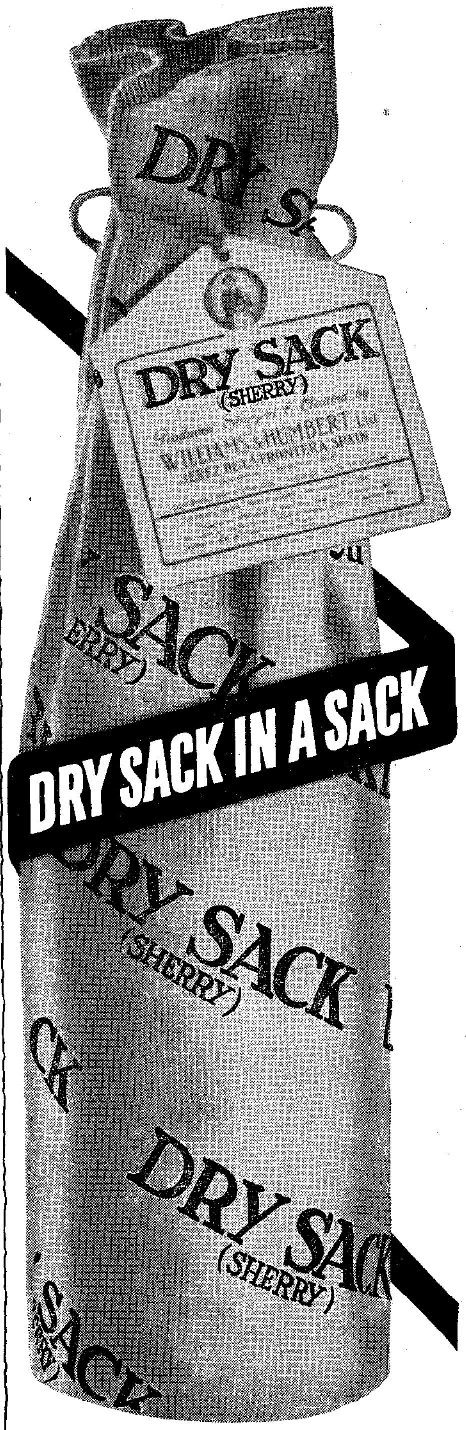
"A fine gentleman, Mr. Scharfman," said Helen. "He loves little children."

When my mother realized how she had been duped, her temper rose. She had a vision of the police swarming into Jefferson Street like Cossacks, pouncing on me, and taking me off. Suddenly she announced that she was going to see that cynical beast Scharfman right away, and God help him. I ran downstairs again, and a short while later she left the house. Helen was with her.

As I have heard the story, Mr. Scharfman was sitting quite happily at home, not at all prepared to cope with a pair of furies. My mother tore up the letters and threw them in his face. Mr. Scharfman's wife, the terrible shrew, fainted dead away. Mr. Scharfman pleaded with my mother not to expose him. My mother said that for the sake of the memory of his blessed father and mother, but only for its sake, she would spare their miserable son, and Helen warned him that if any more such letters came to our address, that would be the end of him.

For the next two days, I begged every few minutes for my letters. I didn't know what had become of them, but I felt myself the victim of a historic injustice. Even candy and hokeypokey did not appease me. I ran a fever. My poor mother didn't know what to do. On the third day, she found five more letters addressed to me in the box. Apparently, Scharfman had not yet been able to check the correspondence. She spluttered with anger, and then brightened. "Here," she said, thrusting the letters at me. "Take them. They're yours. Now you don't have to cry any more. Play with them, tear them up, do anything. But don't let me see them again."

I was happy once more, and spent the



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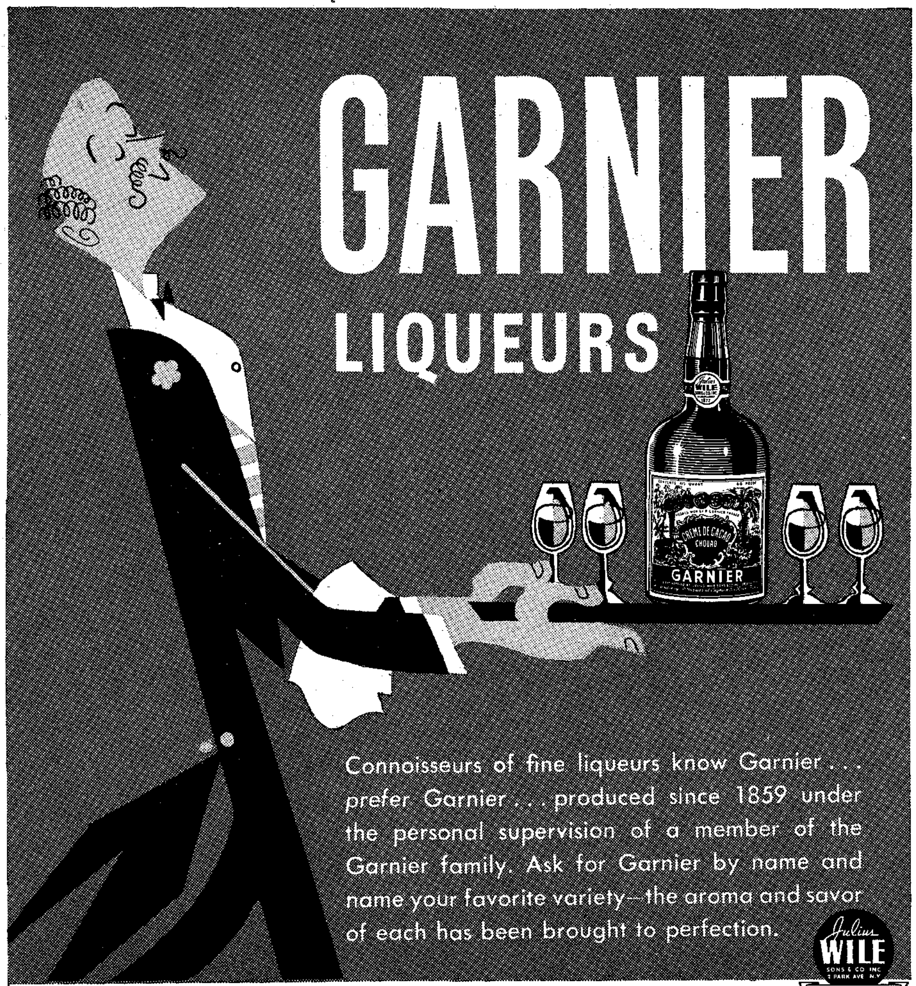

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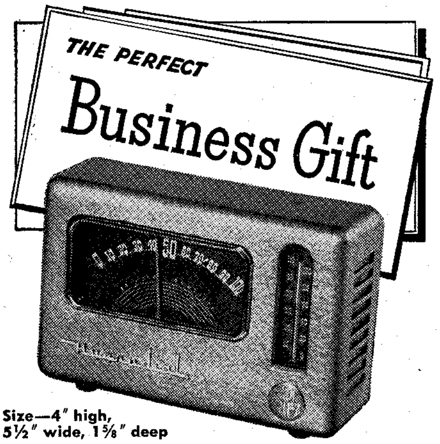

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rest of the day "reading" the letters, which, of course, I assumed were from my idols. I "read" them over and over again, with gestures—left hooks to the jaw, roundhouse swings, rights to the solar plexus, slow fadeaways, tantalizing spitballs. The letters themselves took quite a battering on that day, and on succeeding ones, and soon disintegrated and disappeared. With the envelopes, I was more careful. They carried my name and were my more important trophies, and I preserved them lovingly in a dresser drawer, under my shirts, so that I could show them to Herman when he got back from the country and let him enjoy my triumph.

HERMAN returned looking fresh and happy. When I told him that I had got lots of letters, too, just like him, he smiled and patted my head. I took the envelopes out and showed them to him.

He glanced at them with amusement, and then he looked as if something had knocked all the wind out of him. His fingers trembled as he held one of the envelopes up. It was slightly different from the rest. "How did you get this?" he asked.

"It was a big letter from Jim Jeffries," I said.

"Yes, yes, I know," Herman said. "But what did you do with the inside of it?"

"I don't know."

"Try to remember," said Herman. "What did you do with it?"

I couldn't tell him. He said nothing more, but, with me following him, he made a search of the whole flat, hunting through all the closets and even into the wastebaskets. Then he went outside and hunted through the ashcans and garbage cans in the street. Finally, he sat at his table in despair, just looking and looking at the empty envelope.

It was addressed to Herman, and had somehow got in with the letters my mother had given me to play with. On the reverse side were the name and address of the sender, and these were (as I learned later) "Leo N. Tolstoy, Yasnaya Polyana, Russia."

—HILLEL BERNSTEIN

•

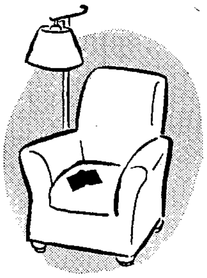
WIRED BRA
WITH OR
WITHOUT
STRAPS

Come in and be fitted; you'll love it as much as we do.—*Adv. in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Well!

BOOKS

The Moral Tradition



IN the course of his book on the English novel, "The Great Tradition" (George W. Stewart), F. R. Leavis finds occasion to deal with certain remarks of Lord David Cecil, and perhaps nothing could more immediately suggest Mr. Leavis's quality as a critic than his part in this brief transaction. Lord David Cecil is going about the familiar business of explaining the Puritan nature of George Eliot's morality, and in the familiar vein:

> She might not believe in heaven and hell and miracles, but she believed in right and wrong, and man's paramount obligation to follow right, as strictly as if she were Bunyan himself. And her standards of right and wrong were the Puritan standards. She admired truthfulness and chastity and industry and self-restraint, she disapproved of loose living and recklessness and deceit and self-indulgence.

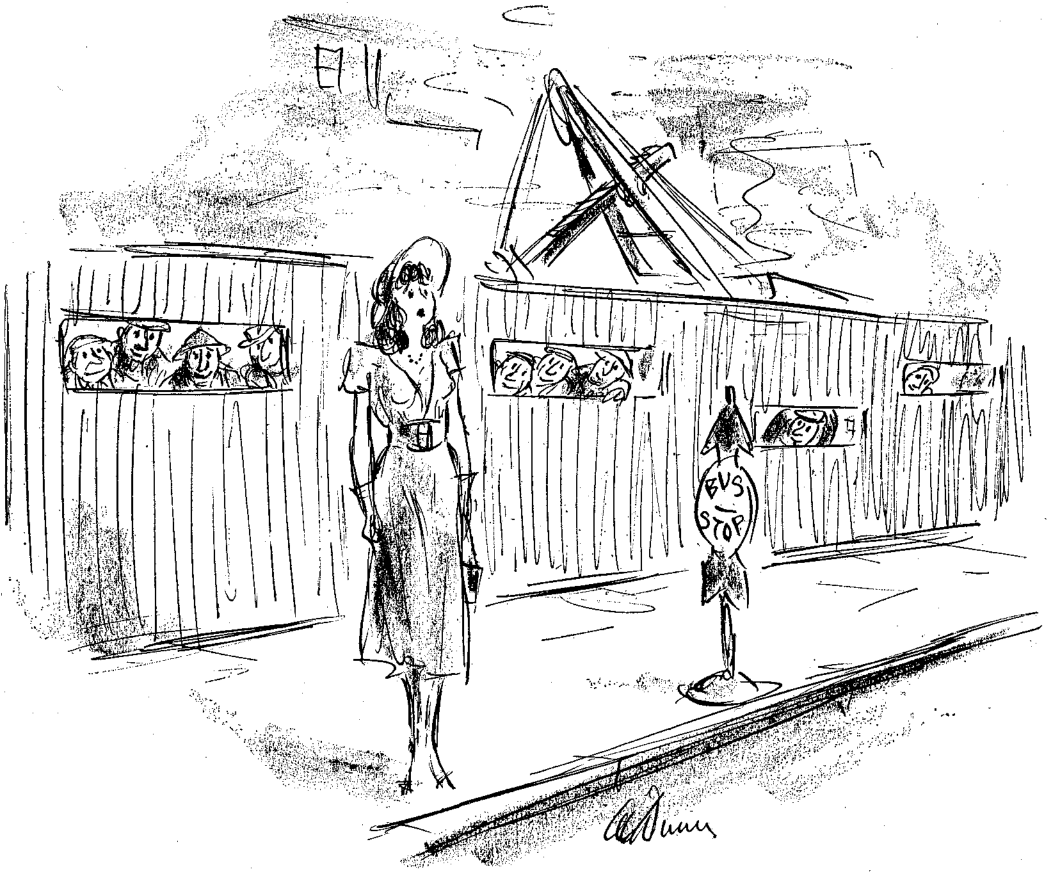
And Mr. Leavis responds:

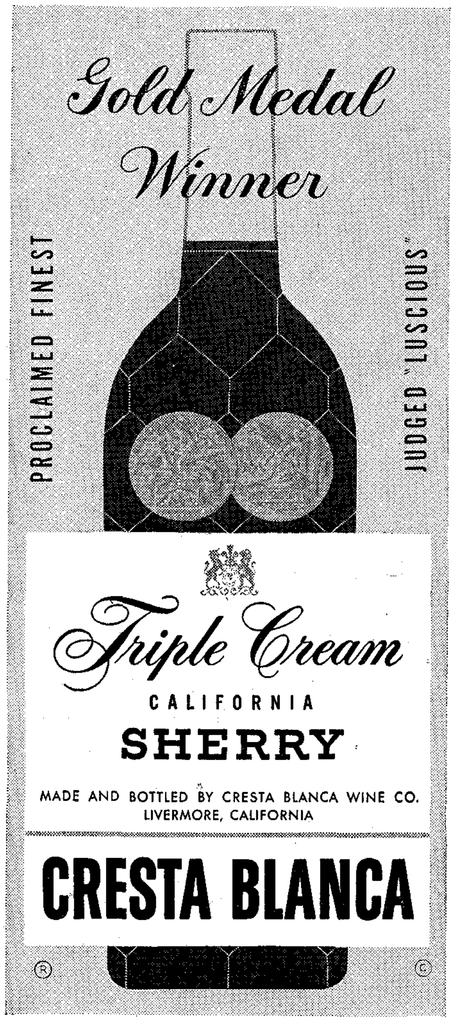
> I had better confess that I differ (apparently) from Lord David Cecil in sharing these beliefs, admirations, and disapprovals, so that the reader knows my bias at once. And they seem to me favourable to the production of great literature. I will add (exposing myself completely) that the enlightenment or aestheticism or sophistication that feels an amused superiority to them leads, in my view, to triviality and boredom, and that out of triviality comes evil.

Here, in its forthrightness and downrightness—and rightness—we have Mr. Leavis's moral feeling, which is everywhere to be found as a shaping and strengthening element in his criticism. And here, too, we have the energy of his protestantism, which has made him so notable and stormy a figure in English letters—a man of disciples and enemies, the teacher who has made the relatively new and obscure Downing College a dissident center of English studies at Cambridge, training the students who have devotedly carried his ideas to the secondary schools and provincial universities of Britain; the educational reformer who has made a frontal attack on the academic methods of literary instruction; the editor who, in his quarterly review, *Scrutiny*, has fostered a critical movement of considerable power at the same time that he himself has developed into one of the most formidable of modern critics.

Mr. Leavis is not a critic who works by elaborated theory. As between Coleridge, on the one hand, and Dr. Johnson and Matthew Arnold, on the other, he has declared his strong preference for the two latter—for the critic, that is, who requires no formulated first principles for his judgment but only the sensibility that is the whole response of his whole being. Mr. Leavis's own critical sensibility is characteristically a moral one, not only in the sense that he happily affirms the value of common morality but also in the sense that, having perceived life to be of a certain weight and pressure, he requires of art that it react to experience with a proportionate counterthrust of commitment, endurance, and intelligence. "A vital capacity for experience, a kind of reverent openness before life, and a marked moral intensity" are the particular criteria by which he judges the novel and by which he selects the five novelists who constitute for him what he calls the great tradition of the novel in England—George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad, whom he discusses at length, and Jane Austen and D. H. Lawrence, whom he treats in passing.

The list, imposing as it is, will surprise many by its exclusiveness. This surprise and the dissent that goes with it Mr. Leavis is willing to incur. He does not mean to say that there are no other novelists in English worth reading, but he does intend to establish a critical line for purposes of discrimination in the field of fiction, a field that, as he rightly says, "offers such insidious temptations to complacent confusions of judgment and to critical indolence." He has done one of the most useful jobs that the critic can do—he has constituted a coherent tradition and has thus made a large body of work the more easily available to understanding. And it is true that, as he suggests, the particular tradition which he isolated is the one that is most communicable to the practitioner of the novel today; if we add Tolstoy and Dostoevski to the English list, we have the masters of the novel from whom most may at this moment be learned. Then, too, I feel sure, any discussion of the form of the novel that is likely to be meaningful must accept the strong emphasis Mr. Leavis puts upon "marked moral intensity," for it is upon the degree and quality of moral intensity that all aesthetic considerations of the novel depend. After all the nonsense that has been uttered about the technique of the novel, and especially





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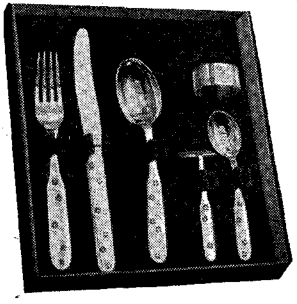

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after all the preciosity that has been offered in tribute to Jane Austen, what a relief it is to have Mr. Leavis give us this:

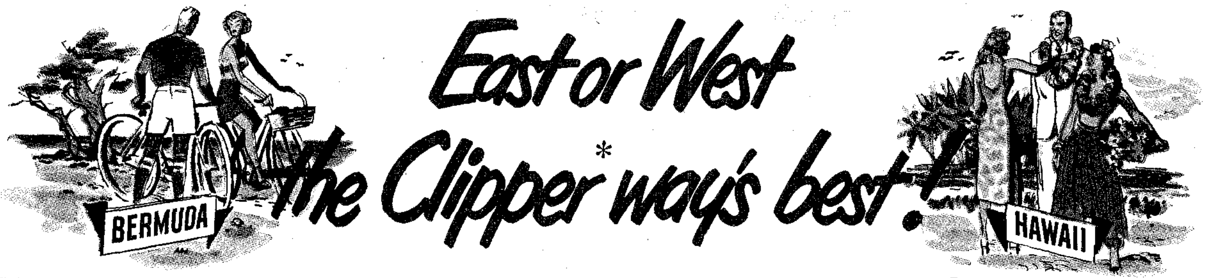
> When we examine the formal perfection of *Emma*, we find that it can be appreciated only in terms of the moral preoccupations that characterize the novelist's peculiar interest in life. Those who suppose it to be an "aesthetic matter," a beauty of "composition" that is combined, miraculously, with "truth to life," can give no adequate reason for the view that *Emma* is a great novel, and no intelligent account of its perfection of form.

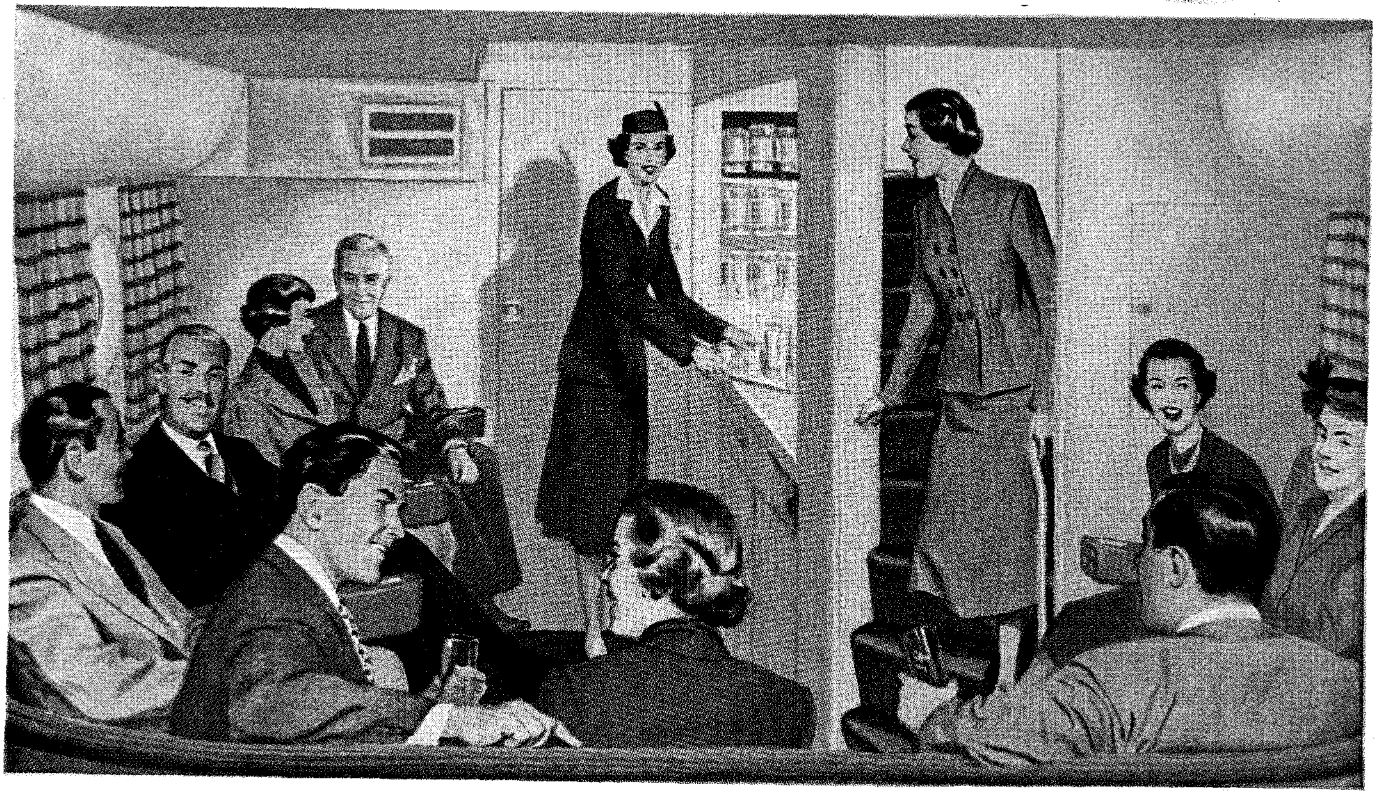
What a relief, too, to come on the other results of Mr. Leavis's critical intelligence—the vigor of his discrimination between James's novels, which is so useful whether or not one agrees with it; his cutting through the old prejudices about George Eliot to perceive her greatness; his dismissal of the trifling denigrations of Lawrence, which nowadays are offered with such a mechanical solicitude for artistic and political purity, and his perception of Lawrence's achievement as "a technical inventor, an innovator, a master of language;" his cool certainty, in the face of much authoritative opinion to the contrary, that Djuna Barnes' "Nightwood" is without value, that Virginia Woolf's art is minor, that "Moll Flanders" is not a great novel, that "Hard Times" *is* a great novel. This is critical judgment of the first order, and its force and accuracy come in large part from Mr. Leavis's moral directness.

But the mention of "Hard Times" brings us up short and suggests that there are occasions when the relation between Mr. Leavis's intelligence and his moral sense is not maintained. "Hard Times" is the only one of Dickens' novels that Mr. Leavis admits to the great tradition. Were Mr. Leavis establishing not *the* great tradition but *a* great tradition, or if, using an acceptable meaning of the word, he had undertaken to discern the *classic* tradition, we would have no cause to question him. But this is not Mr. Leavis's way of doing things; he is nothing if not positive. He truly admires the genius of Dickens, but he excludes him from the great tradition. The reason he gives is that "the adult mind doesn't as a rule find in Dickens a challenge to an unusual and sustained seriousness." If we then ask why "Hard Times" does issue the challenge and the others of Dickens' novels do not, we see that it is because "Hard Times" drives directly and unremittingly at its point of moral attack—upon the culture of utilitarianism—and does not stop on its way to create those masses of what Mr. Leavis calls "irrelevant 'life' " that characterize the other novels and make Dickens, for Mr. Leavis, primarily an entertainer and the best possible author for children.

Behind this judgment lies an assumption that is of the very greatest importance in Mr. Leavis's critical view. It is the same assumption that is at work when Mr. Leavis, in praising the wit of George Eliot's dialogue, compares it to Congreve's and then goes on to say that it is superior to Congreve's because it does not offer us "wit and phrasing for our admiration and the delight of our palates," or when he dismisses the author of "Tristram Shandy" with a reference to "irresponsible (and nasty) trifling," or when he suggests that "The Egoist" has no value at all. "Critics have found me narrow," says Mr. Leavis, yet it isn't a lack of catholicity that one objects to here but a basic error about the nature of art—and of life. For Mr. Leavis is saying in effect that art has its true being only in tension and direction, only in completely organized consciousness and moral clarity. He takes no proper account, that is, of the art that delights—and enlightens—by the intentional relaxation of moral awareness, by its invitation to us to contemplate the mere excess of irrelevant life. Nor does he take any account of the impulse of sheer performance, even of virtuosity, which, whether we respond to it in acrobatics or in athletics or in prestidigitation or in the ballet or in music or in literature, is of enormous human significance. Ultimately, indeed, both these elements of art have great moral relevance, which is why the critic must make his discriminations among them, not turn from them as if they were aberrations from maturity. "Awareness of the possibilities of life" is a quality that Mr. Leavis attributes to the major novelists, and marked moral intensity does of course contribute to the awareness of the possibilities of life. But so does the mind's delight in itself, in its power of excess and fantasy, in its ability to play the game of freedom, even freedom from law and the moral order, in its dream that, as Yeats said, life might overflow "without ambitious pains" and that it might "choose whatever shape it wills."

If we ask why a critic of Mr. Leavis's powers makes so little of the excessive or free or virtuose qualities of art, the answer seems to be that he has identified these qualities of art with a social group which appears to claim these qualities as





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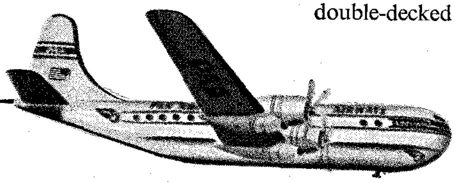

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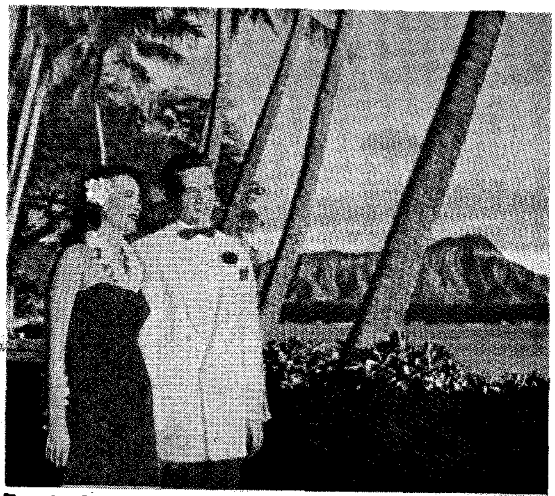

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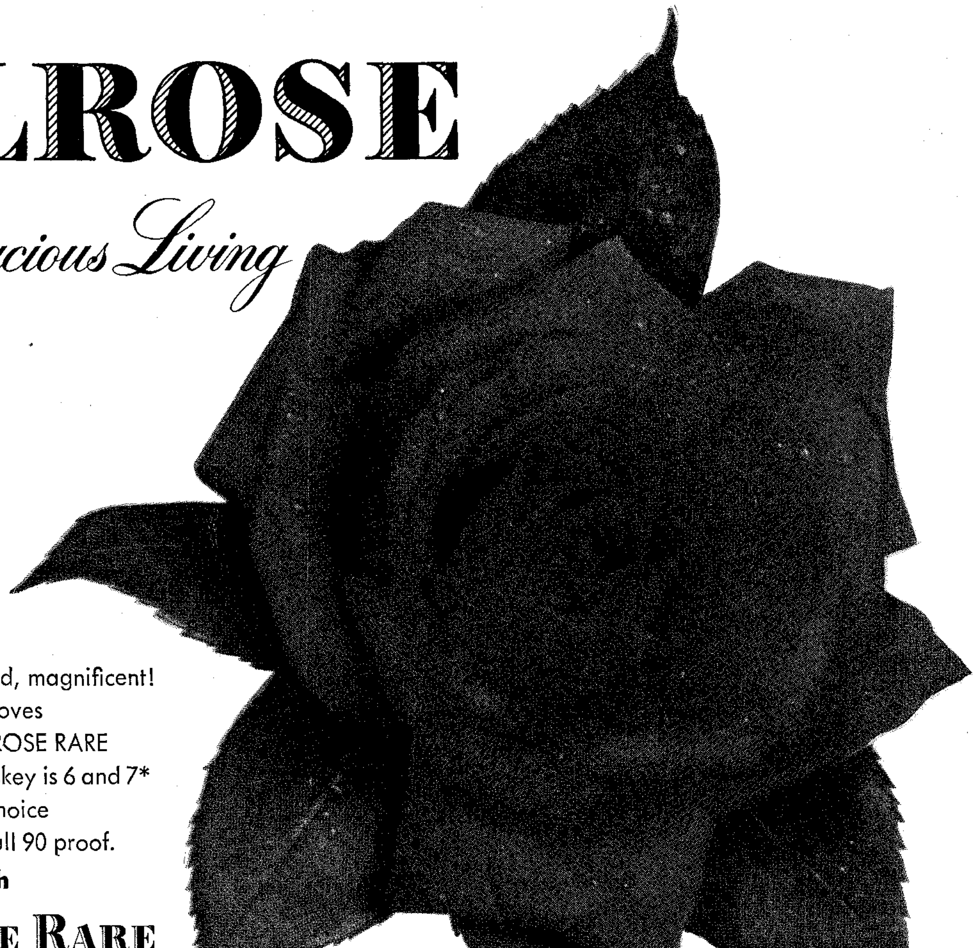

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characterizing its manner of life, a social group to which Mr. Leavis is antagonistic. One cannot but see that in his reply to Lord David Cecil Mr. Leavis is implying a comparison not only of two moral ideals but of two social ideals as well. Sooner or later, of course, any critic of large mind will touch upon social matters, because what we call culture may be defined as the locus of the meeting of literature with social actions and attitudes and manners. English literary life is marked by certain social features to which we in this country have no precise counterpart and which are likely to bring the critic to a consideration of social matters more immediately than with us. Thus, although now and then the word "aristocratic" is used by us as a term of political-literary reproach, it is known to be just a way of speaking. But in England a definite social value does attach to a good many literary people, as, for example, the Bloomsbury group, of which, if one says that it is aristocratic, one uses the word not with literal accuracy but at least with some meaning, for in the legend of its manner of life, as well as in its literary style, the qualities of freedom and virtuosity, in the form of elegance and felicity, are predominant. A retrospective glance over *Scrutiny*—Eric Bentley recently brought out a useful selection from its first sixteen years called "The Importance of Scrutiny" (George W. Stewart)—will suggest that although Mr. Leavis and his coadjutors are strict with anyone who does not meet their high demands for literature, they take an especial pleasure in being strict with Bloomsbury. The same preference of attack marks "The Great Tradition"—it is not merely the accepted wrong ideas about literature that Mr. Leavis seeks to scotch but the fashionable ideas, which he feels are being disseminated by such writers as Lord David Cecil, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, and Virginia Woolf. The Cromwellian revolution never really came to an end in England, and we can say of Mr. Leavis that he has organized the lofty intellectual expression of its late, endemic form. With this, one can easily be sympathetic—there is reasonable cause for impatience with the ideal of life that is suggested by Clive Bell or Lytton Strachey or Virginia Woolf. Yet it is a matter for wonder that a critical movement of the power of the *Scrutiny* group should have been drawn to social considerations no larger than this; one has the impression that it conceives all the world's issues as existing between its ideal readers, who are persons

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"seriously interested in literature," and a lesser breed of mere triflers. In Mr. Leavis's own critical practice, the failure to be explicit about even the disproportionately small social issue of Bloomsbury has led to his assimilating a social antagonism into his general critical sensibility, where it works to distort his perception of an important aspect of literature. For one feels that it is not the actual qualities of Congreve, Sterne, Dickens, and Meredith that Mr. Leavis is responding to when he dismisses them but rather the simulacra of these qualities as they have been used in, say, Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" and as they there suggest the social qualities he dislikes.

No doubt this constitutes a sizable fault in Mr. Leavis's criticism, and yet it is by no means a decisive fault. It isn't by his freedom from error that we properly judge a critic's value but by the integrity and point of his whole critical impulse, which, if it is personal and committed in the demands it makes upon life and literature, will be as instructive in its errors as in its correct judgments. It is possible to disagree with half the critical statements Mr. Leavis may make and yet know him to be a critic of the first importance.

—LIONEL TRILLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNDER THE SUN OF SATAN, by Georges Bernanos (Pantheon). A novel about a French country priest, Abbé Donissan, who has a miraculous gift of insight that enables him to help others by means of the confessional, though he himself remains a prey to despair. The priest, his colleagues, and his superiors, and all the others involved, are drawn with great strength and understanding, and M. Bernanos writes a very convincing prose—slow, intense, and patient. There is a long prologue introducing a young peasant girl, Germaine Malorthy, who is perhaps the most appealing, and certainly the most pitiful, person in the book. The character of Abbé Donissan is said to have been patterned after that of Jean-Marie Vianney, the Curé of Ars.

THE GREENROOM, by Hamilton Basso (Doubleday). A skilled hand at the novel, Mr. Basso has here confected a pleasant savory that we may be intended to think is bigger and more nourishing than it looks. A young editor in a New York publishing house pays a call on the chief glory

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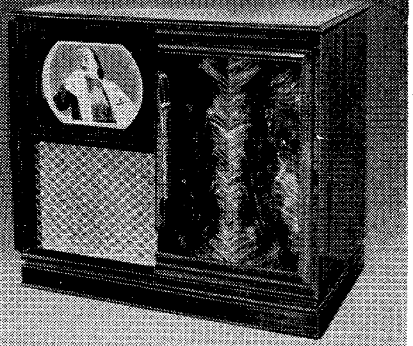

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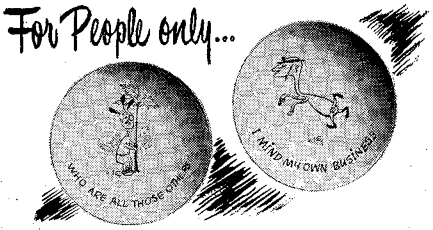

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and profit of his firm, a great lady novelist living in the South of France; inquires as to the progress of her memoirs, thus incurring her wrath; falls in love with her nephew's wife, incurring more wrath; and ends up, a few pages and a few adventures later, a sadder and a wiser man, though still an editor. One puts down the book with a sense of having been competently, if not extravagantly, entertained, and with thanks to Mr. Basso for not having winded either his readers or himself.

THE MAN WHO CARVED WOMEN FROM WOOD, by Max White (Harper). An attempt at a comic fable, about a sculptor who moves into an apartment house in the French Quarter of New Orleans in order to work quietly on a statue and is helped, disturbed, or just ignored by various other tenants of the building. These include two girls, who fall in love with him; his brother, who tries to protect him; and an old woman with supernatural powers and a murderous silver pin. Mr. White has planned his story well and has managed to keep it moving, but, unfortunately, his hero never seems important enough to rate all the attention he gets, nor, for that matter, do Mr. White's ideas seem sufficiently witty or original to justify his rather smug and exclusive writing.

THE DONNINGTON LEGEND, by David Beaty (Morrow). A subtle and ingenious war story that concerns itself less with the extremes of men's behavior in combat than with the finer modifications that military life brings about in human ambitions and relationships. Analyzing the motives of an R.A.F. officer whom a number of his mess companions at a remote Coastal Command base consider a heroic figure, Mr. Beaty adopts the technique of setting down appraisals of the flier by sixteen people who have had close contact with him both on and off duty. In this process, the man's stature declines but his actions become entirely understandable. The mentalities and the self-revealed vanities of the sixteen associates come in for a good airing along the way.

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR, by Fritz Peters (Farrar, Straus). An exhaustively realistic, often frightening, and sometimes macabre study of insanity in a veterans' hospital. Mr. Peters' credible first-person narrative of the hallucinations, compulsions, and mistreatment undergone by

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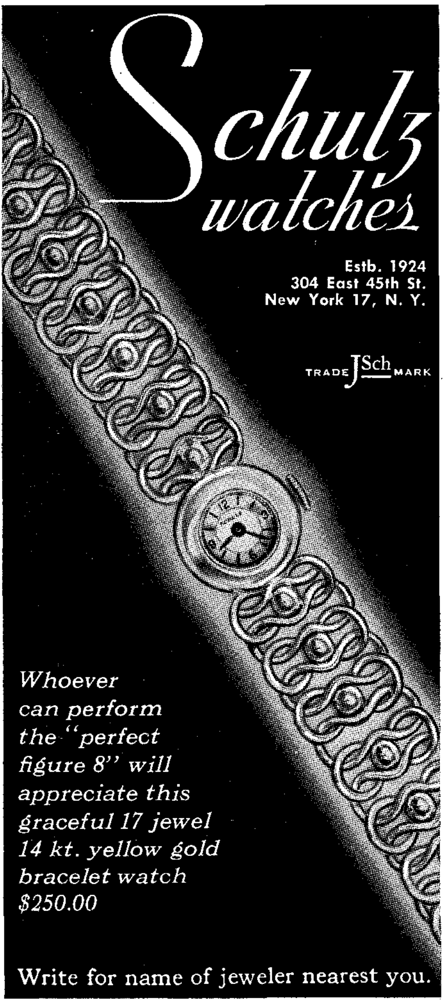
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a psychoneurotic ex-G.I. is written in a jagged style that seems wholly appropriate to the subject matter but that leaps back and forth from terrors of the imagination to terrors of the senses in a slightly confusing manner. The day-by-day chronicle of the unhappy veteran's mental convolutions, as well as of the frequent indifference and sadism displayed by those supposed to care for him, doesn't attempt to examine fully the causes of his condition. The story is saved from unrelieved horror by the sympathetic personalities of the hero and of some of his fellow-inmates.

MASK OF GLORY, by Dan Levin (Whittlesey House). This fictional frontal assault on a Japanese-held Pacific island is distinguished by even more gore than was shed during a similar operation in Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and by as unglorified and penetrating a view of life in the Marine Corps as is likely to be written. The attack Mr. Levin describes, on an island that resembles Iwo Jima as much as any other, is quite similar to the one Mr. Mailer wrote about, but Mr. Levin's forcefully presented campaign is even more concentrated and unpleasant. Mr. Levin is just as gloomy as Mr. Mailer about the lack of moral conviction of American troops, although he deals at length with the character of only one Marine, a Polish-American lad whose bewildered death in combat presumably gives his family a new sense of pride in their citizenship. The other Marines involved evoke neither particular pity nor particular admiration.

THE DESPERATE CHILDREN, by David Cornel de Jong (Doubleday). In this pleasantly improbable gallery of New England small-town types, Mr. de Jong pictures almost all his main characters as either benignly fey or disagreeably neurotic. The misleadingly strong title and what there is of the plot are concerned with two confused adolescent boys who are alternately victimized by their sour, warped school principal and encouraged by an imaginative spinster teacher. The latter, abetted by an equally untrammelled elderly widow, triumphs roundly in the name of innocence and eccentricity.

TOURNAMENT, by Shelby Foote (Dial.) Adding another county to the already extensive mythical geography of the State of Mississippi, Mr. Foote, in this delicately shaded history of a delta planter and his family, isn't concerned so much with the region's abstruse social psychology as with the locale and with his central character, on both of which he does a nice job. The author contemplates the full, if not very purposeful, life of a man who successfully revives a plantation that has been blighted by the Reconstruction years and who loses interest in the place when his children turn out to have none of his vigor. Mr. Foote suggests the tragedy of the landowner's ambition, as well as the South's postwar exhaustion, in a style that is neither overadorned nor too stark.

GENERAL

BENJAMIN CONSTANT, by Harold Nicolson (Doubleday). A sympathetic and very well-written biography of the literary man who, by the world's rough count, did the dirty on more occasions during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic era than any other European of comparable standing. Mr. Nicolson doesn't dispute the world's count; it was Constant, he admits, who intrigued to put Prince Bernadotte on the Bourbon throne, who defaulted on an eighty-thousand-franc debt to Mme. de Staël, and who, after publicly declaring that he would rather do his own laundry than serve Napoleon, reacted to the Emperor's return from Elba by leaping not only to his side but right into his Cabinet. Mr. Nicolson insists, however, that Constant, in view of his disorderly upbringing and his runaway nervous system, must be accorded anyway a noncommissioned rating as an honest man and a sincere advocate of human freedom—a judgment that places Mr. Nicolson in a class with Louis XVIII, who was so taken with Constant's post-Waterloo explanation of his friendship with Napoleon that he ordered him dropped from the royal list of subversives, restoring him to full troublemaking status.

THE HOURS AND THE AGES, by Edward Nicholas (Sloane). Closeups of some of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Americans who made this country the proportionally represented four-lane wonder that it is today. About the only thing wrong with Mr. Nicholas's frieze, which includes such noted figures as Andrew Jackson, Margaret Fuller, and Jefferson, as well as a number of people who have never before appeared in history, is his regrettable preference for a color that might be called transcendental old rose. Thus, we find Mr. Nicholas, at the conclusion of an absolutely first-rate portrait of an eighteenth-century lady plantation owner, suddenly gobbing his canvas with the following: "The spirit that animates the world is unity dispersed, not particles gathered. Its component digits, the individual lives, do not add up by arithmetic; their total is . . ."

THE TRYING-OUT OF MOBY-DICK, by Howard P. Vincent (Houghton Mifflin). "Trying-out" is the process of boiling useful and valuable oil from blubber, and Mr. Vincent's book is the first comprehensive trying-out of the uninspired whaling documents from which Melville developed "Moby Dick." When Mr. Vincent is working as a "source hunter," or "geneticist," he is fascinating, but when, in his own words, he moves "from the safe shore of source-hunting through the shoals of interpretation" and analyzes "Moby Dick" chapter by chapter, he is much less successful, even reaching the point of identifying the White Whale with the atomic bomb and Queequeg with Melville's friend Hawthorne. In his capacity as critic, Mr. Vincent quotes endlessly from such fashionable writers as T. S. Eliot, Yeats, and Ortega y Gasset, and runs up breathless analogies with poetry, painting, music, architecture, philosophy, and the movies. Not comparable to John Livingston Lowes' great study of Coleridge's sources, "The Road to Xanadu," a comparison that is made, nevertheless, on the jacket of Mr. Vincent's book.

OUR ENGLISH HERITAGE, by Gerald W. Johnson (Lippincott). A thoughtful examination of the contribution of the English to the making of America. The author points out that the English pattern in America was a remarkably sturdy one; it was set so firmly in our early years that it was able to hold up under the impact of the millions of aliens of many tongues and cultures who poured into the country later. Today, with certain modifications, it is still, he says, the dominant pattern of our civilization. In the first part of his book, Mr. Johnson writes about the original, no-account immigrants to Virginia early in the seventeenth century, then about the second wave—the poor men of character who came to work for their freedom and survived—and, lastly, about the gentlemen of quality who ruled over vast tracts of land, enriching themselves and, incidentally, the

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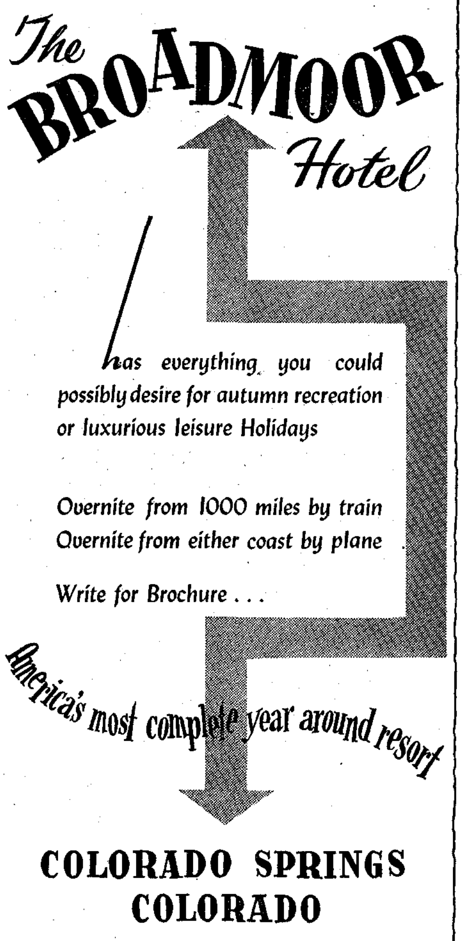

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new country in the process. In the second half of his book, he considers the ideas and institutions that have filtered over from England—a long list of exports, ranging from language to law and philosophy—on which he sets a very high value. There is plenty of occasion for controversy after Mr. Johnson has drawn his conclusions, and there will be many to contest his major premises, but the discussion is an informed one, carried out with wit and style.

MEN IN CRISIS, by Arnold Whitridge (Scribner). The men referred to in this all-purpose title are the leaders of the revolutions of 1848 and their principal opponents—Lamartine, Mazzini, Metternich, and others. Although Mr. Whitridge indicates that he would rather have bowled for the Metternichs than for the Mazzinis, he takes a sporting view of the routed insurrectionaries and their efforts, and admits that the New World, whither many of them, their hearts broken and their cockades a mess, eventually fled, is a better place because of them. Sound, but never breathtaking.

BAD COMPANY, by Joseph Henry Jackson (Harcourt, Brace). Studies of six of the most industrious and picturesque representatives of the many bandits who, in the Gold Rush era and later, made California a precarious place for travellers, miners, law-enforcement men, and Wells, Fargo detectives. Four of these sketches, in less complete form, appeared some years ago in Mr. Jackson's "Tintypes in Gold." The highlight of the collection is an impressively documented commentary on the gradual transformation, at the hands of several generations of feature writers and local historians, of Joaquin Murieta, a thug who may never have existed at all, into a folk hero of formidable stature. The other pieces are just as entertainingly written, but they are sometimes overloaded with geographical detail. Illustrated.

AN ARMY IN EXILE, by Lieutenant General W. Anders, C. B. (Macmillan). General Anders' wartime odyssey, beginning in 1939, when he and most of his Polish divisions were captured by the Russians in eastern Poland, and ending in 1945, with the victorious Polish actions at Monte Cassino and Ancona, and the disbanding of the Second Polish Corps in Italy, leaving, as far as General Anders is concerned, only one enemy unaccounted for. The author, who was in a cell in Lubianka Prison, in Moscow, when Hitler invaded Russia, was deputized by the Polish Premier, General Sikorski (then in England), to form an army from the many thousands of Polish soldiers who had been imprisoned by the Soviets. His story of the birth of that army is the grimmest part of the book. The Russians, from Stalin down, promised, over caviar and vodka, to expedite matters, but they sabotaged the project in every way possible, and avoided giving any direct answers to General Anders' persistent queries as to what had become of the ten to fifteen thousand Polish officers in Russia. It was only after the mass graves were discovered in Katyn Forest that the General knew the reason for the Russians' evasiveness. The book is written straightforwardly but shows some restrained anger at the Western Allies' treatment of Poland during and after the war.

RUDYARD KIPLING, by Rupert Croft-Cooke; BULWER-LYTTON, by the Earl of Lytton; and ARNOLD BENNETT, by Walter Allen (Alan Swallow). Three additions to the delightful English Novelists series. These little books, each of which combines biography and criticism, held down to about a hundred pages, are really disembodied introductions to the works of their subjects, as well as reëvaluations of the novelists according to present-day standards. Of these three, the ones on Kipling and Bennett are very well done and almost sure to set readers looking about for old copies of their books. The Bulwer-Lytton, also well done, by the novelist's grandson, will probably be more doubtfully received, for public taste would have to come full circle before being able to appreciate the works of the romantic who thought of this world as a vale of tears, peopled by swooning maidens and weeping gentlemen who enacted their roles amid Neo-Gothic ruins.

A HANDBOOK OF SLAVIC STUDIES, edited by Leonid I. Strakhovsky (Harvard). This book attempts to cover systematically the history and literature of all the Slavic countries, and though it runs to seven hundred and fifty large pages, it can hardly pretend to do more than present the barest facts. The writers of the various chapters, mostly college professors, have, as a rule, turned out textbook material of a routine and undistinguished kind. There are, however, ample bibliographies, which may be of use to students, and the editor has contributed a chronology that enables one to follow concurrently the most important events in the histories of the different Slavic peoples.

GENIUS AND THE MOBOCRACY, by Frank Lloyd Wright (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An affectionate memoir by the Old Master of his own old master, Louis H. Sullivan, threaded in and out of a familiar Wrightian indictment of the sorry state of the world. If the reminiscences are from the heart, the harangue is from habit and can be quickly skimmed through. Wright went to work for the Chicago architectural firm of Adler & Sullivan sixty-one years ago and was their head draftsman and fellow-designer at nineteen. Sullivan was then in his early thirties, at the peak of his powers and success. The two men soon quarrelled and separated, but they were reconciled twenty years later, shortly before Sullivan died, neglected and in near-want. The text is accompanied by a sheaf of Sullivan's drawings, which are of an eerie delicacy and unworldliness.

NOTE: A score of S. J. Perelman's pieces for this magazine, including the Cloudland Revisited stories, have been published by Simon & Schuster under the title "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Illustrated by Al Hirschfeld.... "Chips off the Old Benchley," a collection of about seventy-five of Robert Benchley's buoyant accounts of his struggles with a refractory world, has been published by Harper. Several of them were first printed in this magazine; none of them have appeared in book form before. Illustrations by Gluyas Williams, as always.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE EDGE OF DOOM, by Leo Brady (Dutton). Martin Lynn, who has murdered a Catholic priest in a fit of hysterical rage, is hunted down, mainly by his own guilt and fear but also by a young detective named Mandel and a young priest named Roth. Unfortunately, the priest, the detective, and the murderer are so nearly alike as to seem like one person. They are notable chiefly for a dispirited, even lackadaisical, attitude, which does nothing to keep things moving, and Mr. Brady fails to supply a more positive personality to offset their languor. Lacking all con-

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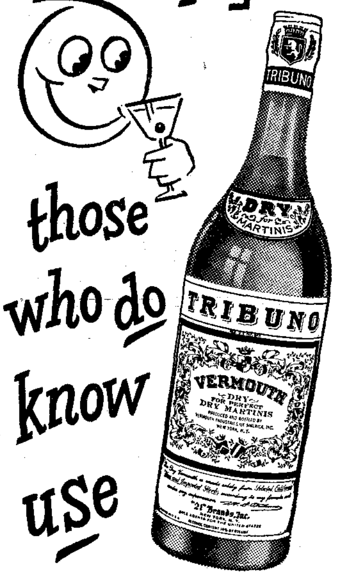

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flict, on any level, Mr. Brady relies for excitement on a skillful use of the most portentous and evocative backgrounds and props—a crucifix as a murder weapon, a shadowy church, a dark confessional, a morgue, a funeral parlor—and it's just as well that he does, for his meagre drama needs all the tricks of lighting and stage effects that he can supply.

THE BULLDOG HAS THE KEY, by F. W. Bronson (Farrar, Straus). A Yale reunion—or any college reunion, if it comes to that—might be expected to provide a satisfactory springboard for a fiction writer. Mr. Bronson, however, has allowed himself to soar a little too dizzily in the plot he has superimposed on his depiction of graduation-time antics at New Haven. Espionage, kidnapping, smuggling, and gunplay are only a few of the worrisome things that engross his investigator, a member of the State Department as well as of the Class of '22. Funny stuff, basically, but not quite solid enough to undergo the prolonged scrutiny of an enthusiast either of Yale or of international intrigue.

FEAR NO EVIL, by Hugh Massingham (Random House). The Reverend Bobs Dewson, a very righteous and upstanding country clergyman, is decoyed into the hands of blackmailers and thereafter sinks like a stone right down to the bottom of the underworld of London. Mr. Massingham's writing is good and he has a fine grip on his characters, but he doesn't seem to realize that enough is enough. Poor Mr. Dewson is laid in his spiritual coffin in the first chapter; after that, it's just a matter of nailing down the lid, a repetitious procedure that takes much too long.

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By MR. PLUMLEY

August 25, 1949

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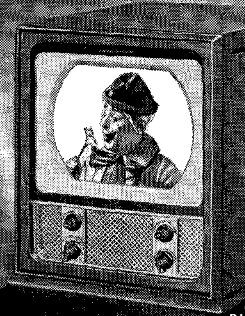

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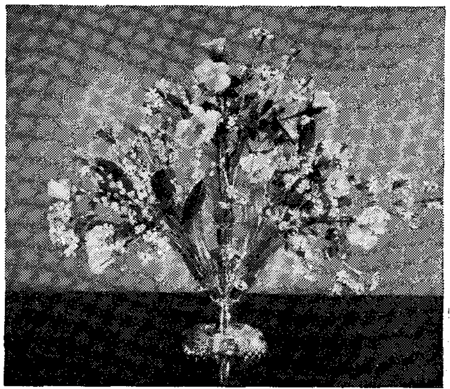

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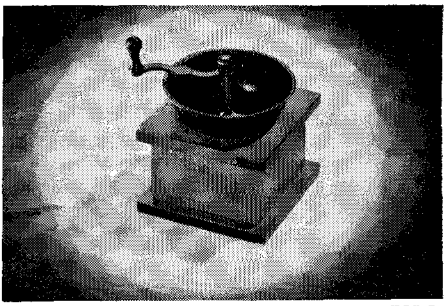

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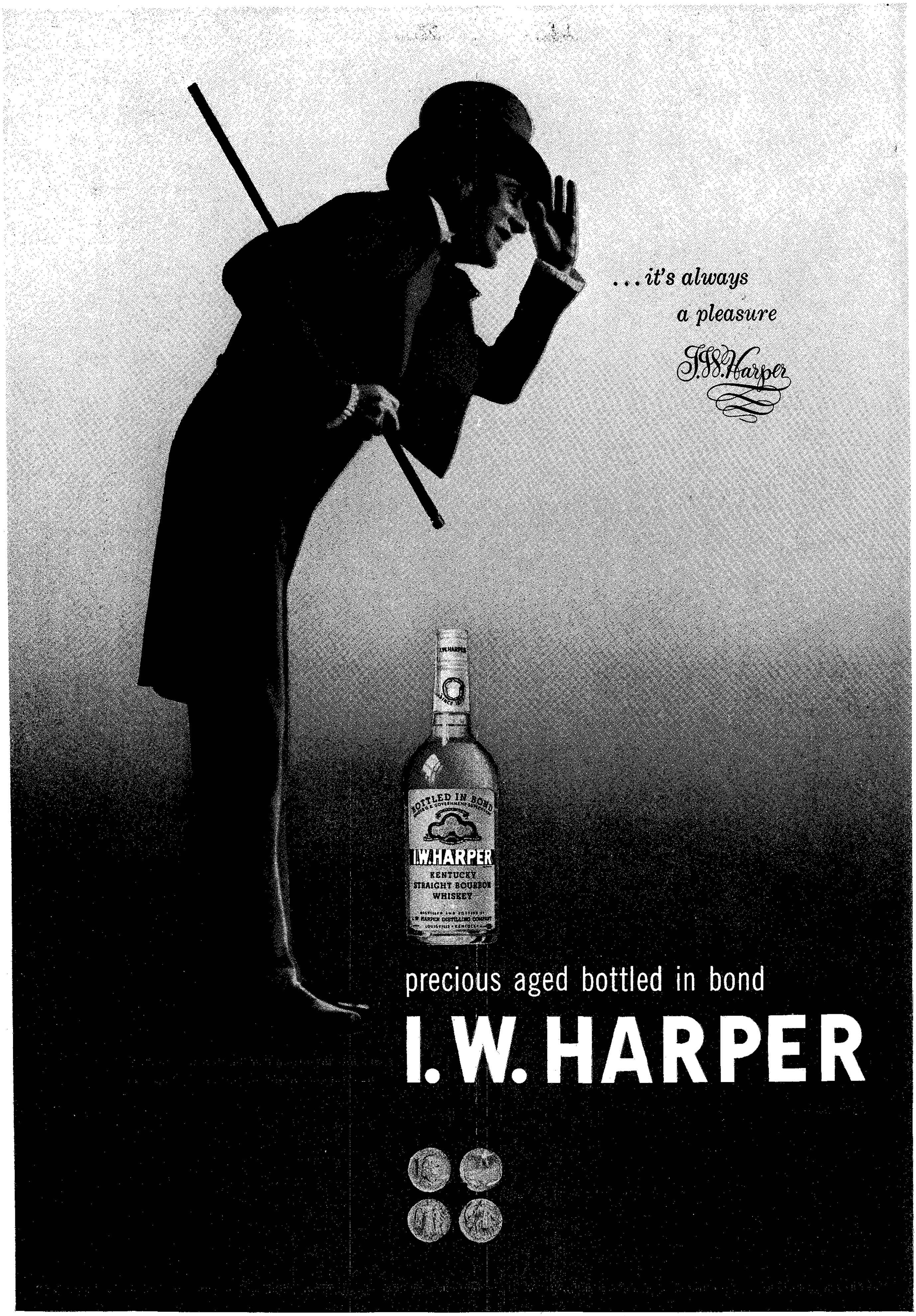
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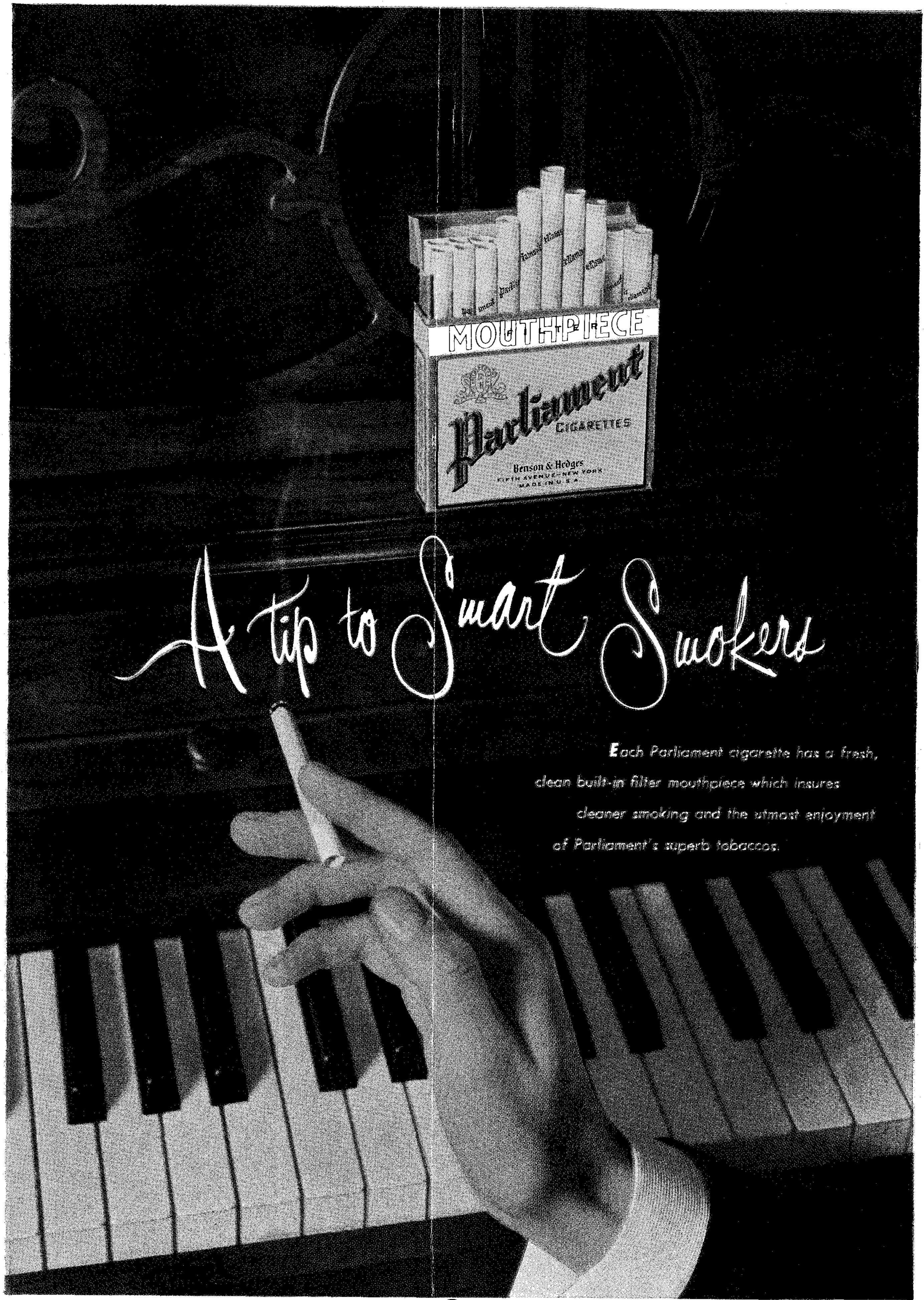
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